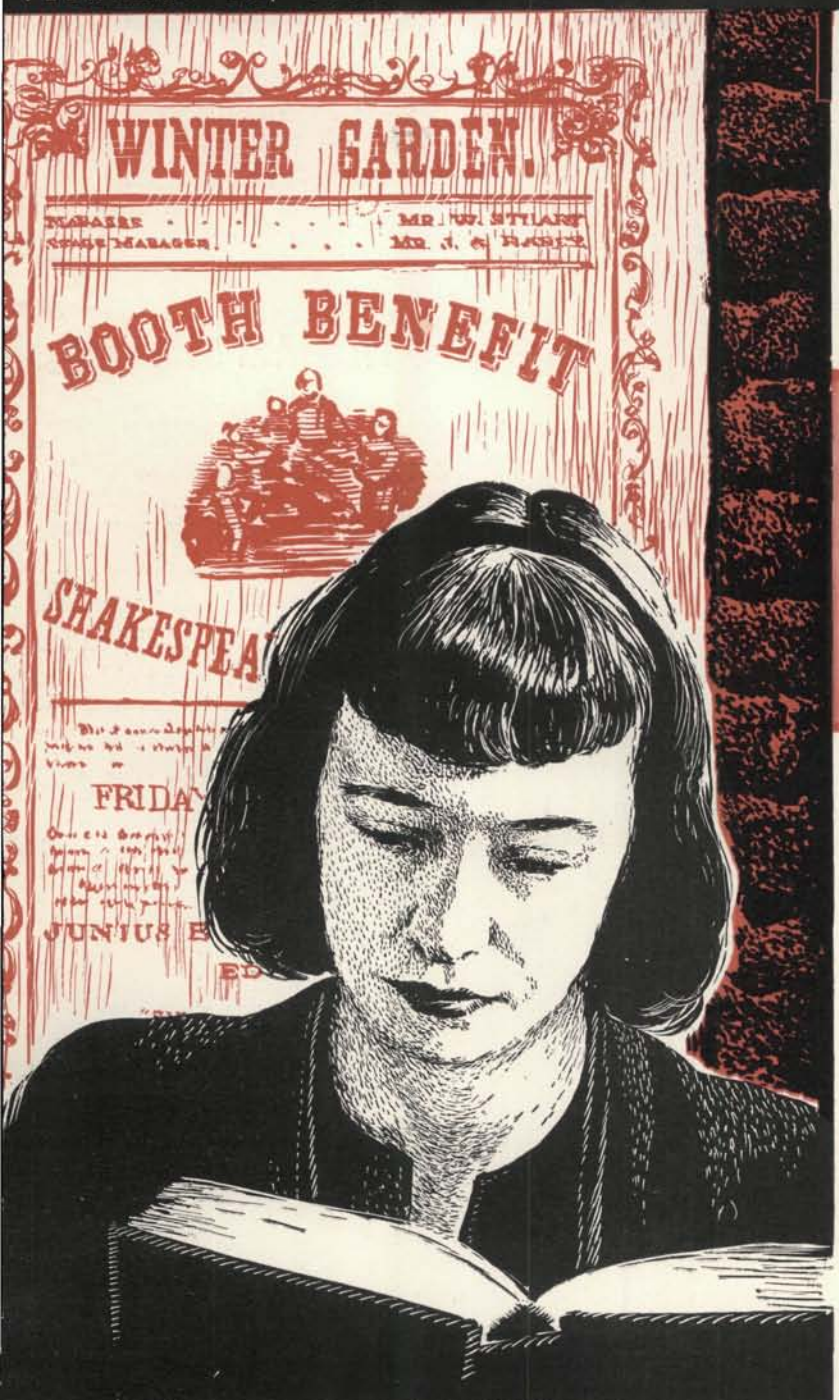
# Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 28, 1953 TWENTY CENTS




*Eleanor Ruggles, author of "Prince of Players: Edwin Booth." (See page 12)*

## ADLAI E. STEVENSON

*Reviews "Who Speaks for Man?"*

## The Care & Feeding of Intellectuals

By ELMER DAVIS

## Recordings Section

*Musical Mystery Test for SR Readers*

By IRVING KOLODIN

## The Taste of the Common Man

By D. W. BROGAN

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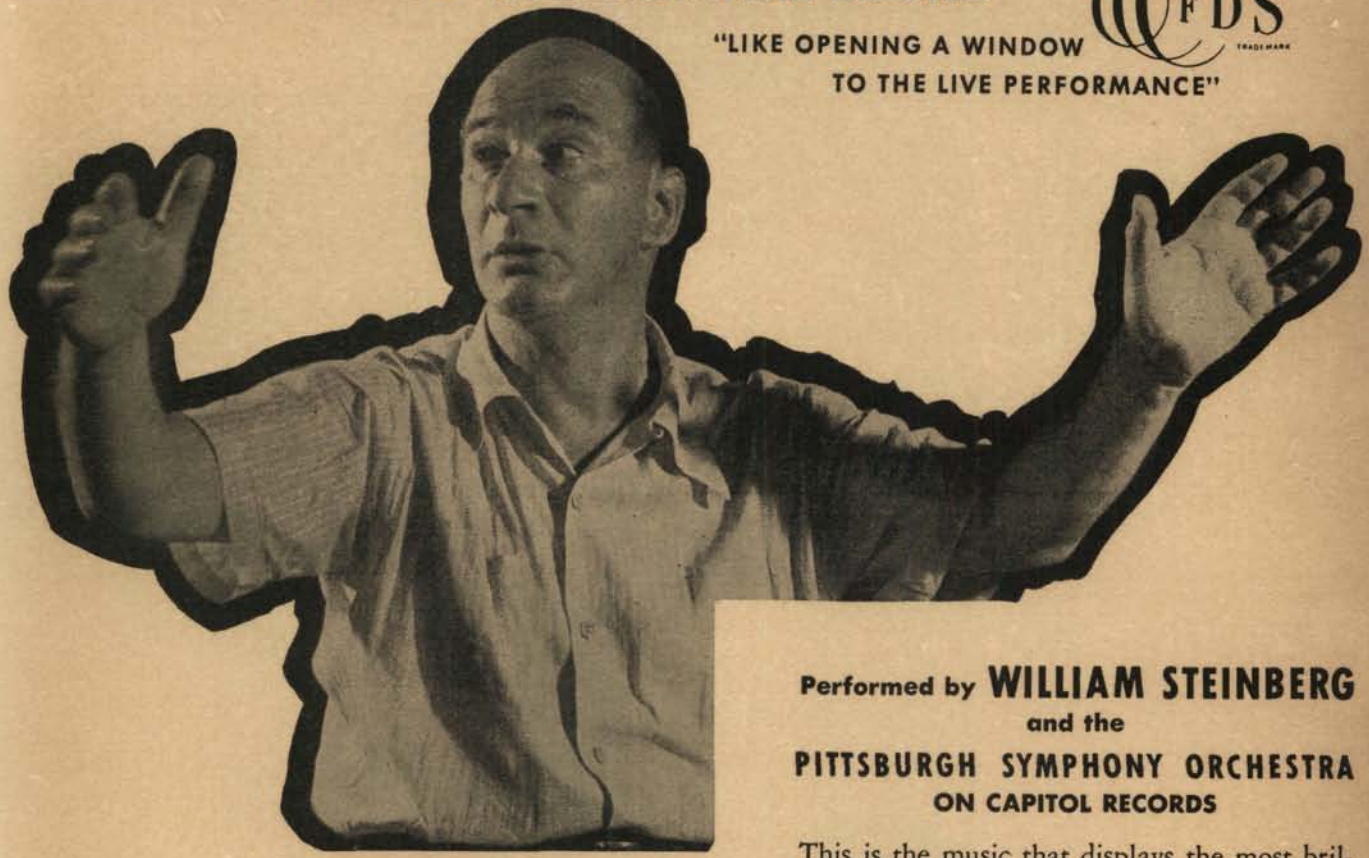

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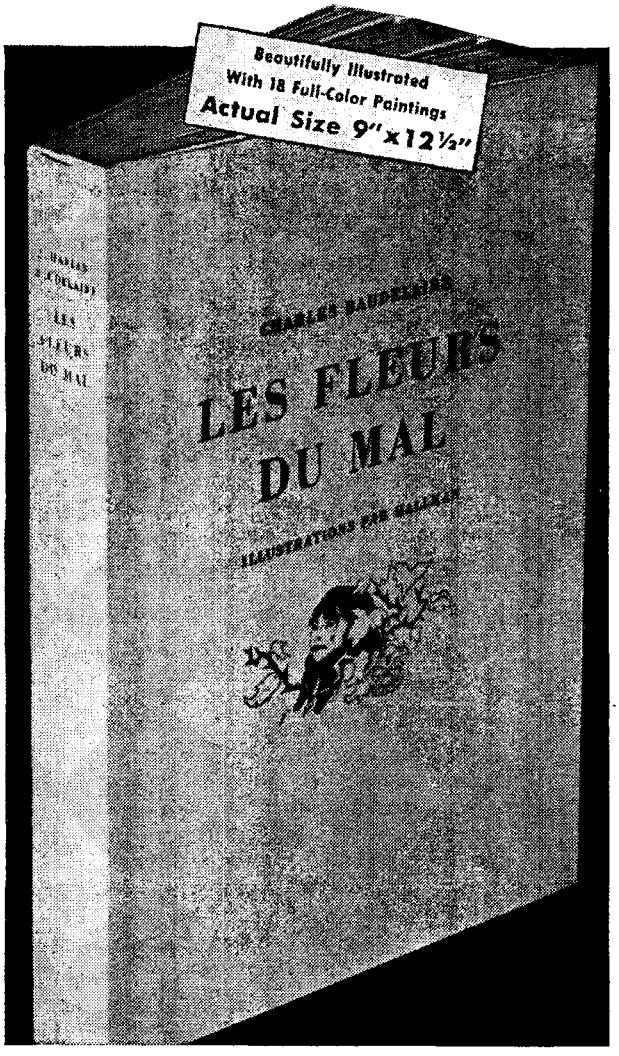


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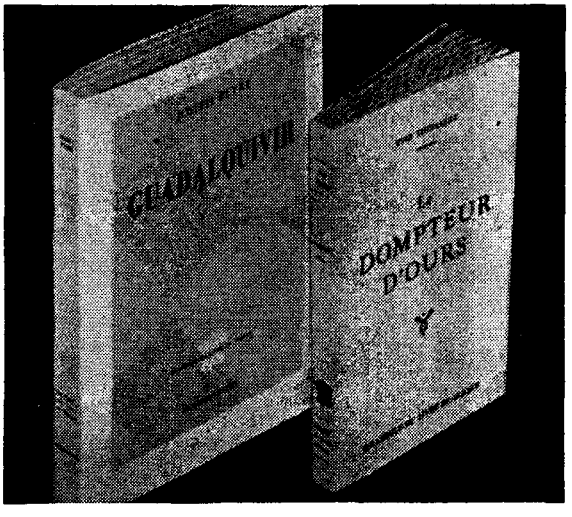


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¶ Every publisher has had the unhappy experience of issuing a book which seems to have every chance for success, and yet fails to achieve the sale it deserves.

¶ Such a book is "The Naked Island," Russell Braddon's account of his four years as a Jap prisoner in Malaya and Thailand.

¶ "The Naked Island" was reviewed more favorably than any Doubleday book since "Anne Frank." Such well-known critics as Lewis Gannett, Orville Prescott, Joseph Henry Jackson, and Sterling North praised it. *Time*, *Saturday Review*, the Associated Press, and the *Chicago Tribune* were enthusiastic about it. Even *The New Yorker* liked it.

¶ Despite this reception, "The Naked Island" sold fewer than 200 copies in the month following its publication.

¶ I think I know the reason. "The Naked Island" is by no means a pretty story; and readers are naturally reluctant to start a book that promises unpleasantness, even though it may be a moving tribute to the human spirit, written with humor and great literary skill.

¶ Since almost everyone who has read "The Naked Island" has liked it tremendously, I would like to make you an offer. Buy a copy, and if, for any reason, you cannot finish it, write me the name of your bookseller, and I will arrange to have your full purchase price refunded.

¶ But don't accept this offer unless you are willing to plumb the depths, as well as soar to the heights, of which man is capable.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ Address your letters to L. L. Day, care of Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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# The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 28, 1953

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## *Good News*

▸ Worthy of mention in this space is recent editorial from the Washington, D. C., *Evening Star* entitled "A Library for Good Will":

"A good example of a useful non-governmental project in the field of international relations is the American Library in Paris. It had its beginning during the First World War when books were sent from this country to our troops in France. Later, in 1920, it was incorporated under the laws of Delaware as a private non-profit organization, and it has been doing an effective job ever since.

"In fact, it has done so well—particularly since the days when it openly served Frenchmen in Nazi-occupied Paris—that the library now has branches in five provincial cities of France. In addition, it maintains a special service under which books are mailed to readers in all parts of the country and to North Africa. . . . At present, the library has almost 100,000 volumes. Most of these are in Paris, but the provincial branches are being steadily built up. The facilities are used by numerous Americans resident in France, but Frenchmen—many thousands of them—are the chief readers, and their numbers are constantly growing. Since a large proportion of the library's literature is about the United States, the enterprise is undeniably helping to promote friendship and understanding between our two countries. It deserves continued success as a fine example of what private individuals, as distinct from Governments, can do in generating international good will."

▸ Christians in West Germany have not forgotten the Luftwaffe bombing of Coventry and the destruction of its cathedral. When the new cathedral is completed these German citizens will send as a gift a window to be placed in the Chapel of Unity. The cathedral's joint council has accepted the gift, saying it was "delighted at such a token of Christian friendship."

▸ A Braille telephone switchboard, on which aluminum pegs pop out to enable blind operators to identify calls, was recently installed at the Queens Industrial Division of the Lighthouse in New York City. Similar telephone equipment has just been perfected in the Netherlands. Musical notes instead of flashing lights will guide the blind operators in their work. The Dutch Ministry of Social Affairs has promised to provide financial support to any firm willing to adapt its present switchboard for use by blind operators.


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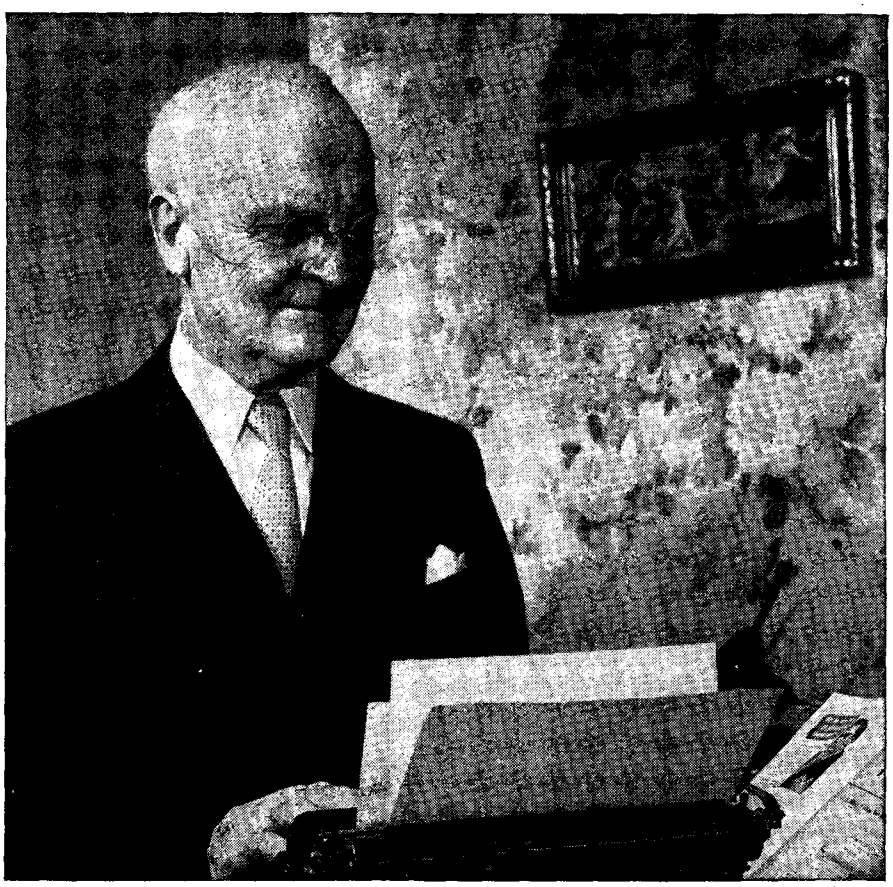

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In March Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *The Earth Is Born*—latest scientific theories on how our earth began, how it will end; *We CAN Win the War in Korea*—William Bullitt's analysis of how we can end the bloody stalemate; *Fred Waller's Amazing Cinerama*—how a self-made scientist is bringing breath-taking realism to movies.


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SINCLAIR LEWIS
at his slashing, iconoclastic best

HERE is a wonderfully revealing collection of essays and other writings selected by two of Lewis' closest friends from nearly a million words of material found after the author's death. There are pieces here on every idea under the sun — socialism, religion, literature and literary prostitution, college days, philosophy, semantics, woman's place, obscenity — and a group of autobiographical articles disclosing much about Sinclair Lewis that has never come to light before. By turns impassioned, cantankerous, outspoken, genial — fired by the mordant wit which has become legendary — these nonfiction writings are a surprising new picture of the man whose fiction won him the Nobel prize.

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# TRADE Winds

La Quinta, Calif.

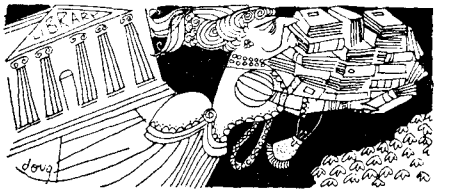
**CLEVELAND AMORY'S** "The Last Resorts" gets under way with such a swirl of wonderful stories that even he cannot maintain the pace. Or is it just that the arrogant society snobs he writes about remain fascinating and impressive in bookform, as in life itself, for just so long and then disintegrate into unbelievably boring and irritating specimens of mankind? "The Last Resorts," to be savored fully, should be read one chapter at a time. That way it's just about the most hilarious book of the season.

Do not be deceived by the surface amiability of Clip's discourse. Underneath his suave bedside manner his scalpel is skinning his victims alive. Consider, for example, the job he does on a precious pair who run a so-called exclusive resort on the Florida coast. Amory insists that it is one of society's best preserved strongholds but, when he gets finished describing it, it retains all the charm and graciousness of a Nazi concentration camp.

**IT WAS IN THE PALMY DAYS** at Lenox, Mass., asserts Amory, that the great library-builder Andrew Carnegie asked Frank Doubleday about the publishing business. "Frank," he asked, "how much did you make last month?" Mr. Doubleday assured him that you couldn't figure publishing that way. "In that case, Frank," advised Carnegie, "I'd get out of it!"

Newport once was the summer home of Edgar Allan Poe, Bret Harte, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Henry James, and Julia Ward Howe but, when the millionaires started building their hundred-room "cottages," the literary set folded their tents and stole silently away. The society folk remained dimly aware that a few of them were still lurking around, however. Mrs. William Astor, queen bee of the colony, announced one day that she was planning a really "Bohemian" party. "How daring," exclaimed the late Lady Mendl. "What extras are you inviting?" Mrs. Astor pondered a moment, then answered, "J. P. Morgan and Edith Wharton."

**ABSOLUTE IN HER RULE** of Bar Harbor as was Mrs. Astor in Newport, reigned Mrs. Edward Markoe of Philadelphia. No one to tolerate either immorality or faulty grammar, Mrs. Markoe descended upon the Jessup Memorial Library one afternoon, and in a single



fell swoop removed from the shelves every book containing either adultery or split infinitives, not to mention the complete works of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Thomas Wolfe, and Sinclair Lewis.

**OF PALM SPRINGS,** the flourishing resort some twenty miles west of the spot where I am writing this column, Clip Amory remarks, "Not everybody you see at the lavish hotels is a millionaire," but adds, "of course, they were when they arrived there." He implies that to exist in this wonderful California desert country you must be as rich as the seventy-seven-year-old member of the Rockefeller clan who married a lady many years his junior. "What did he give his 'child' bride as a wedding gift?" asked somebody. "Blocks," was the answer. "Yes, blocks. Forty-ninth and Fiftieth—on Fifth" . . . So far as La Quinta is concerned, Clip is definitely exaggerating. You and your wife can get along (despite all the alluring luxury shops) for as little as a hundred dollars a day. The banker in the adjoining bungalow is faring better than most of us. He's taking in washing.

**CLEVELAND AMORY'S** executive secretary these days—and mighty glamorous and efficient she is, too—is Patricia Broun, which will come as a shock to old friends of Heywood Broun who remember Pat as a lovable little brat with skinny legs and an irresistible smile. "What are her principal duties?" Clip was asked. "It takes her most of the week," he explained, "just to answer my anti-fan mail."

**SOME MONTHS AGO,** *The Yale Alumni Magazine* sent a questionnaire of Kinseylike proportions to the wives of members of the class of 1937—1952's fifteenth reunion class. Two-hundred-sixty-six of the wives took the time and trouble to answer in detail. For general details you will have to refer to Agnes Rogers, who made an analysis for the YAM; my interest was confined principally to the reading habits of what may be considered a representative upper-level group. The answers disclosed

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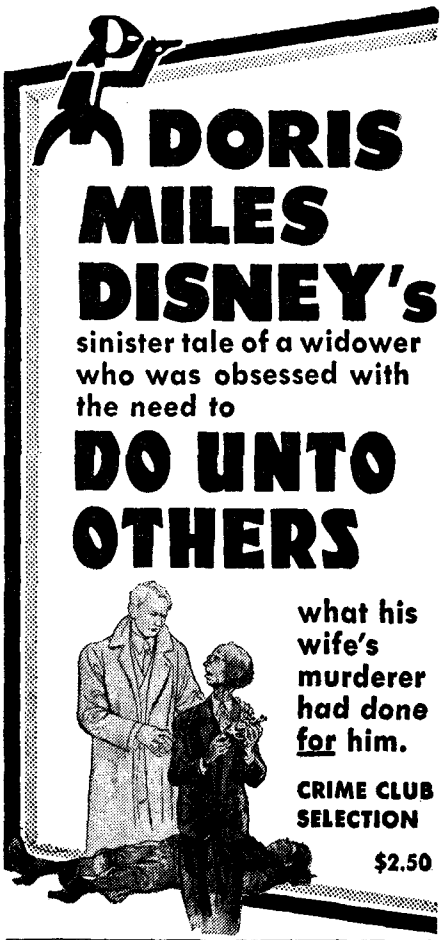
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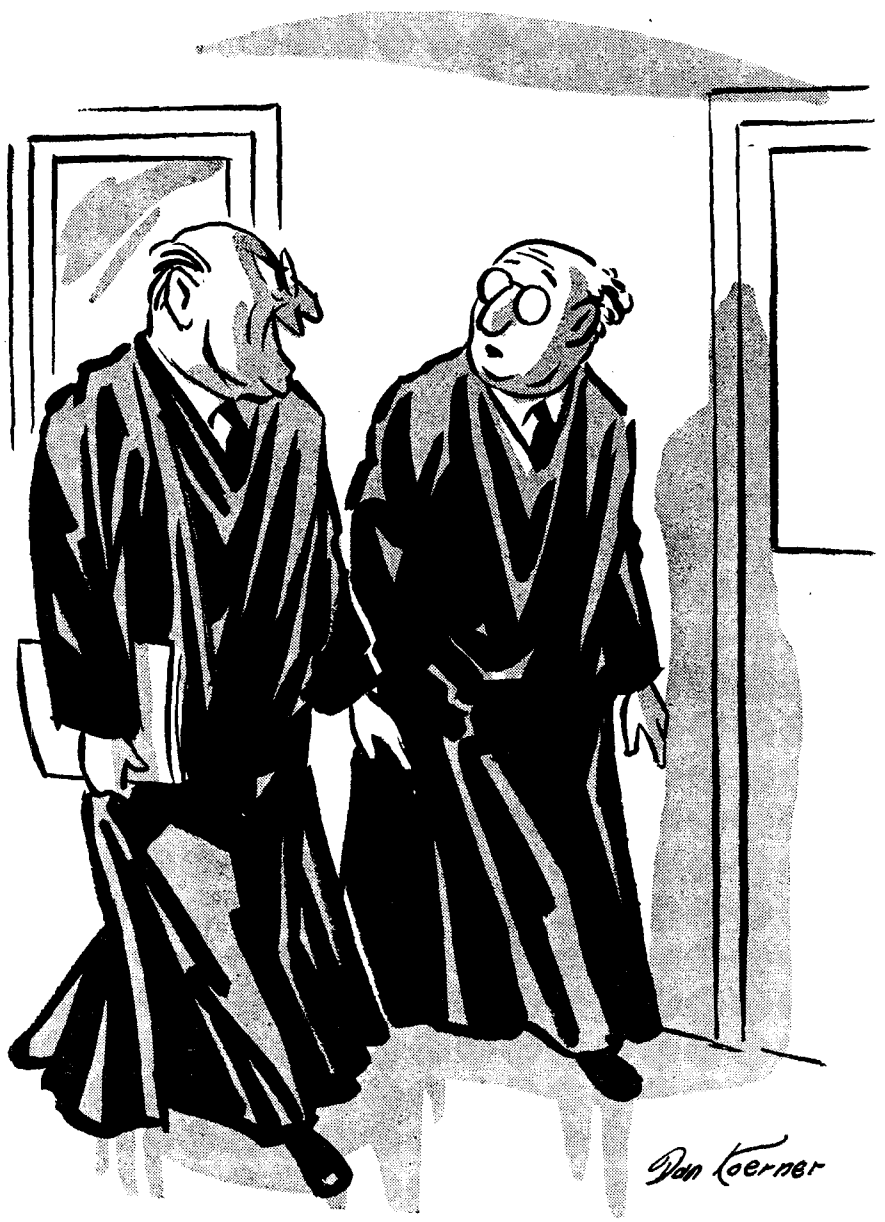
a wide range. "One bookworm," says Mrs. Rogers, "reported that she usually reads forty-five hours a week while thirty said they read less than five hours a week. The average is ten hours. One-hundred-and-fifty-four read *Time* magazine, 103 *The New Yorker*, eighty-six *Life*, sixty-one *The Reader's Digest*, fifty-two *The Saturday Evening Post*, and twenty-eight *Better Homes and Gardens*." In the absence of mention of *The Saturday Review* we must pray that all 266 are faithful to it in their fashion. One-hundred-ninety-two said they bought books, the general average of fifteen a year being bolstered by seven blessed creatures who reported the purchase of fifty to 125 books annually. (Most ladies made it clear they were not counting "children's books or paperbound mysteries.") Four benighted souls confessed they didn't read a book a year, forty-three that they read five or less. On the other hand, one reads 350, one 300, and twenty-one others from 100 to 250. All in all it's a record that can make a publisher feel that the book business isn't a lost cause yet. Not even the four ladies who never read a book a year can discourage me. Obviously, their husbands are so fascinating, they just haven't time for a good novel.

**HARRY KURNITZ, MYSTERY WRITER** and Hollywood big-wig, now working on a picture with Carol Reed, was in London last summer with Moss Hart and Kitty Carlisle (Mrs. Hart in private life), and it was this trio that prevailed upon Edna Ferber, rather against her intuitive judgment, to embark upon an excursion boat bound up the River Thames. The day was hot, the small boat was overcrowded




"It's been years since I wore my trousers in court."

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and the captain, a pasty-faced youth of about twenty with an unlighted cigarette glued to his lips, was unprepossessing, to say the least. The boat wasn't fifty yards from its mooring place when it got stuck in the mud, where it remained three solid hours until derisive urchins on the shore began skimming pebbles at the marooned excursionists. Miss Ferber then turned to Hart with a martyred expression and sighed, "And now, dear Moss, they're stoning us." Dear Moss tried to bribe a passing oarsman to remove his party and row it ashore, but the pasty-faced captain roared, "'Ere now, there'll be no desertions from this ship. These currents are dangerous." The only other diversion before they all returned safely to port came when Mr. Kurnitz buried his head in his hands and groaned, "I never should have shot that albatross." Miss Ferber promises to confine future maritime ventures to the *Liberté* and the *Queen Elizabeth.*

**AT THE MOMENT,** Moss Hart and Kitty are occupying Frank Sinatra's modest $100,000 desert retreat in Palm Springs, where Moss is toiling over a new musical version of "A Star Is Born." Kitty was thumbing through her engagement calendar at the pool one afternoon when she suddenly awoke to the fact that every one of their dates on a forthcoming week's visit to Hollywood was with various of Moss's premarital friends. She hurled the book at the startled Moss and announced, "Because of you, I never see a single person any more that I knew and loved before I married you. Take Ruth So-and-so, for instance. I haven't laid eyes on her in months. It's all your fault." "Your accusation isn't quite fair," Moss pointed out in that patient tone every intelligent and peace-loving husband adopts to conceal his true feelings within three weeks of his wedding day. "I've never said I didn't want to see Ruth. She's at the Beverly Hills Hotel this minute. Call her up." "I most certainly will," affirmed Mrs. Hart, in a more subdued tone. "I'm going to call her up next year—if we come out here again!"

**A TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS** down this way—famous both on Broadway and in Hollywood—had a chance recently to hire a French maid whose qualifications were outstanding. There was just one catch. The maid announced at the interview, "We'll get along fine if you'll just keep fancy movie stars out of the house. They drive me crazy." The actress promised to do her best. Today she says, "That maid still doesn't know I'm in the theatre. I'm giving what is undoubtedly my finest performance." —BENNETT CERF.


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IN ORDER to attract new writing talent to an exciting and increasingly important literary field, Galaxy Magazine has joined with Simon and Schuster, Publishers, to offer the largest single award in the history of science fiction. The closing date of this contest is October 15, 1953.

The prize-winning novel will (1) appear as a serial in Galaxy, (2) be published in book form by Simon and Schuster and (3) be assured of eventual reprint by Dell Publications.

The author of the prize novel will receive, at the time that the judges announce their decision, a check for $6,500. Of this, $1,000 will be an outright gift; the remaining $5,500 will represent purchase of first world serial and TV rights by Galaxy and a *minimum guarantee* against book and reprint royalties.

### THE RULES

**1.** The closing date is October 15, 1953. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date and should be sent to NOVEL CONTEST, Galaxy Science Fiction Magazine, 421 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

**2.** Manuscripts must be original (never before published in any form) and not committed to any other magazine or book publisher.

**3.** Novels submitted must be between 60,000 and 75,000 words in length, typed, doublespaced, with at least an inch margin on all sides, and each page numbered.

**4.** Manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for return.

**5.** There will be only ONE winner, but all other submissions of merit will be given full consideration for possible serialization in *Galaxy*, book publication by Simon and Schuster, or both, at standard rates.

**6.** There are no requirements, *stipulations or taboos regarding* themes. Fresh ideas and convincing characterization, conflict and plot development are the important criteria. Writers who enter the contest can best familiarize themselves with the standards of the judges through study of the science fiction published by *Galaxy* and by Simon and Schuster.

**7.** Sole judges will be the editorial staffs of *Galaxy* and Simon and Schuster. The decision of the judges will be final.

**8.** Contestants agree, in submitting their manuscripts, to accept standard publishing agreements with the sponsors of the contest in the event that their novel is the winning entry.

**9.** Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Galaxy Publishing Corp. and of Simon and Schuster, Inc., and their families; *and* authors who are ineligible because of contractual obligations to their present publishers . . . which means, in effect, that contestants will *not* be competing with most of the established "big *names" of science fiction.*


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EDITOR'S NOTE: A month and a half ago, in this space, Joseph Wood Krutch asked, "Is Our Common Man Too Common?" His article was the doorway for a series on the same theme, the second of which follows. The purpose of the series is to appraise as fully and carefully as possible the nature and effect of a dual revolution: the revolution in communications and transportation coinciding with the revolution in manners and economic equality, both coming together with a combined impact previously unequaled in history. In the following article, D. W. Brogan, the distinguished English social historian who has been one of the most consistent and persistent observers of American life, deals with aspects of this dual revolution. Subsequent articles in this series will attempt to particularize, dealing with the press, radio and television, the motion picture, and the inexpensive book reprint.

# *The Taste of the Common Man*

D. W. BROGAN

D. W. Brogan

IT is not very long since the U.S. Post Office (and other learned and religious institutions) celebrated the fifth centenary of the Gutenberg Bible. We all learned at school what a great event that was, how inestimably beneficent the invention of printing had been. From it, the Victorian orators could declaim, how much good had come, above all the unexampled progress of the modern world. We are not, in these days of the hydrogen bomb, quite so enamored of our unexampled progress and we are not even enamored of all the results of printing, leaving atomic physics on one side. As it happened, I had to go to London to broadcast on the first Sunday of my return to Britain and visiting a friend was able to renew my acquaintance with the most popular newspaper in Britain, not only in Britain but in the world. For *The News of the World* sells 7,000,000 copies every Sunday, this in a population of fifty millions! And it is a safe bet that, five hundred years after the first printed Bible, more Britons have for their Sabbath reading *The News of the World* than the Bible. Such has been the progress of popular culture! And, this is the point I want to make, that progress has been the same in Britain as in the United States; as mere literacy has spread, so apparently have taste, decency, and the power of reflection diminished.

I have begun with the case of *The News of the World* to show that we are dealing with a universal phenomenon, for the staples of that great journal are sex and crime (if the two are combined, so much the better) and sport, closely associated, of course, for this is England, with gambling. When the pessimistic American luxuriates in the gloomy thoughts bred by contemplating American popular taste, let him take comfort; he is not alone. All over the modern world, the same problem is with us. Can a democratic and egalitarian culture have what previous generations of the literate called culture? Is there a Gresham's law in this field as in currency? Must barbarity drive out civilization?

That the phenomenon is universal is easily enough illustrated from the immense vogue of American films, comics, popular music, and "tough" novels; from the popularity of the American Forces Network; from the crowds that mob Danny Kaye and Frank Sinatra; from the Americanization of Paris and Rome as well as London and Edinburgh. Modern industrial society, with the immensely improved technical facilities for diffusion of music, literature, ideas, and fads that science has provided, has made possible, for the first time, the diffusion of the same music, literature, ideas, fads all over the Western world. From the rigorous denunciations that come from the Soviet and satellite press, one may suspect that it is only the Iron Curtain that saves the masses of the People's Democracies from the contagion of the New World's quick stain.

THERE are, that is to say, no fundamental differences in the problem of popular taste in Europe and in America, at any rate, in the industrialized parts of Europe and America. An illiterate Spanish shepherd in Estremadura may still know no songs but the old ballads, but that is because Spain is backward. As she moves forward, she will, despite the traditional gravity and dignity of the Spaniard, run into bebop and the comics. We are all in the same boat together, or in the same kind of boats, for the American boat is bigger and better. But it is not fundamentally different.

What is the boat or boats that we are in? Our situation has been admirably described, in its American context, by Joseph Wood Krutch [*SR* Jan. 10] and by others. We are the first civilization in which the canons of taste are laid down by the majority of the inhabitants of a civilization that has largely had its roots with its traditional culture cut and is busy manufacturing a new culture, with a speed and universality that modern tech-

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nology alone make possible. We have the masses and the mass media; two significant phenomena and two significant names.

And, as in everything else in this Western industrialized world, the lead comes from the United States. There can be found the greatest masses, the most developed mass media, and—as far as it is a question of supply and demand—the greatest seller's market. If it were only by its size, the American problem of popular taste would be the crucial problem, for America is by her economic and military power a world leader. The led (French, English, Germans, Italians) have only a limited power of resistance and have a natural interest in the trend of American taste and in the nature of American exploitation of the technical miracles of communication.

But it is not only the scale of American emission of books and comics and music and dancing that marks it off from Europe. It is the color of the society that produces these artifacts. For it is true that in many, perhaps in most, ways America is socially more egalitarian, more impatient of traditional authority than even revolutionary or socialist societies in Europe. For in Europe, over the revolutionary, over the radical, over even the Communist hangs the pall of the past. The great monuments are not tributes to the sovereign people, least of all the Kremlin. There is visible everywhere a past in which leadership, in all aspects of life, was in the hands of a confident, accepted, and obeyed minority, kings and nobles, priests, princes and merchant princes. Universities and academies, schools and museums all speak of the past, the not-very-remote past, when the poor, as an Anglican bishop put it, had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.

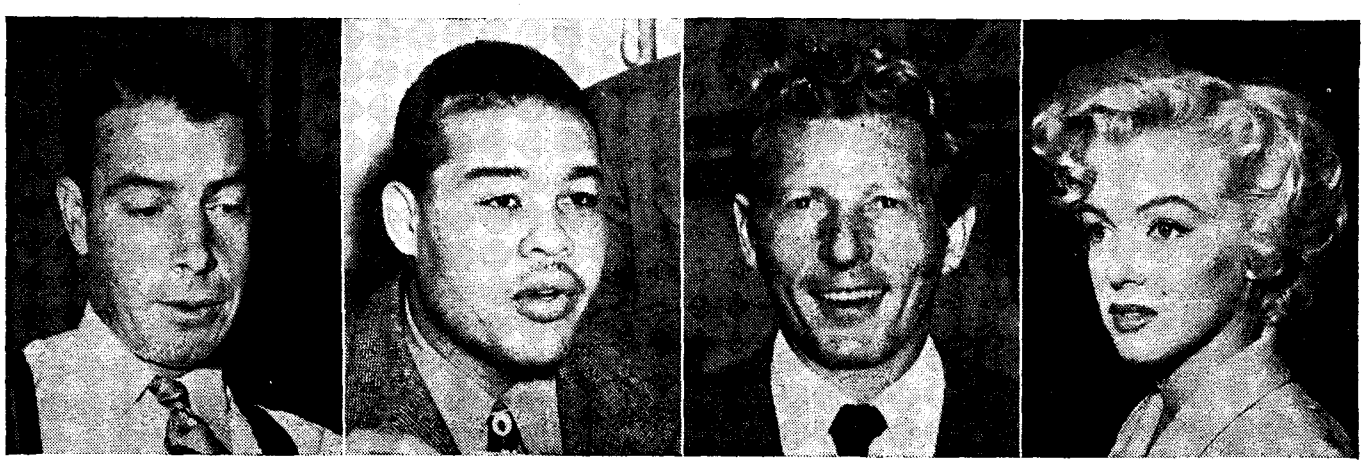
Among the laws to be obeyed were the laws of taste. The republic of letters was no more a modern democratic republic than were the slave-based republics of Athens or Rome. And, although this is a platitude, it is one worth insisting on. If there is a crisis of American taste, it is an aspect of that most important quality of American life, the feeling of the American "new man" that he is as good as anybody and better than most. There is not only in America an older and deeper tradition of equality, of all opinions and all people running a race for visible, tangible primacy, there have been and still are no impossible ambitions. From a log cabin in Kentucky, from the wrong side of the tracks in Kansas to the White House is a way trodden by Presidents in 1861 and in 1953. From Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco to supremacy on the baseball diamond, from the Negro slums of Detroit to the boxing championship of the world, there are careers open to all talents and measured in the same way—popularity, power, money, or all three. There are no inaccessible heights, like the throne in England, no closed corporations that the average man really cares much about, no Académie Française, no hierarchy of academic or professional talents from Professor Ordinarius to Sanitätsrat.

And there is nowhere the permanent action of the state in setting norms, in rewarding talent, in classing talents. There is no Order of Merit, no Order of Lenin. If there were an Order of Merit in America, what Administration would dare to ignore public opinion in awarding it? (The history of the Bollingen Prize suggests an answer.) The artist, the musician, the author must compete unaided, not only with Joe DiMaggio and Joe Louis, with Danny Kaye and Marilyn Monroe, he must compete in his own field with the star artists of *The Saturday Evening Post*, with the star writers of *The Reader's Digest*, resist the temptations of Hollywood and the seductions of the book clubs. The wonder is not that there is so much vulgar, trivial stuff on the air, on television, on the newsstands, but that there is anything else.

BUT despite these important institutional differences, I repeat, the problem is, at bottom, the same in Paris and in London as it is in New York and Los Angeles. The problem is distorted, hidden by the survival of an aristocratic culture, by the survival of aristocratic institutions. Even when those institutions — the Académie Française, the Royal Academy—have lost most of their prestige among the very classes they are supposed to represent and lead, they keep it (for the time being at any rate) among the less literate and less culturally sophisticated. If we assume for the moment (possibly un-American thought) that there are standards not identical with those of mass popular appeal, the American David is smaller and less well-armed, the American Goliath bigger and more formidable than their European counterparts. There are Philistines everywhere, but American Philistines are bigger and better. Bigger, which goes without saying, and better—as all the world proves by its lavish flattery of imitation. If the average American is fit to choose presidents and judges, he is fit to choose artists and musicians, and he does choose them by the most effective means possible, by paying for them.

There is another, more accidental aspect of the American cultural democracy, the absence of a cultural capital. New York may be that more than it was, but New York, even if it has replaced—as a literary and publishing center—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco, is still not a center of national cultural life like Paris or London. It has to compete, still, with its old rivals, with Hollywood, even a little possibly with

(*Continued on page 48*)



—*Photos by Acme.*

**"The artist, musician, author must compete unaided . . . with Joe DiMaggio and Joe Louis, Danny Kaye and Marilyn Monroe."**

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# *Care & Feeding of Intellectuals*

ELMER DAVIS

*—From "The Herblock Book."*

**"I don't know what I'd do without you."**

INTELLECTUALS are important, says Peter Viereck in his new book, "Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals,"* even if their halos get disheveled; an unfrocked priest is still a priest. The professional intellectuals who contribute to the *Partisan Review*'s symposium "America and the Intellectuals"** have no doubt of the importance of their calling and seem unaware of the possibility of dishevelment, except perhaps by recognition of things as they are. So there would appear to be sufficient provocation for the books that intellectuals are constantly writing about their relation to themselves, one another, and the universe.

Most of them won't like Viereck's book, nor will many profanes either; a colleague said it would be a slap in the face against 90 per cent of his kind of readers, and he seems to have done his best to make good on that prediction. For he sees right and wrong on both sides of almost every argument and is not afraid to set them down. (Every argument except that against totalitarianism, political or intellectual.) Those who applaud his criticism of parts of Roosevelt's foreign policy (after the end of 1944) will be brought up standing by his slashing attack on the revisionist historians; those who cheer his dim view of Owen Lattimore won't like his balanced estimate of the Institute of Pacific Relations or his quotation of a remark by Pat Hurley which gave as good a character to the Chinese Communists as they ever got from the IPR; Catholics who welcome his denunciation of Catholic-baiting may not care for his description of American Catholicism—"middle-class, Jansenist, puritanized, Calvinized, and dehydrated"—hardly Roman Catholic at all.

Beyond that many readers will feel that his book (like some others) would be twice as good if it were half as long. Most of the basic chapters, he tells us, have never before appeared in print; but included, entirely or in part, are no less than thirty-eight magazine articles and book reviews. Much of this material is fireworks, which sometimes goes off in coruscant brilliance and sometimes squibs out in damp fuffs. But, with all these drawbacks, this is the book of a man who loves liberty, and hates tyranny and injustice by whomever practised; a man who believes in freedom of thought and freedom of speech not only for himself but for his enemies, confident that he can talk them down. He has a good many things of importance to say and we had better listen to him.

One of those things—lately emphasized also by Reinhold Niebuhr in "The Irony of American History"—is the neglected importance of original sin. Call it something else if you don't like that theological term (Viereck seems to prefer "human limitation and frailty"); blame it, as you like, on the fall of Adam, the curse of Alberich, or our subhuman ancestry; still there is something wrong with the human race—a fact which hardly needs emphasizing after the last forty years. The men who wrote our constitution were well aware of that fact and did all they could to minimize its consequences; with very considerable success. Viereck perhaps underestimates, though he does not ignore, the fact that there is also something right with the human race; if it does not appear to be perfectible, as eighteenth-century philosophers believed, at least it is capable of considerable improvement. The distinction between the pessimistic conservative and the optimistic liberal is profound, in theory; but in action, when the chips were down, Jefferson and Hamilton differed much less than their doctrines would have led you to suppose.

Viereck used to call himself a conservative; but apparently a good many of his correspondents have told him that he is nothing of the sort (certainly such conservatives as John Taber and Charlie Halleck would never give him the right hand of fellowship) and he would rather call himself, if he must call himself something, a value-conserving classical humanist. As Edmund Wilson once wanted to take Communism away from the Communists, Viereck would take conservatism away from those who call themselves conservatives—in this country; though he has great respect for British Conservatism, from Shaftesbury down to Churchill (to whom his book is dedicated). He hopes that Republicans such as Eisenhower, Lodge, and "the Vandenberg school" might develop a real aristocracy; Roosevelt, he truly remarks, was a crypto-conservative who persuaded the "potentially radical masses" that American capitalism had not been killed by the 1929 crash but could be made to work better than ever; and who incidentally saved the property and the self-respect of the men who have been damning him ever since. A fabulous character, says Viereck, straight out of Disraeli's "Coningsby." Whereas Taft Republicanism is Whiggism (a four-letter word in Viereck's vocabulary) or even economic Jacobinism. There may be some agreement with that in Cincinnati, where many people feel that their most distinguished citizen is rather dangerously liberal. But Viereck recognizes that Taft himself is "wiser and more attractive and less important" than the Taftites—the Babbitts and Jefferson Sellecks "whose imagined self-interest sums up the Republican Old Guard"—not so very old at that, since it dates only from the Gilded Age.

BUT what does true conservatism conserve? Values, says Viereck. Nietzsche had hoped for a transvaluation of all values to lead beyond good and evil but what we have got is a devaluation of all values taking us beneath good and evil. "The way back to human dignity is for all creeds, right or left, monarchist or republican, capitalist or socialist, to treat man as an

**SHAME AND GLORY OF THE INTELLECTUALS. By Peter Viereck. Boston: Beacon Press. 320 pp. $4.*

***AMERICA AND THE INTELLECTUALS: A Symposium. New York: Partisan Review. 118 pp. Paperbound, $1.*

*Elmer Davis, classicist, novelist, and essayist, was director of the Office of War Information during World War II. At present he is a political commentator for the American Broadcasting Co.*

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end, not a means." This is true; but may it be pointed out that it is not only the liberals who have failed to do so? The Communazis do not and did not, of course; that is familiar. But look at a conservative group. The war of 1914, as Viereck correctly observes, was the worst single catastrophe in human history—worse than the war of 1939, though it killed fewer people, because by 1939 there was much less freedom and decency left to destroy. In 1913 J. B. Bury wrote that "the struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberalism"; the appearance proved deceptive. But what made the war of 1914 so ruinous was not merely that it happened, but the way it was fought. The war of 1939 was fought much more viciously on both sides; but it was the war of 1914 that broke down standards of behavior which we thought had at last and painfully been achieved. And the blame for that falls on a conservative class—the old Prussian military aristocracy—whose code of ethics included many admirable qualities; but also included the principle that the end justifies the means. The breakdown of the humanitarian nineteenth-century culture dates from the invasion of Belgium in 1914, planned (so far as I know without any objection on moral grounds) by Alfred von Schlieffen—a man of impeccable personal character, aside from the fact that he thought an attack on friendly and harmless neutrals was legitimate, to get what he wanted. He has probably done more harm to the human race than any man of modern times except Lenin—also a man of good personal character, aside from his conviction that it was all right to lie, cheat, and murder to get what he wanted.

BUT to Viereck's main point, set forth in his title. The glory of the intellectuals was their virtually unanimous opposition to Nazism; their shame is their failure to expose and fight Stalinist totalitarianism with the same vigor. Six or seven years ago—still more sixteen or seventeen years ago—that would have been a valid indictment of intellectuals as a class, though at all times there were many exceptions; I see no evidence that it is valid now, except for a lunatic fringe. A single footnote by Philip Rahv in the *Partisan Review* symposium effectively deflates this argument, as of today. "Characteristic of the petrified anti-Stalinists is their inability to distinguish between Communism as a danger *to* America and as a danger *in* America." It is still a danger, says Rahv, as a matter of

"Roosevelt was a crypto-conservative . . .

. . . while Taft Republicanism is Whiggism."

propaganda and espionage; but this is for the police to deal with. Conditions once extremely favorable to the Stalinist strategy of deception and infiltration "no longer exist in this country, and the nation as a whole has been able to take the measure of the Party-liners and their assorted dupes and stooges." Communism has "only a residual hold on some sections of liberal opinion"; and those sections, in so far as this reviewer can observe, are infinitesimal.

But Viereck seems obsessed by *The Nation*, which he regards as a powerful and dangerous influence on American thought. Well, I live two hundred and thirty miles away from the storm center of intellectual hurricanes, and maybe I don't know what is going on; but I must say that I never considered *The Nation* that important. Often wrong-headed and annoying; sometimes right (as Viereck admits); but formidable, no—unless as another example of what seems to be the same national weakness that Rahv criticizes, the habit of getting petrified in outdated attitudes in the face of changing facts.

MUCH more serious than this overestimate of a single magazine is Viereck's inclination to fall in with the practice, popular among people with whom he has little in common, of denouncing the "anti-anti-Communists." There are not many anti-anti-Communists any more; but plenty of us are anti the anti-liberals (perhaps Viereck would rather call them anti-conservatives) who profess to be anti-Communists, and denounce as Communists everybody whom they don't like. The classic example of this was McCarthy's speech on October 27 last attacking the "Communist" influences around Stevenson—Wilson Wyatt, Arthur Schlesinger Jr, Jim Wechsler, Archie MacLeish, and "Richard" DeVoto—men who were fighting Communism when McCarthy was beating Bob LaFollette out of the Senatorial nomination with the aid of Communist votes. Now Viereck has nothing in common with this sort of thing; he insists on "the distinction between the artful dodger and the genuine radical dissenter," and notes with pain that "it is disillusioning to see this distinction ignored in some of our Congressional investigations"; new procedures must be devised "to protect the rights of the individual from Vishinsky-like trials." They must be indeed; but they won't be—unless there should be sufficient protest for Congress to notice it, and they won't notice it till the next election draws near. In the meantime, denunciation of anti-anti-Communists only helps the anti-liberals; the more the distinction can be blurred, the better off they are.

Viereck has no use for McCarthy, but he doesn't seem to think he is much of a danger. "Every balloon ogre looks terrifyingly enormous till the right person pops it. The right person to pop McCarthy by public refutation must be a fellow Republican so beyond suspicion in the eyes of America that no slander can stick to him. The person who best meets that specification is Dwight Eisenhower. Unless the new Republican Administration restrains or pops this specter, it will be guilty of flagrant moral evasion." As of the date of writing (February 8) this has not been done; it could more easily have been done last September than now,

(*Continued on page* 46)

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—Culver.

Edwin Booth, his wife, and his stepdaughter—"Edwin Booth ruled the East."

# *On the Victorian Boards*

WILLIAM W. APPLETON

IF ACTORS are, indeed, the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time, they have not always been well served by their biographers. Of all the arts, theirs is the most evanescent. Theatrical relics are, for the most part, depressing, as anyone knows who has leaved through faded photographs and albums of press cuttings.

Historians of the drama have rarely succeeded in animating these souvenirs, and dramatic biographies, by and large, have been tainted by condescension or scurrility. They have tended to show the actor with his good or bad profile turned toward the public. Eleanor Ruggles in her new biography, "Prince of Players: Edwin Booth,"* has given us the actor as he himself preferred to appear—full-face.

How hard this is to do, and how infrequently one finds it in the history of dramatic biography one realizes in reading the roll call of the illustrious dead with which Miss Ruggles introduces her study. Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kean—how little of their essence has been left to us! We know something of Richard Burbage the man. We know almost nothing of him as an actor. What, for that matter, do we know of the other actors who were called "great" by their contemporaries? More often than not, our conceptions are not derived from biographical sources at all. We have no description of Garrick so telling as Fielding's account in "Tom Jones" of Mr. Partridge's visit to Drury Lane to see the great man play Hamlet. The most unforgettable portrait of Edmund Kean is contained in a single sentence from Coleridge: "To see Kean was to read Shakespeare by flashes of lightning."

In writing of Edwin Booth, Miss Ruggles has had a particularly difficult and rewarding subject. He was an absorbing figure as a man and as an actor, and if earlier dramatic biographies often failed to animate their subjects in one or the other of these respects, sometimes in both, Miss Ruggles has largely succeeded. Her study ranks high in the field of dramatic biography and proves that the terms "scholarly" and "entertaining" are not mutually exclusive.

Clearly the author relishes her subject. Drawing on many source materials, notably the accounts of William Winter and Otis Skinner, she has articulated them admirably. Often her narrative has the richness and color of a mosaic; occasionally its roughness and two-dimensional quality. The first page is an unhappy example of her sometimes flat, garish style, but these lapses are at least partially a consequence of her material. Booth's life was never far from melodrama. Illegitimate son of a brilliant, half-mad actor, he was born on the night of November 13, 1833. Nature provided him with a caul and set the scene with a shower of meteorites. With two of his brothers he was destined to dominate the American theatre: "Edwin Booth ruled the East, Junius Brutus the West, and John Wilkes the South." They had their initiation trouping with their cantankerous, erratic father, an alcoholic so resourceful that on one occasion, though locked in his hotel room, he was found imbibing a mint julep by means of a straw inserted through the keyhole. Edwin's apprenticeship, after his father's death, continued in the theatres along the Barbary Coast, in Australia, and Hawaii. (On one memorable occasion he played Richard III to a cross-eyed, bandy-legged stagehand's Lady Anne.) Miss Ruggles's account of this period of Booth's career is particularly successful, with skilfully highlighted background detail. As she considers Booth in his later years, her task becomes increasingly complex.

In spite of his triumphs, particularly in Shakespearean roles, Booth's life was darkened by disappointments and tragedies. His adored first wife died young, leaving an infant daughter. His second wife, warped in her later years by sickness and suffering, cruelly dominated her husband and stepdaughter. John Wilkes's flamboyant recklessness culminated in national disaster. Booth's theatre ruined him. He was plagued by scandalmongers, adorers, and cranks, and in his later years by loneliness and illness.

Though her portrait of Booth in these later years is perhaps as complete a one as we can hope for, yet certain features of her subject remain in the shadows. What was "the dark hidden side" of his first marriage? What was behind the melancholy that obsessed Booth and so effectively permeated his characterization of Hamlet? Was it entirely a consequence of personal tragedy? Was it an instinctive self-patterning after his father? We shall probably never know the answers to these questions and Miss Ruggles, if she has not

*PRINCE OF PLAYERS: EDWIN BOOTH. By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 401 pp. $4.50.

*William W. Appleton is assistant professor in English and dramatic arts at Columbia University.*

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suggested their solution, has at least not overlooked them.

Paradoxically, one weakness of "Prince of Players" is also a source of its strength. In wisely deciding to keep her subject in the foreground, Miss Ruggles is often forced to minimize others. (Her chapter on John Wilkes and the assassination of Lincoln is an exception.) Her pages are studded with the names of the theatrical great whose careers impinged on that of Booth. She whets our appetite for more details of such figures as Fechter, Salvini, Charlotte Cushman, and her account of Booth's muted, strangely modern Hamlet is disappointingly brief.

On the whole, however, Miss Ruggles has boldly and vividly drawn the portrait of Edwin Booth against the panorama of the nineteenth-century theatre. When she has failed it is because her scope is too broad, even for a book of nearly four hundred pages. Hers is a book that is too short, rather than too long, and hers a subject of lasting interest. Edwin Booth epitomized the popular conception of an actor, both on and off stage. The words Rufus Choate applied to the actor's father might better have been applied to the son: "What, Booth dead! Then there are no more actors!"

# *Thespian Handbook*

*TO THE ACTOR. By Michael Chekhov. New York: Harper & Bros. 201 pp. $3*

By Harold Clurman

IT WOULD be hopelessly out of date now to debate the question of whether acting can be taught. On a theoretic level, such a discussion would be as pointless as doubting the usefulness of education in the arts on the grounds that there have been writers, painters, and composers of distinction who never studied their craft in any formal fashion. Factually speaking, it is sufficient to note that the best new actors of the American stage in the past twenty-five years have been schooled in a specific acting technique.

That technique is some variant of what is commonly known as the Stanislavsky system or method, which, as the author of the present volume says, is the only method that theatrical history records "expressly postulated for the actor." For the skeptical, Michael Chekhov adds: "Those of our colleagues who resolutely refuse to acknowledge any method just because they are talented may need one more than anybody else."

The purpose of a specific acting technique is not to provide inspiration or to lend natural endowments to the actor—that is in God's hands—but to direct and perfect the individual's potential gifts. There are many people who have a talent for acting who do not know how to act. Inspiration is erratic, and the actor—unlike other artists—cannot wait for its occasional, haphazard, godsent coming. An actor must perform at a given moment, and whether "inspired" or not must convey the meaning of his part in accordance with the needs of the ensemble which constitutes the play as a whole.

All this is made clear in Michael Chekhov's little book. In fact, this is what is made clearest. For while Michael Chekhov is one of the world's great actors—unfortunately, he has never been seen at his best in this country except for a short New York season in 1935—and a beloved mentor to many young American actors who have studied under him, he is not always as sure in his literary exposition as he is in his feeling. I should hasten to add that writing a description of an acting technique is an almost impossible task which no one—not even Stanislavsky himself—has succeeded in accomplishing.

Acting can be taught—but not by book. A manual such as Chekhov's is really useful only when it is accompanied by class work under the supervision of a qualified teacher.

Another difficulty with the present book is that while it is based on a fine artist's interpretation of a lucid and utterly practical method, the author has a mystic streak in his nature which renders some of his explanations and illustrations more nebulous than he intends them to be. "*The value of things changes in the light of the spiritual or in the dark of the material,*" Chekhov says in his own italics. In the presence of Chekhov himself, this may be wholly intelligible: such statements in his book make the well organized, logical, and concrete method he teaches elusive and "boneless."

"To the Actor" is best in its final chapters—particularly the one entitled "How to Approach a Part"—in which there is an admirable analysis (from the actor's standpoint) of Willy Loman, the salesman of Arthur Miller's play. Here even the layman will find enjoyment as well as illumination.

*Harold Clurman, one of the founders of the Group Theatre, has directed many Broadway productions, including "Awake and Sing" and "Golden Boy." "The Time of the Cuckoo" is now running in New York City.*

**THE AUTHOR:** Eleanor Ruggles, described by her family as "small, but oh, so determined," has, in the past fourteen years, written three biographies, each of which crept determinedly from the typewriter. "My method for getting going," she said the other day in Cambridge, Mass., "is the same as Tarkington's. (I think it was Tarkington's.) He is supposed to have said that he went to his desk every morning at the same hour, took up his pencil and told himself: 'Write, damn you, write.'" Anyway, by subscribing to the Tarkington approach, Miss Ruggles, a four- or five-draft kind of writer, has turned out "Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life" in 1944 and "Journey into Faith: the Anglican Life of John Henry Newman" in 1948. Her first book took her five years; her second, three; and her third, "Prince of Players: Edwin Booth," four. "I'm a slow thinker and a slow writer," Miss Ruggles said. She went on to note that, after Hopkins and Newman, she had had enough theology to hold her for a while, and decided to write about the theatre. "I was attracted to Booth because I used to hear about him all through my childhood," Miss Ruggles remembered. "My grandmother had often seen him in his prime, my father saw him in his last performances. My father had a little song he used to sing, of which all I can remember is the refrain: 'Oh, I roughed it in a garret, along with Booth and Barrett'." In a final word on her biographies, Miss Ruggles said: "Hopkins, Newman, and Booth, though apparently so dissimilar and far apart in their professions, have one important thing in common: they were all three men of courage and a strain of real nobility." Cambridge, Miss Ruggles went on, is a fine place to live. "It has superseded Boston as 'the Athens of America,'" she said earnestly. Miss Ruggles lives in a Victorian gray frame house there. She is a woman of favorites: among alcoholic drinks, it's beer; among non-alcoholics, buttermilk; in food, roast beef; among animals, the elephant; among birds, the sea-gull; among colors, red; and among authors, "I think," she said, "I can say Shakespeare."

—Bernard Kalb.

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# The Fullblood Ancestry

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

ONCE upon a time, those of us over forty remember, it was considered sinful to read contemporary literature until one had absorbed the best that had been thought and said in the world. But this provincialism, which overemphasized what *had* been written, has been replaced by an equally noxious concentration on the books of the year, of the month, of the day. Few clubs will listen to a lecture on Dante; even fewer groups will not welcome chatty superficialities about the month's best sellers. Radio and television happily present too short dramatizations of current monstrosities and ignorantly neglect the best work of the past. Book-review sections discover masterpieces weekly and forget them before the year is over. Even the highly intellectual little magazines frequently assume that the novel started with Henry James and poetry with Gerard Manley Hopkins, while students in the colleges deplore Dickens's failure to read and profit by the novels of Ernest Hemingway.

Of course this is an exaggeration, but it is an exaggeration that points up deplorable truth. Though there are Great Books groups, lead articles about important figures of the past, frequent and cheap printings of masterpieces that preceded "How to Win Friends and Influence People," and college courses that try to cultivate an interest in our usable past, what John Erskine once called the Cult of the Contemporary has become in the United States a pervasive preoccupation with the presentness of the present. Both the common and the uncommon reader often act as if civilization were created last Wednesday, as if literary progress were automatic and indubitable, as if human nature changed as rapidly as airplanes.

Whatever may be said against England politically or economically, BBC's Third Programme and British periodicals and publishers' lists prove that this characteristic American mistake occurs rarely in Great Britain. As the usually admirable English Novelists Series shows, Englishmen still regard good books of any period as contemporary necessities to the intelligent modern man. Fielding, the Brontes, Samuel Butler, Stevenson, Kipling, Wells, Scott, Hardy, Ronald Firbank, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Barrie, Dickens—all these are presented as relevant to the living in these critical biographies printed in Great Britain and issued in the United States.* The English apparently remember that both society and literature are a union of those living, those dead, and those yet to be born—as we must, too, if we are not to go the way of Roman and Byzantine culture.

Most of the volumes in this series are by contemporary British writers of distinction who know how to combine enough facts with sufficiently stimulating generalizations. Most of them are about a hundred pages in length; nearly all of them combine biography and criticism with unusual skill; none of them show a neglect of the fundamental principle that it is the function of the critical biography to reach as many people as possible without violating critical integrity; few of them commit the equally heinous sins of displaying erudition for its own sake or shocking by neglecting facts in favor of a thesis.

The list of biographers is impressive. Margaret Kennedy, the author of "The Constant Nymph," writes of Jane Austen; Walter Allen and P. H. Newby, two of the most gifted of the younger English novelists, write about Arnold Bennett and Maria Edgeworth; G. D. H. Cole, Phyllis Bentley, Martin Armstrong, Julian Symons, and Norman Nicholson—all of them gifted creative writers—contribute the volumes on Butler, the Brontes, George Borrow, Charles Dickens, and H. G. Wells. Each of them contrives to make his novelist relevant to today as well as the understandable product of the past that formed our present.

Most of these critical biographies make use of the new our age has learned in interpreting past writers to modern readers. Mr. Symons's study of Dickens is a brilliant example of what modern psychology moderately used can do to promote understanding and appreciation, and so, to a more limited extent, is Desmond Hawkins's "Thomas Hardy." Robert Ashley, the only American represented so far in this series, demonstrates how the methods of modern scholarship can enrich the study of a relatively obscure novelist such as Wilkie Collins. (Mr. Ashley also unfortunately displays some of the pedantry that often accompanies thoroughness.) Margaret Kennedy's experience as a craftsman in the modern manner increases her ability to interpret the art of Jane Austen.

Of course there are limitations to all the biographies and some of them almost become as pedestrian as most current historical novels. To be appreciated, Nelson Browne's "Sheridan le Fanu" requires the patient tolerance of a good student listening to a dull but well-informed lecturer. So does Una Pope-Hennessy's "Sir Walter Scott" and Yvonne ffrench's "Mrs. Gaskell." In the series as a whole, there is a deplorable lack of consistency in the kind and quantity of information that supplements the studies themselves. Sometimes there is a bibliography, sometimes there is not. Chronological tables and lists of the author's works are as often absent as present. One feels the lack of a strong

—Bettmann Archive.

Jane Austen—"union of living."

*THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS SERIES. Volumes published by Alan Swallow, Denver: JANE AUSTEN. By Margaret Kennedy. GEORGE BORROW. By Martin Armstrong. THOMAS HARDY. By Desmond Hawkins. HENRY FIELDING. By Elizabeth Jenkins. THE BRONTES. By Phyllis Bentley. SAMUEL BUTLER. By G. D. H. Cole. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Lettice Cooper. RUDYARD KIPLING. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. H. G. WELLS. By Norman Nicholson. SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Una Pope-Hennessy. ARNOLD BENNETT. By Walter Allen. MRS. GASKELL. By Yvonne ffrench. MARIA EDGEWORTH. By P. H. Newby. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Beatrice Curtis Brown. Volumes published by Roy Publishers, New York: BARRIE AND THE KAILYARD SCHOOL. By George Blake. CHARLES DICKENS. By Julian Symons. WILKIE COLLINS. By Robert Ashley. RONALD FIRBANK. By Jocelyn Brooke. SHERIDAN LE FANU. By Nelson Browne. All volumes, $2 each.*

*Harvey Curtis Webster is a member of the English department of the University of Louisville. He has written "On a Darkling Plain: The Art and Thought of Thomas Hardy."*

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editorial hand that can exact uniformity without demanding conformity.

Desmond Hawkins's "Thomas Hardy" perhaps best illustrates the considerable virtues and the less considerable defects of a typical volume in the series. His main thesis—that Hardy is "the originator of the modern sex-novel," which is "the special medium of a disrupted and incoherent society in which religion has lost its primary sanction and the patterns of public life are fragmentary and ill-defined"—he supports brilliantly. But he overlooks and misjudges a good deal in the process. "Under a Greenwood Tree" becomes negligible, Sue Bridehead a disgusting character with whom Hardy neurotically sympathizes. Hardy's total view of the world is sometimes lost in Mr. Hawkins's overemphasis of an aspect of it. The poems are never used to illuminate our understanding of the novels. The facts of Hardy's life are used partially and sparsely. In other words, Mr. Hawkins, like any writer of a short biography, must be taken with quite a few grains of salt. He has neither Albert Guerard's comprehension of Hardy's psychology nor Carl Weber's command of Hardy's background and life.

Still, and this is the virtue of even the mediocre volumes in the English Novelists Series, Mr. Hawkins persuades us that Hardy belongs to the present far more usably than Katherine Winsor and that he should be read. Though these reasonably priced and usually winning critical biographies do not have the length or the grace one finds consistently in the older English Men of Letters monographs, and though they are generally less definitive than the best of the studies in the Makers of Modern Literature Series, nevertheless they persuade whoever will read that the past is persistently important to a present excessively conscious of its singularity in both good and evil and could help us to find the way to the good society that is not yet but is still possible.

# *Native Prizewinner*

*THE MAN FROM MAIN STREET: A Sinclair Lewis Reader. Selected Essays and Other Writings, 1904-1950. Edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane, assisted by Phillip Allan Friedman. New York: Random House. 371 pp. $3.75.*

By Maxwell Geismar

AS THE somewhat imposing array of titles, subtitles, and credits makes clear, this is a collection of Sinclair Lewis's occasional writing, mostly journalism. It covers the years from his Yale education (and early passion for romances) to his solitary and tragic death in Italy. It is a useful companion volume to the Lewis letters which were recently published in Harrison Smith's "From Main Street to Stockholm."

The editorial notes, like the titles, are generally helpful but have a tendency to inflate themselves or to describe Lewis's work in terms that are questionable. Looking back now, we can see that he was essentially a popularizer (at his best a great one) of the tradition of literary revolt which almost coincided with the span of his life. He was never a "philosophic" or even a very thoughtful writer. He was rebellious by nature and conservative or even authoritarian by deepest instinct. That is to say, he belonged to a tradition of native satirists, such as John P. Marquand, who need a strong tradition of authority to support their own revolt against it.

Thus, when the familiar outlines of Lewis's world disappeared in the 1930's—the world which had heaped fame upon him for excoriating it—he was lost, and spent the decade in confusion and irritation. Much of the interest of "The Man from Main Street" lies in the disclosure of these personal traits, revealed perhaps even more sharply in Lewis's articles and reviews than in his novels. There is the excellent Nobel Prize Address, where he defended the new literature of the 1920's against "an astonishing circus called the New Humanism," the predecesors and ancestors of the New Critics today. Towards the end of his career, Lewis was at his best again in a brilliant defense of his own period written in answer to Bernard DeVoto's "The Literary Fallacy."

He was a marvelous satirist when he was sure of himself, and one we could use, as we could use another H. L. Mencken today, to stand up against the new menace of self-appointed literary censors and obscene custodians of public morals. There is another good article here on Negro writers, such as Richard Wright, and on the race problem—far more incisive than the dubious romance through which he projected this theme into the pages of "Kingsblood Royal." For even when the later Lewis's instincts were admirable and his intellectual position sound, his expression was often inadequate: a combination of jeers and wisecracks, at its worst, in a world of misery and social revolution.

There is no doubt also that Lewis's later versions of Dr. Will Kennicott (in another essay in this collection) and of George F. Babbitt (in a series of repentent novels) stressed solid virtues in these national types. The only trouble was that while they were admirable and even sympathetic figures in the original satire, they became objectionable as cultural heroes. Perhaps this was the final paradox in Lewis's career. A member of the older generation in American letters, as Mencken was too, who had accepted the gloss, the emancipation, the modern sophistication of the postwar writers in the 1920's, he was unable, finally, to return to those roots and values which he really cherished.

Among the later essays and articles in "The Man from Main Street" there are intimations that Lewis realized his dilemma. In his ironical obituary, written in 1941, he described himself as a forgotten figure, though at one time "of considerable notoriety"; as "inevitably lone and insulated"; and—in a familiar lament—as a chronic wanderer and outsider. But what strikes one, after reading both the collection of his letters and the present collection of essays, is how little this writer spoke about himself—or about that part of him which produced his best books.

*Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials." His third volume in this series, collectively called "The Novel in America," will deal with the realists of the early 1900's.*

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# Orbits of Style

*THE SINGULAR PREFERENCE. By Peter Quennell. New York: The Viking Press. 224 pp. $3.75.*

By Bergen Evans

MR. QUENNELL'S singular preference is for reading, and in these twenty-eight short essays, collected from his writings during the past twenty years, he lets us share some of the rewards of that preference. Like DeQuincey, he might boast of having "circumnavigated literature"—though, unlike DeQuincey, he does not; indeed, his writing carries the modest and flattering suggestion that Gérard de Nerval and Choderlos de Laclos are household names with us and that we, too, in our lighter moments, dip into "Eothen" or Dill's "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire."

We don't, but Mr. Quennell's pleasure in them makes us wish we did. Why didn't *we* think of reading the memoirs of the last of France's hereditary executioners (who was fired for hocking the guillotine) or Sergeant Bourgogne's account of the retreat from Moscow? And who would have thought that the stodgy historian of the Crimean War had written a readable book of travels?

Mr. Quennell's biography of Queen Caroline, "The Profane Virtues," and his books on Byron and Ruskin have led us to expect something unusually good from him in the way of literary and historical studies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and more than half of the sketches that comprise this volume are in those fields and live up to our expectations. There is an enlightening picture of Mrs. Thrale—though it is curious that, now that it is known, nothing more is made of "the Secret far dearer to him than Life" which Dr. Johnson entrusted to her. Another essay on "Moll Flanders" would have seemed superfluous, had it not been done so well. In a happy phrase he speaks of "the insect-like persistence" with which Defoe's indefatigable characters "continue to scheme and shove" and puts his finger on the central fact of the heroine's life when he says that she had "the innate respectability of the typical prostitute."

Almost every essay has some such illuminating phrases: "The sonorous confusion of Swinburne's yeasty ocean swell," Balzac's "frequently stupefying" insensitivity, the absence in Dickens "amid brilliant stylistic virtues, of a genuine sense of style," and that state of "benign perplexity and jocose irascibility" that seemed Edward Lear's "natural element."

Peter Quennell—"preference is reading."

Philip Young—"expert and convincing."

His comparison of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, by the way, is particularly discerning and delightful and the bringing in of Hieronymous Bosch a brilliant perception. It is to be wished that he had carried the comparison forward as well as backward in time and included Thurber.

Perhaps the best of the sketches is the last, "This is the Way the World Ends . . . ," in which, giving rein to his imagination as it plays over Dill's history of society in the twilight of the Roman Empire, he creates for our already apprehensive minds an idea of what it was (and maybe is) like to live in a dying civilization. A very sinister whimper it is!

*Professor of English at Northwestern University, Bergen Evans is the editor of "Essays by Samuel Johnson," "Fifty Essays," and author of "The Natural History of Nonsense."*

# The "Old Man"

*ERNEST HEMINGWAY. By Philip Young. New York: Rinehart & Co. 244 pp. $3.*

By Ray B. West, Jr.

IN A POEM written in the early 1940's, Robert Penn Warren referred to Ernest Hemingway as twinkling "from afar/ In his abode where the immortals are." In recent years, the myth of greatness seemed to have diminished somewhat; but now, within the past six months—and following the publication of "The Old Man and the Sea"—we have seen the appearance of two full-length critical examinations, as though to acknowledge again the potency of a magic which seems to reside in both the person and the pen of Ernest Hemingway.

The first of these two critical works was written by Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton University. The present volume is by a young member of the teaching staff of New York University—the second volume in a projected "Critical Series" issued by Rinehart. Naturally, the two books invite comparison. Since Mr. Baker's book was almost unanimously admired by reviewers a few months ago, I may indicate my admiration for Mr. Young's book by saying that of the two I found his generally the more rewarding. Both critics are ardent admirers of Hemingway. Mr. Baker is better at extended analysis of the works, but he makes too little discrimination between the good and the mediocre novels and stories—almost as though to admit a weakness at any point would be to destroy the value of the whole. Philip Young is not afraid to say that "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms" are superior to "For Whom the Bell Tolls," even while pointing out the very great interest the last-named book has for any serious reader of Hemingway. He also analyzes the failure of "Across the River and Into the Trees" in an expert and convincing manner. In my opinion, his only excess—an understandable one—comes in his unreserved approval of Hemingway's recent interesting, but too-long, short story, "The Old Man and the Sea."

It is not in the examination of individual works that Mr. Young is at his best. He makes an important con-

(*Continued on page 44*)

*Ray B. West, Jr., the editor of "Essays in Modern Literary Criticism" and author "The Short Story in America," is on the faculty of Iowa State University.*

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# "A World Safe for Diversity"

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

THE question before the world's peoples, therefore, is not whether sovereignty should be surrendered to a world organization, but rather what can be done to restore the essential sovereignties that have already been destroyed."

Thus, in his new book, "Who Speaks for Man?"* Norman Cousins, one of America's most earnest advocates and most eloquent spokesmen for enforceable world law, challenges his readers. And I suggest that these readers should include every man and woman who, today, is thoughtfully concerned about mankind's tomorrows. All of us cannot wholly agree with Mr. Cousins or with his conclusions, but a new dimension will have been added to the thinking of those who read this penetrating and often moving account of man's present dilemma—which, according to Mr. Cousins, results from the fact that MAN has no spokesman, no collective voice, no effective representation of his own most vital interests.

Following his presentation of the dilemma, the author proceeds with clarity and persuasiveness to argue for what many thoughtful people today consider man's one real hope for influencing his own destiny—a greatly strengthened United Nations that can truly represent the human community and that will have powers adequate to prevent aggression and maintain peace.

One might imagine that a book dealing with the necessity for world organization and the fundamentals of world law might be dull or at least ponderous reading—no matter how brilliant the argument. But Mr. Cousins's warm advocacy stems not only from logic and reason, but from a passionate concern for individual human beings as well as abstract masses of human beings.

In a series of sketches and personal experiences he lets a number of everyday men and women be his witnesses. These sketches range all the way from a poignant account of a meeting with an appealing seven-year-old D. P. in Germany to a carefully documented report of five interviews with Prime Minister Nehru of India.

Mr. Cousins covers a great deal of territory, geographic as well as philosophic and speculative, and his readers take part in the shattering experience of the atomic bomb test at Bikini, the depths of despair that was postwar Hiroshima—and later the remarkable recovery of that city—the reactions of hungry students in Berlin in 1948 and of Fritz Thyssen, Germany's former industrial king, on trial before a denazification court.

There is the engaging story of "Pinkie" Pohlman, an American G. I., and his devoted admirer, Tami Taguchi, which Mr. Cousins came upon on a trip to Japan. And visits to Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Pakistan, and India all provide human-interest stories that, taken together and interpreted in the light of his profound convictions, provide the evidence for his contention that MAN will continue to be the victim of the forces he has created until MAN has his own "Spokesman"—a duly constituted world organization equal to the tremendously difficult task of building world peace on the solid foundation of world justice.

The book does not sidestep or minimize the problem of Russia. It faces up frankly to Russia's known opposition to effective world organization but believes that it may be difficult for any nation to remain completely outside a truly integrated world order. And even if the United States is blocked in this effort, the book argues that persistent leadership around the principles of enforceable law can give strength to the free world and help prepare the ground for true universalism when the world community is ready for it.

To me, one of the most interesting of the early chapters is the first, entitled "Personal and Preliminary," in which Mr. Cousins describes his own progress as a young man from "irresponsible" cynicism to responsible, affirmative participation in the thought and action of his times, and his personal re-education toward this end. I recommend this chapter to the disillusioned young and their tired elders. It is the story not of one man, but of a generation of men and women. It is applicable to all generations, and it is a message of hope that grew out of despair.

Despite the implication of the title—that no one at present "speaks for man"—this is a hopeful book. Hope, man's infinite capacity for regeneration, his ability to control his own destiny—these are the themes that run through all of the sketches and bind them together. "There are deeper resources of courage and regeneration in human beings than any of the philosophers had dared to believe . . . These objectives are necessary, therefore they are possible"—are thoughts that recur again and again, not in flashes of false optimism, but rather as a deep, affirmative underlying faith.

In the last portion of the book Mr. Cousins presents the case for a "strengthened" United Nations converted into a true world federation by way of the revision machinery provided in the Charter. And he meets the arguments against this proposal in specific terms. I believe he has conscientiously tried not to minimize the enormous difficulties involved, though I feel he occasionally tends to oversimplify them. But here again he sharply states his conviction that "the difficulty is dwarfed by the necessity."

The framework in which he presents his argument for world federalism is interesting. Mr. Cousins insists that sovereignty is "the right and ability of a nation or community or individual to make its own decisions." He argues that because of the absence of world law—with consequent anarchy among nations—no nation has this right or ability any longer. Whether the United States gets into or stays out of war is not decided in Washington, but in Tokyo or Berlin or Moscow. The sovereign right of nations to decide on how much to tax their own citizens no longer exists—taxation is conditioned by the competitive arms race, and the Kremlin, at present, is determining the American tax rate. For much the same reason the Kremlin, too, may be held responsible for the inflationary pressures in the United States.

If one accepts this argument that the nations have, in fact, lost much of their sovereignty as our world has

**WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN? By Norman Cousins. New York: The Macmillan Co. 318 pp. $3.50.*

*Adlai E. Stevenson wrote this review while vacationing in Barbados, BWI.*

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contracted and our interdependence increased, then the question becomes not one of *surrendering* it to a world organization, but of *regaining* some measure of it.

If we are to survive on this shrinking globe, we are faced with the necessity of re-evaluating some of our most fundamental concepts. Absolute sovereignty among many independent states presents familiar and ever new difficulties.

The great overriding question is how to save man from his own destruction in the atomic age. Mr. Cousins feels that the solution lies in "making the world safe for diversity" under a form of world federation with limited powers. Seeing the present struggle in terms of the age old East-West conflict, others argue that this is visionary and a long time off at best, and look to the growing community of interest of the Western powers for security against the expansionist ambitions of imperialistic Communism; maintaining that a growing voluntary cooperation among nations is the best practical hope in the context of our times. The argument is likely to be with us for a long time.

With his passionate concern for mankind, his logical mind, and one of the finest literary talents of today, Mr. Cousins in his book has filed a formidable brief in the case for enforceable world law.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 506

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 506 will be found in the next issue.*

ALWAYS OLE FOR PGBOF

GERL LCYHF LETRPFGAGSB.

OR FYYM FNY DYKHWSA

LSE CPYHBOF EYNS FOR

OYHAR.

LSYSZWYHA

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 505*

Actors are the only honest hypocrites. —HAZLITT.

# *From Black to Red*

*I JOINED THE RUSSIANS. By Heinrich von Einsiedel. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 295 pp. $4.*

By ALEXANDER DALLIN

SOMETIMES it seems as if the dilemmas and tribulations of our generation could best be epitomized in the experience of one individual. Heinrich von Einsiedel is such a man. Into the past ten years he has crowded a sincere and anguished quest for answers which has led him from Nazism to Communism to democracy. Against a vivid canvas of the *Luftwaffe*, Soviet prison camps, the Free Germany Committee in Russia, and the realities of postwar Germany, this great-grandson of Bismarck paints with scrupulous honesty his own, subjective development, providing revealing rationales for his behavior at each step.

A dashing young flier in the German air force, he crashed before Stalingrad. Here in Soviet captivity he found himself for the first time examining the nature of his allegiance to Hitler's Reich. Confused and naive, he was an easy object—and a valuable propaganda catch—for Soviet exploitation. If patriotism and love of adventure had made him accept his flying career with enthusiasm, the same was not true of his political background. Though accepting the Nazis as a "lesser evil," his family was too deeply steeped in the Bismarckian tradition to accept the rowdy upstarts and the terror of the Third Reich. Now Einsiedel, judiciously prodded by the Soviets, found himself unable to say just what he had been fighting for. Before long, he had publicly broken with Hitler's cause.

Ostracized by most of the other prisoners who still blindly clung to the Fuehrer myth, Einsiedel began his conversion to Communism. Theretofore untrained in political theory, he avidly threw himself on the "Marxist classics." Here at last he found an integrated system of answers to all the questions which had been fermenting during the days and nights of captivity. Nor was it sheer theory that attracted him; as he later remarked, "In this world which is out of joint and empty of faith the desire to exorcise fear by a cult of power was the temptation to which we fell."

Thus he became easy prey for the "Free Germany Committee" which the Soviets established in 1943. Einsiedel provides us with the first "inside story" of this organization—fascinating for the wranglings between old German Communist emigrés and the nationalist officers who, in the tradition of Bismarck and Seeckt, sought security for the Reich in an alliance with Russia. There were idealists who had proudly mastered the ABC's of Communism and now zealously defended the new course; there were opportunists and sycophants who joined to extricate themselves from the privations of the prison camps—not principled anti-Fascists but *kashists*, as they were called because of the extra ration of *kasha* they received as a reward for their political conversion. They were hidden Nazis at work within the committee, and NKVD agents as well. There were Soviet-style *apparatchiks* like Ulbricht and Pieck, and pathetic mediocrities like General von Seydlitz; there were sincere anti-Nazis who had ethical qualms about collaborating with the "Reds"; all manner of mice and men. And behind it all was the Soviet leviathan skilfully, though at times crudely, pulling strings, engineering, manipulating, staging, and if need be, intimidating and compelling.

Yet Einsiedel remained independent. The same intellectual curiosity and the same standard of morality that had led him to eschew Nazism for Communism spurred him on to think further, to contrast the reality of Soviet life and behavior with the virtuous ideals and pretty visions of the Communist utopia. Step by step he came to question, doubt, and finally reject what he had hopefully, devoutly clasped and mastered. Even before the capitulation of Germany, his clashes with his Communist colleagues and with his Soviet tutors indicated

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the direction of his further evolution. His belated return to the Soviet zone of Germany in 1947 provided the final shock. Lawlessness on all sides; abuse and mistreatment of innocents; terror and fear, contrasted with the unabashed hypocrisy of the comrades who now lived in luxury—all this disgusted and frightened Count Einsiedel.

By 1948, he thirsted for "fresh air." His first contacts with non-Communists in Berlin helped crystallize his ideas, and he now came to reject Communism most emphatically, because of its terror and compulsion, because of its theocratic insistence on possessing ultimate answers, because of its disregard for Man. Prepared to defect, he went to Western Germany on the pretense of an official mission—only to find himself jailed by the American authorities on the suspicion of espionage. After his release, he made one final trip to Berlin and irrevocably broke with the "East."

Less dramatically, less prominently, less articulately, thousands must have shared Einsiedel's experience. In his account, it is his integrity and articulateness that captivate the reader. When, therefore, he emerges from his book still not entirely "sold" on the West, there is cause for concern. The mental reservations which he maintains, his determined and intelligent anti-Communism notwithstanding, are in effect an indictment of our methods and behavior, of our inability to dispel the fears and doubts in the minds of the most high-minded, soul-searching of Europe's neutralists.

Einsiedel's final analysis and condemnation of Communism do credit to his analytical powers. In spite of his experiences he, like so many other "returnees" from Russia, has maintained a fine sense of balance. It is not the people but the system which is at fault: "There is much," he writes, "that one cannot help loving about the Russians. In the rare unforced conversations that one has with them, the distrust and insecurity that one ordinarily feels with them vanish—until they once again take fright, remember that they are Soviet men, and begin to agitate and make a political issue out of every harmless jest."

Underneath the veneer which the Soviet system has imposed, there remain human beings, and therein Einsiedel sees a ray of hope: by its own actions the regime is bound to generate opposition. "The history of the Soviet Union and the Communist parties proves that human conscience is in the last analysis an unassailable element and will again and again produce 'traitors,' renegades, and true revolutionaries in all ranks of this power apparatus." Amen.

# *Turn of the Revolutionary Screw*

*THE END OF A REVOLUTION. By Fritz Sternberg. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. New York: The John Day Co. 183 pp. $3.*

By George Fischer

DR. FRITZ STERNBERG, the author of this book, symbolizes a vanishing breed. A scholar born in Germany in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the temper of his books has approximated that century far more than our own.

Each of Mr. Sternberg's four major works has dealt with the same general subject. This subject, as tantalizing as it is today neglected, is the actual distribution of political and economic power in contemporary society. The subject of power is dominant in the writer's earlier German-published "Imperialism" (1926) and "The Decline of German Capitalism" (1933) and likewise in his more recent American books, "The Coming Crisis" (1947) and "Capitalism and Socialism on Trial" (1951). Throughout, he approaches the subject in a manner typical of the nineteenth century but not of the twentieth.

Mr. Sternberg, for one, has remained a devotee of the majestically universal study of political economy, despite its current atomization into political science, economics, sociology, philosophy, and so on. He can, moreover, boast of tomes far more ambitious in size and scope than most moderns would attempt alone. A concomitant boast could be that his writing has been addressed to that elusive "general reader" rather than the specialist. Perhaps rarest of all in recent decades, the author's central purpose has apparently been to fit our Age of Anxiety into a systematic socialist theory of society.

Fritz Sternberg—"vanishing breed."

The present work, "The End of a Revolution," deals briefly with the Soviet system, with its Government and its economy. Part I takes up the USSR's internal evolution, with chapters on industry, labor, and social structure. Part II discusses Soviet foreign policy in the satellites, Yugoslavia, Europe, and Asia.

The basic theme of the book is Mr. Sternberg's belief that "Soviet Russia is not a socialist State; it is a reactionary State. In fact, it is the most reactionary State not only in Europe but in the whole world." Inside the USSR the living conditions of the average person are stated to have either grown worse than they were under Czarism (notably food and housing) or not to have improved appreciably. "There has been a tremendous increase in industrial production, but it is accounted for almost exclusively by heavy industry, and in consequence there has been no material improvement in the position of the working people."

In Europe, Mr. Sternberg holds, the USSR has expansionist designs but could not advance without armed force. "But as Soviet Russia *need not* expand territorially there is a very good chance that there will be no third world war."

"The End of a Revolution" devotes considerable attention to the Soviet role in Asia. There the USSR is supporting two simultaneous upheavals, the political revolution against Western imperialism and the social revolution against native feudalism. "The psychological importance of this is not affected by the fact that the Russians are merely exploiting these two processes—as they exploit everything else—to strengthen their own power and influence. The Asiatic peoples are ignorant of it. In addition, Soviet Russian influence is greatly strengthened by the fact that for Asia Soviet Russia represents technical and industrial progress and a high standard of living, and by the further fact that Soviet Russia has built up a tremendous industrial apparatus, particularly in her own Asiatic provinces, without the assistance of foreign capital."

Mr. Sternberg's book cannot be classed with the unabating stream of

(*Continued on page* 43)

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*George Fischer, author of "Soviet Opposition to Stalin," is a member of the history department of Harvard University.*

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# Has the Church Failed?

THE paradox that troubled Albert Schweitzer was that "for centuries Christianity treasured the great commandment of love and mercy as traditional truth without recognizing it as a reason for opposing slavery, witch-burning, torture, and all the other ancient and medieval forms of inhumanity."

The paradox grows. Today, more than a generation after Schweitzer called upon the Church to act out its beliefs, Christianity has yet to deal with the greatest challenge of all—war and injustices leading to war. For centuries Christianity has extolled the idea of peace on earth, without regarding its beliefs as a mandate for dedicated action to that end. There is little effective connection between the recognition of the sacredness of peace and any vital determination to save it.

Never before have there been so many churches and so many Christians; never before has the institution of man been in greater jeopardy. Christianity has not truly involved itself in the human situation. It has become strangely adjacent to the crisis of man, seemingly content with trying to create a moral and spiritual atmosphere instead of becoming a towering and indeed dominant force in the shaping of a world congenial to man. To paraphrase Pascal, it has been wandering around the circumference instead of embracing the center. It has become one of the values we fight for instead of a force in itself. It is not regarded as the working source of wisdom and strength, but as a factor, a respected possession, a shelter for conscience. It has yet to become supremely pertinent and supremely effective in safeguarding the commonwealth of man at a time of peril so profound as to be incomprehensible to the rational intelligence alone.

Much has been said about the significance of the revolution in communications, transportation, and invention in the modern world. The gap between scientific knowledge and political institutions has been clearly seen and clearly felt. But scientific "progress" has created an even greater challenge to spiritual man than it has to political man. If science has suddenly brought all peoples within a single small enclosure, with the option to make it into a single battlefield or a single neighborhood, then it has also brought about a vast test for the world's great religions. Can religion act in behalf of the human species itself at a time when the species is unrepresented and in danger? How important is man? These are the questions that starkly confront every church and all churchmen.

The men of God share in the responsibility for the developing failure of the church but their share is not the dominant one. No group senses its own inadequacy more keenly than the clergymen. As individuals they are starkly aware of the big paradox and are smitten by it. In an age of saturating frustration, theirs is perhaps the uneasiest lot of all, for they are trying to give life not merely to religious doctrine but to the moral imagination. They are trying to impart substance, reality, and relevance to the ideas of Christ in the modern world; but their words are absorbed as tentative sound without changing the color or the shape of the walls of the mind. The ministers realize this, and struggle all the harder to create human adequacy for human crisis. But to do that it is necessary first to decompartmentalize man—to enable him to move easily and naturally from theology to action—action that is morally effective and effectively moral. And this is not a simple thing to do, even for the man of God.

THE pulpit, to repeat, is not at the heart of the Christian paradox. The custodian of that pulpit knows, if anyone knows, the nature and reality of the crisis of man. He realizes that the nation today, any nation, is a feeble thing and incapable of protecting human existence and those values which make life distinctive and purposeful. Most dramatically, he can visualize the consequences of world anarchy. He can anticipate the earth shudders that will be produced by nuclear explosions. Since a single life is sacred to him, his mind must blister and burn when he multiplies one life by hundreds of millions. He must contend with the palpable fact that it took a divine cosmos more than two billions years to create the conditions for producing and sustaining human life, but it could take human intelligence less than a day to bring it all down.

As for the denominations themselves, their failure is not marked by any lack of recognition of the mon-

# A Skeleton of a Bird

**By Fredericka Wright**

THE empty skull is sweet with rain and moss,
The ribs lie pure as pillars cleft in stone,
And here and there small classic scrolls emboss
The corners of a ruin built with bone.

A little temple to a god as dead
In our back woods as Jupiter in Greece,
With nothing left from all the rampant red
Of heart and feathers but this classic peace.

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strous threat to man's estate in the modern world. Indeed, they have done everything except to act dramatically in behalf of their own comprehension of crisis.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; the Methodist Church Conference; the Congregational Christian Churches; the Disciples of Christ, and the American Unitarian Association have all recognized the need for action behind the principles of enforceable world law. And no statement was more searching or impassioned in behalf of these principles than that issued by Pope Pius XII two years ago.

All these declarations and statements, superb in themselves, have been milestones of analysis and intent but not the springboards for decisive action. When Father Edward A. Conway, of *America,* said that American Catholics were "giving the silent treatment" to Pope Pius's declaration. he might well have added that Christians in general have yet to mobilize in behalf of the ideals that are even more important than armaments in serving the human cause.

THE possibilities for action are not cramped or confined unless we are to say belief must be protected from such vitality as may exist within it. that inspiration must be shorn of purpose, and that action is justified only if it is devoid of conviction. Certainly there is scope for religious and ethical action in the world today. We are thinking not of an invasion of the political arena or of mass movements as such or of any of the churnings usually associated with political activity. We are thinking of the gestation of vital purpose, the creation of moral imperatives that can produce vital change, the conditions for supporting vital leadership. On the level of direct action, and in a more limited sense. there is a real need and opportunity for a World Parliament of religions that will address itself to the human situation in 1953. Let the great religions cease explaining their differences to each other and begin to chart the elements of basic unity that could serve as the building blocks for common action. Let all talk of separate "destinies" be recognized for the disservice to spiritual man that it is. What is at stake today is not primarily Christian civilization or Islamic civilization or Jewish civilization or Hindu civilization or any other. It is not man's particularized beliefs but his own uniqueness that counts. For what threatens him are the basic conditions that make life meaningful and purposeful. To the extent that any religion speaks only in behalf of its own interests; to the extent that it places itself above or apart from the whole, it jeopardizes its own interests and injures the whole. In order to get inside man, the Church must get outside itself.

If we argue that the possibility of convening the great religions in behalf of man is far more complex and difficult than the making of peace itself, or that even if such a Parliament could be convened, it is unlikely that any action could proceed out of it, then we are arguing against the validity of religion itself in the modern world. If the Church is the custodian of the spirit of man, and if that spirit is imperiled, then responsible action is possible and essential.

—N. C.

## *Bookmarks*

OUR intimation, some weeks back, that the centennial of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had received less attention than it merited continues to be rebutted. Mrs. George E. Ramsdell of Lewiston, Maine, informs us that at the Maine Writers' Conference last summer Professor Robert G. Berkelman of Bates College paid a tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a collection of Stowe memorabilia, some of it on loan from Harvard, was shown. She adds: "It was considered eminently suitable to commemorate in Maine a famous book largely written in the State." Robert E. Bacon, Assistant Supervisor in Education, Massachusetts Department of Education, gave an extension course at Boston on "Centennials of 1952 in Literature and Life" which included "Uncle Tom's Cabin" along with "Bleak House" and "Henry Esmond." The Friends of the Detroit Public Library (Mabel C. Conat, their secretary, writes us) held a special centennial meeting and put on an exhibition for which a fifty-two page guide was issued—the most lavish approach to a Stowe bibliography yet attempted. And Miss Katharine S. Day writes from the Stowe House in Hartford. Connecticut:

> Thank you for the mention made in your column of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" centenary. As I am a grandniece of Harriet Beecher Stowe and intend to leave my house (her last home) as a national shrine, I am deeply interested in all references to her and her influence.

That influence, it is apparent, goes marching on.

* * *

Reverting to American speech, 1828 model, as expounded by the Reverend John Pierpont, we have this from Beulah Amidon of New York City: "Mr. Pierpont's pronunciation of 'aunt' was 'ant,' and his pronunciation of 'haunt' rhymed with it. That was the way my father's mother (God rest her soul) said them. She was born in Onondagy [*sic*] County. York State."

* * *

Comic-book sales are now at the rate of 840,000,000 units a year—a 20 per cent increase over four years ago. says *The Wall Street Journal.* That comes to five books for every man, woman, and child in America—and don't hang it all on the kiddies. "Lots of adults are plunking down their dimes." says the WSJ. When is an adult?

—J. T. W.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## *Tickles That Query*

▶ I HAVE READ with great entertainment the article by Joseph Wood Krutch on the question, "Is the Common Man Too Common?" [*SR* Jan. 10]. This is despite the fact that I myself am one of this multitudinous herd which encumbers the earth so unworthily. Perhaps it is because Mr. Krutch tempers the blow to make it tickle. At the same time, his article pricks my conscience with the query, "Well, shouldn't you do something about it?"

Being common, I can't do much unaided. But I realize that the minority of uncommon men has considerable faith in a theory of evolution, a belief that man began from humble beginnings, that he has a mind which allows him to think and rationalize, and that conditions may be made favorable for his progress upward. I realize too that the minority is really anxious to help me in this progress. It acts altruistically, though generally its efforts are at my expense.

One of the latest evidences of this is the effort made to establish in New York a state-operated network of non-commercial, educational TV stations. Great promises are held out for what it will do for me. Of course I will have to pay more taxes and purchase a set, but I am warned not to miss this opportunity of raising my woeful condition, described so acutely in Mr. Krutch's article. Even if too late for me, shouldn't I favor it for my children? The question bothers me. Am I to confide their training to all that is promised in the name of TV, or am I to rely on what I had thought to be the fundamentals of education: the library, the workshop, and the public forum?

I trust that future articles in your series will enlighten me on this fundamental question, and will offer an appraisal of what civilization has to gain from this new institution of TV, whose potentials are so alluring.

GORTON FONDA.

Schenectady, N. Y.

## *Non-Collapsible*

▶ IN A REVIEW of "The Open Night" [*SR* Jan. 10], Robert Halsband writes: "With the collapse of traditional religions . . ."

One wonders in what subterranean cavern of the mind Mr. Halsband passes his days. Have "traditional religions"—presumably including Christianity—collapsed? Not according to contemporary records of Church membership and achievement in missions, social service, moral vision, and character nurture. No religion has collapsed which commands the reverence and produces the character of such mental and moral stalwarts as Francis John McConnell. There are scores and hundreds of the finest intellects and personalities who confess their daily dependence on a "traditional religion." Indeed, that the majority of our ablest and most respected leaders adhere to and are sustained by "traditional religions" is undeniable. That fact, among others, refutes the charge of "collapse."

(REV.) CARL G. BADER.

Ainsworth, Neb.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And if anything DOES come of this revolution talk, remember it was I who recommended that the Bastille be replaced by a more sanitary prison."

## *Debunked*

▶ BOOKS OF SCIENTIFIC debunking should be approached with caution, especially by the reviewer. Debunkers have a notorious tendency to class along with the cranks and quacks workers of unpopular, unaccepted views. John Pfeiffer, who reviewed "In the Name of Science," by Martin Gardner [*SR* Jan. 24], failed to point out that in the field of nutrition and diet, almost any "pseudo-scientist" is closer to the truth than the "best medical opinion." The facts are that the "ordinary foods," so highly praised by the "best medical opinion," are devitalized, de-germinized, de-vitaminized, over-refined, over-processed, over-cooked to the extent that a large part of our population suffer from hidden malnutrition. . . . The reviewer should always be alert to debunk the debunker. Your reviewer failed in this important duty.

K. A. BOLGEN.

Newburgh, N. Y.

## *Breeding a New Man*

▶ ONE READS THE REVIEW of Sir Charles Darwin's book, "The Next Million Years," by Louis N. Ridenour [*SR* Jan. 24], with conflicting reactions. Sir Charles's scholarship and erudition may be unquestioned, but some of his conclusions appear—to this writer at least—absurd.

Prophets of doom have been warning us for years that our population is rapidly catching up with, and will eventually exceed, our food supply—apparently overlooking the fact that man has a brain, that when the time comes he will solve this problem just as he has solved countless other problems. Sir Charles seems to think not very highly of man's capacity to solve problems, for "he contends that we are living in a Golden Age in which we have plenty of food and plenty of fuel, (and) he does not expect that our descendants will be similarly fortunate. In fact, he expects that a certain fraction of the population always will starve. This has been the permanent situation in human society. We are nearing the end of the time during which a prodigal expenditure of the earth's fossil fuels makes possible our sort of power economy." Did Sir Charles write this before, or after, man's discovery of atomic fission?

H. G. Wells was certainly not the first one to put forward, as he did many years ago, the idea that man would eventually "take over" the evolutionary process, as far as his own species is concerned, and begin breeding *men* according to a definite plan or goal. Many philosophers and scientists have toyed with the idea. Such phenomena as thornless roses, seedless grapes and oranges, and hornless cattle we now accept as commonplace. What is to hinder man from applying his knowledge of the laws of genetics (scanty and inadequate now, we'll admit, but growing steadily over the years) to his own species, and "evolving" the type of being he thinks should populate the earth?

The fact that it would be impossible, as

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of now, to get a group of men together who would agree as to *what* type of man we wish to breed, and the fact that, as of now, religious, social, and cultural prejudices exist which would make such a plan impossible of achievement (even if we could agree on what it was we wanted to achieve!)—these facts are trifles when the time element is considered. But we have plenty of time. Our New England colony was getting firmly established when a man named Galileo rose from his knees and was heard to mutter, "Nevertheless, it moves!"—and a scant two thousand years ago Jesus was crucified for preaching a gospel of love and human brotherhood—and what is that compared to a million years?

ALLAN BACON.

Stockton, Calif.

## *Fact & the Truth*

▶ SOME OF THE PAGES of the *SR* may be dull at times but the pages of LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are usually lively and interesting. The present discussions on the merits or demerits of Christianity interests me greatly.

There is, however, much confusion and misinformation about Christianity. Mr. O'Malley [LETTERS, *SR* Dec. 13], for instance, stated that "Christianity could appeal only to the unusually tenderhearted and extremely sentimental." It is evident that Mr. O'Malley is not conversant with the history of Christianity or he would know of the fierce, cruel, and bloody battles that took place at the dawn of Christianity between the numerous Christian sects, the Donatists, the Arians, etc. St. Augustine wrote that there were eighty-six sects at that time. Surely Mr. O'Malley would not consider Torquemada, Arbues, and other fellow Inquisitors tenderhearted, nor Franco and Salazar for that matter.

The fact is that Christ is a myth, not a historical character, and while there are beautiful myths that have brought inspiration and done a lot of good the Christ myth is not one of them. The history of Christianity with its many wars, massacres, persecutions, intolerance, suppression of all the freedoms, degradation of woman and man, sexual corruption, and hypocrisy is irrefutable proof of this statement.

There is nothing to be gained and much to be lost by clinging to an unpractical and unworkable myth. The liberal intellectuals are duty bound to enlighten the people and to lead them into the truth, for only the truth can save us from destruction.

J. M. MARTINEZ.

Miami, Fla.

## *Take to Woods*

▶ IT WOULD TAKE some space to explain to Mr. O'Malley why he has an erroneous conception of the meekness of the Christian faith. He can for himself, with a little trouble, study the history of Christianity and find out why the followers of Christ have been called the "terrible meek."

If man should become more interested in a religion which bade him exercise pride, arrogance, and harshness instead of humility, meekness, and tenderness—the three Christian virtues Mr. O'Malley despises—then let all decent men take to the woods. From the beasts of the forest we expect only honest appetite and sincere viciousness.

ALMA REINECKE.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

## *Good News*

▶ THE ITEMS THAT GO to make up the GOOD NEWS column in *SR* are usually culled from material important enough to have earned an appearance, originally, in newspapers or magazines. It has occurred to me that there must be incidents of like import happening every day in the give and take of our relationships with one another which we have come to accept for granted, and therefore not important enough to merit an appearance in print.

All of which a rather long-winded way of introducing a happening in my daughter's life which it seems to me, in its modest way, has some very deep implications.

Almost a year ago, Rita, my daughter, who was nine then, had a poem published in the *Junior Red Cross News* which went:

It doesn't really matter,
The color you may be,
For you can always be a friend
To a little girl like me.

After the poem came the name of her school: Jewish Center School.

To our great amazement it wasn't long before she began to get fan-mail concerning the poem, letters from children all over the country. A letter from an Indian girl in Oklahoma, from a farm girl in Pennsylvania, from an RFD girl in Massachusetts, and many, many more, almost a cross-section. And all of them accepting the implications of the poem.

Imagine. All these children, not one of them colored, not one of them Jewish, reaching out across the country for the friendship of one whose creed openly embraced both.

Can it be that the grown-up antagonisms had not yet reached down to these ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-olds? Or that all over the country parents are teaching their children that the barriers are artificial and do not exist? Or is it a tribute to the innate decency and dignity of the child?

IRVING KISSEN.

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Kissen's letter is a fine illustration of the story behind the story in the many items that have appeared in the* GOOD NEWS *column concerning the exchange of correspondence by schoolchildren all over the world The source of an item, however, has nothing to do with its appearance in these pages.* GOOD NEWS *from an obscure source is more highly prized and deserving of publication than frontpage stories.*

—J. M. G.

## *The Distance Between*

▶ DR. DAVID WECHSLER demonstrates in his book on "The Range of Human Capacities" some alarming limitations of his own [*SR* Jan. 24].

Dr. Wechsler contends that because some people are better endowed than others, the basic assumption of democracy, that "all men are created equal," cannot be true. He appears to think that Jefferson meant by this phrase in the Declaration that all men are equally endowed with intelligence—that they can be matched mind for mind, like so many interchangeable parts. He should see that Jefferson meant that all men were equal in the eyes of God . . . that, contrary to the Old Order, the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

Between Jefferson's belief and Dr. Wechsler's, there is a great gulf fixed. It marks the distance between freedom and tyranny.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

## *Books Marked*

▶ AS ONE LIBRARIAN I freely admit all the guilt laid at the door of my profession by Mr. Winterich [BOOKMARKS, *SR* Jan. 10]. No one's face turns redder, with both rage and humiliation, than mine when I find a book with beautiful end-papers marred with what we call "book pockets," "date slips," and now plastic covers. When the end-papers contain material which is essential to an understanding or intelligent appreciation of the text, such as maps, tables, charts, or photographs of Carl Sandburg and his family, frustration adds fuel to the rage.

As head of a library, why don't I stop this reprehensible practice? The answer is that I have tried and have been completely beaten down. Libraries do have to have book-card pockets where readers can find them easily. People who use the library "*love*" plastic covers. The book jacket enhanced by a plastic cover adds immeasurably to the sale's appeal.

But isn't there an answer through the publishers? Does this useful information have to be included in the end-papers? If so, couldn't it be duplicated in the text without too great expense?

AMY WINSLOW.

Baltimore, Md.

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# *SR's First Annual Advertising Awards*

FOR some time now, American business has been exploring a new frontier in communication. And while a great deal remains to be discovered it is also evident that much of significance to our society and our economy has been learned. This frontier lies in the broadened concept of advertising as an instrument to serve the public interest along with a company's private interest, and it has been pioneered by some of the most foresighted and responsible corporations in the United States.

This pioneering has been carried on in the face of criticism from not only the foes, but the friends and practitioners of advertising. They have claimed, and some of them continue to claim, that advertising, despite its remarkable contribution toward mobilizing the home-front during World War II, should have nothing to do with communicating ideas. They would restrict it entirely to its traditional role of selling goods and services.

Disturbed, as it often has been, by the excesses and meretricious appeals of much of our contemporary consumer advertising, *The Saturday Review* has felt, nevertheless, that public-interest advertising is a new force in the communications pattern of the United States, and that it should be subjected to thoughtful criticism and periodic review of its achievements as well as its more flagrant failures. Only thus will it mature.

To that end, because of its own deep concern with all the means of communications in this country and their impact on American ideas and attitudes, *The Saturday Review* has established Annual Awards to single out distinguished examples of institutional advertising in the public interest. The best testimony, probably, to the emerging importance of public-interest and public-service advertising in the American scene is found in the roster of leading educators, editors and publishers, public-opinion analysts, scholars, and advertising and public-relations executives who accepted *The Saturday Review*'s invitation to serve on the first Awards Committee. Once formed, the Committee, of course, functioned with complete independence.

Therefore, it can now be announced that after several months study of the whole vast area of general magazine advertising for 1952 that the first *Saturday Review* awards have been made to twenty-seven corporations for sponsoring outstanding campaigns in the public interest. Originally only twenty-five awards were scheduled, but the close balloting and the number of ties raised the final total to twenty-seven.

In addition, four public-service campaigns of The Advertising Council, the non-profit, public-service arm of the advertising and business communities, were cited for distinguished achievement. These four campaigns, along with two runners-up, are also listed in the accompanying box. That the Council's work should be cited for its important efforts is only just recognition of an organization which during World War II and in the post-war period of troubled peace has done so much to stimulate business support of public-service advertising.

In evaluating the more than 200 institutional campaigns screened and considered during the lengthy judging process that led up to the final awards, the following factors weighed most heavily: (1) Theme: especially the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions or of our traditions; also the manner in which it directly or indirectly served the public interest (2) Text: particularly style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness (3) Layout: typography and artwork (4) Over-all originality: taste, freshness, and imaginativeness

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**The above committee gave first place to the John Hancock ad on the facing page.**

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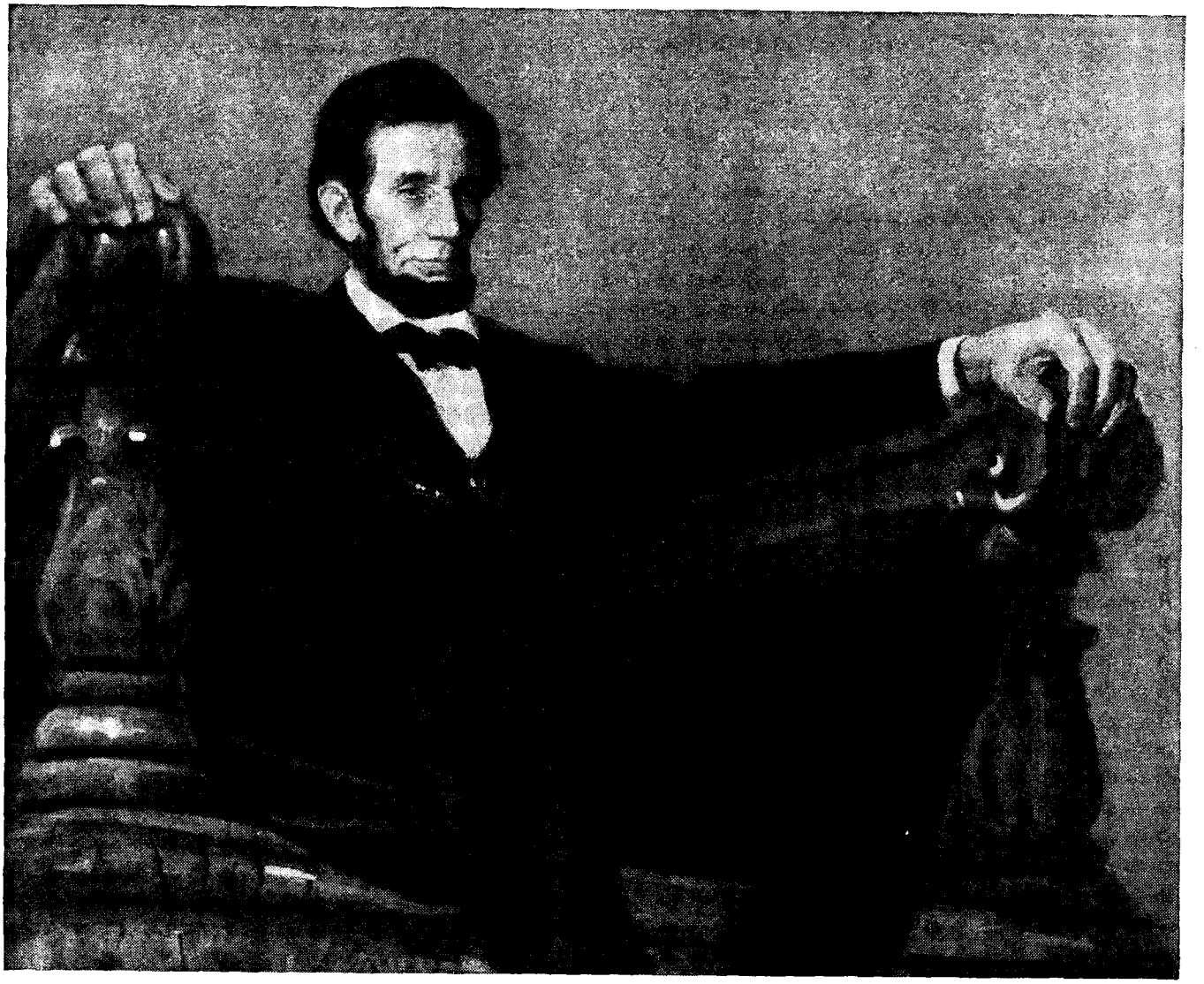

# *He was everybody, grown a little taller*

Let's skip all the things you've read about him, all the things you heard too often or too young.

Forget the face on the penny, the statue in Washington, the Emancipation Proclamation, the speech at Gettysburg. Forget the official things and look at the big thing.

Why do we love this man, dead long before our time, yet dear to us as a father? What was there about Abraham Lincoln?

He came out of no place special—a cabin like any other out West. His folks were nobody special—pleasant, hardworking people like many others. Abe was a smart boy, but not too smart. He could do a good day's work on the farm, though he'd just as soon stand around and talk. He told funny stories. He was strong and kind. He'd never try to hurt you, or cheat you, or fool you.

Young Abe worked at odd jobs and read law books at night. Eventually he found his way into local politics. And it was then that people, listening to his speeches, began to know there was something special about Abe Lincoln.

Abe talked about running a country as if it were something you could do. It was just a matter of people getting along.

He had nothing against anybody, rich or poor, who went his own way and let the other fellow go his. No matter how mixed up things got, Abe made you feel that the answer was somewhere among those old rules that everybody knows: no hurting, no cheating, no fooling.

Abe had a way of growing without changing. So it seemed perfectly natural to find him in the White House one day, padding around in his slippers, putting his feet on a chair when he had a deep one to think about—the same Abe Lincoln he'd always been, and yet the most dignified and the strongest and the steadiest man anybody had ever known. And when that terrible war came that might have torn his country apart, no one doubted what Abe would do. He was a family man; he resolved to keep the American family together.

Abe Lincoln always did what most people would have done, said what most people wanted said, thought what most people thought when they stopped to think about it. He was everybody, grown a little taller—the warm and living proof of our American faith that greatness comes out of everywhere when it is free to come.

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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of conception, execution, and creative vision.

Bearing these standards in mind, another measure of the current importance of public-interest advertising is suggested by the character and diversity of the five campaigns which received the most votes from the Committee. In the order of ballots received, they were:

1. John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
2. Ford Motor Co.
3. Caterpillar Tractor Co.
4. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
5. Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.

Actually, Ford and Caterpillar were tied for second place, and Metropolitan and Weyerhaeuser were tied for fourth.

On the preceding page is a black-and-white reproduction of one of the prize-winning John Hancock advertisements considered by the Awards Committee. Originally published in four colors it is devoted entirely, in text and illustration, to a moving interpretation of the meaning of Abraham Lincoln's life for the American people. This example is typical of this company's campaign, which is built around perceptive, sensitive recreations of the lives and ideals of great figures from American history.

On the opposite page are reproduced, in reduced size, examples of the four other leading campaigns among the twenty-seven awards winners. These top campaigns, which are representative of all the winners, are worth studying because they embody most of the elements of sound public-interest advertising and demonstrate the fine creative work in the field of transmitting ideas of which a good agency at its best is capable when backed by a client who believes in the principles and values of public interest advertising.

The Ford Motor Company's winning campaign, which appeared in both four colors and black-and-white and in one- and two-page layouts, is dedicated to The American Road.

Each of the advertisements examines graphically some significant change in the American way of life, of our social or economic patterns, brought about by the invention of the automobile and the enormous growth of the U.S. highway system. Like the Ford Foundation itself, this campaign is another reflection of the growing social concern of the Ford Motor Company. The Kenyon & Eckhardt agency prepared this campaign.

Tied with Ford for second place was the distinguished series of advertisements of the Caterpillar Tractor Company, prepared by the N. W. Ayer agency. This campaign merits particular comment because it is not only a public-interest campaign, but also one of the finest examples of a direct public-service program, largely oriented around the authorized aims of The Advertising Council.

THE advertisement reproduced on the adjoining page, for example, is a dramatic presentation of the need for our citizenry to donate blood for the armed services, itself one of the high-priority projects of The Advertising Council. Other Caterpillar advertisements present with equal power the

## FIRST ANNUAL SATURDAY REVIEW AWARDS

*THERE follows in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-seven advertisers who won* The Saturday Review's *first Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns.*

| COMPANY | AGENCY |
|---|---|
| American Meat Institute | Leo Burnett Co., Inc. |
| American Tel. & Tel. Co. | N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. |
| Anaconda Copper Mining Co. | Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc. |
| Armour Laboratories | Foote, Cone & Belding |
| Association of American Railroads | Benton & Bowles, Inc. |
| Bankers Trust Co. | Cowan & Dengler, Inc. |
| Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corp. | Zimmler, Keller & Calvert, Inc. |
| Caterpillar Tractor Co. | N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. |
| Chase National Bank | Hewitt, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather |
| Container Corporation of America | N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. |
| Corning Glass Works | Abbott-Kimball Co., Inc. |
| Ford Motor Company | Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc. |
| General Electric Corp. | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc. |
| General Mills, Inc. | N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. |
| John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. | McCann-Erickson Company |
| Lederle Laboratories | N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc. |
| Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. | Young & Rubicam, Inc. |
| Merck & Co., Inc. | Charles W. Hoyt, Inc. |
| Minneapolis Star & Tribune | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc. |
| National City Bank of N. Y. | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc. |
| Oil Industry Information Committee | Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell, & Bayles, Inc. |
| Shell Oil Company | J. Walter Thompson Co. |
| E. R. Squibb & Sons | Cunningham & Walsh, Inc. |
| Union Carbide & Carbon | J. M. Mathes, Inc. |
| Upjohn Co. | Wm. Douglas McAdams, Inc. |
| Warner & Swasey Co. | Griswold Eshleman Co. |
| Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. | MacWilkins, Cole & Weber |
| The Advertising Council. | Special citations for: Blood Donor, Register & Vote, U.S. Savings-Bonds and Highway Safety Campaigns |

*Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee, the ten runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:*

| COMPANY | AGENCY |
|---|---|
| American Cyanimid Co. | Hazard Advertising Co. |
| American Optical Co. | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn |
| Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc. | J. Walter Thompson Co. |
| Farm Journal—Pathfinder | Lewis & Gilman, Inc. |
| General Motors Corp. | Kudner Agency, Inc. |
| Hat Corporation of America | Lambert & Feasley, Inc. |
| Radio Corporation of America | J. Walter Thompson Co. |
| Republic Steel Corporation | Meldrum & Fewsmith, Inc. |
| Trans-World Airlines | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn |
| United States Steel Corp. | Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn |
| The Advertising Council | Runner-up citations to: Forest Fire Prevention and U.S. Economic System campaigns |

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THE AMERICAN ROAD—VIII

BEYOND THE CITY OUT TO THE COOL TRANQUILLITY OF THE SUBURBS WENT CITY DWELLERS, SEEKING LIGHT AND AIR AND SPACE

# ESCAPE TO THE GREENBELT

ON HOT COBBLESTONES, a brief spear of cool water; then the deadly heat settled in again

## The people moved out when the auto drove beyond the city limits

All the firemen had hairy arms, and wore bright red suspenders. Most boys liked the longest hook-and-ladder truck the best, but some chose the "Chemical" as their favorite—it was shaped like a big iron milk bottle and puffed great clouds of black smoke as the white horses pulled it like a chariot, sparks flying as the horseshoes crashed on the cobbles.

On the hottest days the firemen might remember you and trundle the hose cart around to the hydrant, you danced around on the hot pavement, your teeth chattering as the cold spray hit you. But after they had gone it was deadly hot again, and if you were a city kid, back around the turn of the century, there wasn't much to do. Maybe you got into trouble.

Trouble breeds easily in slums, or let-down neighborhoods—wherever children are bored, and walled in. Then trouble comes as sure as Saturday night, when the patrol wagon parks, waiting for its first load.

It was the automobile that started to change the cramped old way of life. The first little Fords, bouncing lightly on their bicycle-tires, began to chug around Detroit—then thousands of cars pushed roads out from the cities like thrusting fingers. Thus the American automobile broke through the old-fashioned city limits, letting the people out of town into the great green world beyond.

The whole population is in a great exodus from the stone-and-steel core of the city, bound for the fresh air, the trees and living space of the suburbs. This is the *escape to the greenbelt*, one of the greatest changes that is taking place in this half-century. The United States is a nation in motion, to be an American is to move. Each 24 hours Americans travel more than a billion miles on auto wheels; the way they travel is the American Road.

To that road Ford Motor Company has contributed more than 36,000,000 cars and trucks for almost 50 years. We believe in that road. We hope to continue to keep the wheels rolling endlessly ahead toward a better life for everyone

**Ford Motor Company**

*FORD · LINCOLN · MERCURY CARS*
*FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS*

This appeal for the blood so urgently needed by our military forces was made to the general public in recent weeks through the pages of The Saturday Evening Post, Time and Newsweek.

## Lifeline

This is where it goes. To this scorched and battered hole it brings the miraculous, life-giving drops that rob death of one more mother's son.

It started—where? In a New England mill town, perhaps. Or a port city on the Gulf. Or a village deep in the mid-western prairie. He will never know—this boy whose life it saves.

But he will know forever that somewhere in the great heartland of America someone thought of him, and gave that he might live.

Now who will tell him the other side of the story? Would you care to tell this boy and his comrades their life line is running dry?

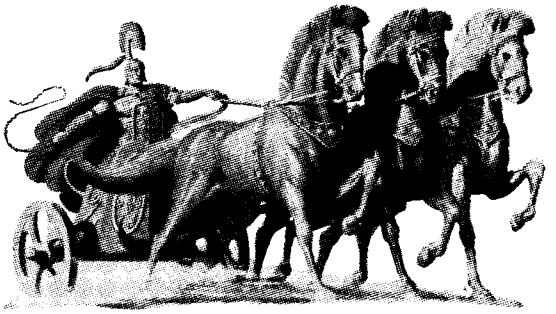
The fact is, today's needs are many times greater than available reserves—reserves which must keep pace with the growing strength of our armed forces if the appeal for blood is to be met adequately. It's as plain as that.

Science and medicine perform miracles but miracles cease when charity fails.

No longer is this a job for the thoughtful few. It is a job now for every single one of us. Get in touch with your local chapter of the Red Cross *now*. Give your share *now*.

Together, with the help of God, we can keep the life line going.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



## Ever think of DIABETES this way?

A noted medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

**What is insulin why is it used?**

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

**Why are diet and exercise so important?**

Diet is a vital part of every diabetic's treatment, for it determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. It is estimated that one third to one half of all known diabetics do very well on diet alone.

In all cases, however, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too, as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

**Guarding against diabetes.**

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

**1. Middle-aged, overweight people.** Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.

**2. People who have diabetes "in the family."** A tendency to diabetes may be inherited. So, if you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Authorities estimate that there are at least one million people in our country who have diabetes and *know* it, while another million have the disease *but do not know it.* Moreover, about 60,000 new cases are discovered every year.

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis.* This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.

Fortunately, constant research on new and more effective combinations of insulin, as well as new discoveries about the disease itself, hold great hope for further advances against diabetes.

COPYRIGHT 1952—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

This advertisement is one of a continuing series sponsored by Metropolitan in the interest of our national health and welfare. It is appearing in two colors in magazines with a total circulation in excess of 32,000,000 including Collier's, Time, Pre-Week, Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, McCall's, American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, National Geographic.

This advertisement appears in The Saturday Evening Post, issue of September 20; U. S. News, September 19 and The Farm Journal for October, 1952

ALERT OFFICER will fly inside fitted oil on a forest fire bomber to the dropping

## fire . . . forest enemy number one

The dry autumn air becomes heavy with acrid smoke from a fire in the forest. . . burning uncontrolled. The dull glow of the fire is reflected in the sky and by the lake where these otters live. A fire of this size is of great concern to both wildlife and man, for it is no respecter of any type of life . . . human, animal or vegetable. Wardbourne flames can travel faster than deer can run . . . and in the fire's wake is left a stark, devastated area with no natural seed source for growing a new crop of trees. Also lost is much of the raw material that would have provided lumber, pulp, plywood and other forest products.

On tree farms in the Pacific Northwest, every precaution is taken to prevent accidental fire in the forests. Every year, private owners of commercial forestlands spend millions of dollars for fire prevention and control programs. They man lookout towers, build and maintain fire roads, and operate modern mechanized equipment directed by short-wave radio. By every up-to-date technique at its disposal, the forest industry is constantly striving to prevent and control fire. Administrators of public timber too, participate in this vast fire control network. And the public is contributing much to fire prevention by being more cautious with fire when in or around forestlands during the fire season.

If you would like to know more about modern industrial forestry, please write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for your copy of our free booklet *Tree Farming in the Pacific Northwest.*

**Weyerhaeuser Timber Company**

The forest industry is putting steady progress toward complete use of the forest crop. Today we manufacture this variety of products: "2 SQUARE TIMBER, Fir WOOD saw fabricated products for home, farm and industrial construction and for normal manufacturing use. SUPPLY and SUPPORT parts for power, prime-mover and other wood or steel applications. "Tip-TOES," "Tip-TOP-TOES," and "Tip-TOES" floor products for linoleum, carpet matting, all wall coating, composition building and other use. "TACOMA" farm bins for shelling, softening, breakfasting, composition flooring. "PASS-TO-LOCK" for Fruit. "Ring-Handle" P-clothpins.

*Timber is a crop*

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Reproduced here in reduced size are examples of four other public-interest campaigns: Ford Motor Co., Caterpillar Tractor Co., Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., and Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., which with John Hancock Insurance Co. comprised the five campaigns receiving the most votes from the Awards Committee. Ford and Caterpillar were tied for second place, and Metropolitan and Weyerhaeuser tied for fourth place.

need and importance of greater highway safety, of forest fire prevention, of voting in a democracy, etc.

One by one all twenty-seven winners of *The Saturday Review*'s first annual awards would stand detailed analysis of theme and treatment, conception and execution, but space unfortunately does not permit. Readers can only be urged to watch for these campaigns in *The Saturday Review* and other general magazines and to study them with particular care as probably the best examples of this important trend in advertising as a medium for communicating ideas in the public interest.

Perhaps now is the best time for a definition of terms. What is institutional, public interest, and/or public-service advertising? What does the company which sponsors such advertising expect to obtain in return? Is such advertising actually of value to the sponsoring company?

A single advertisement can at the same time be institutional, public interest, and public service in character and purpose, and it is noteworthy that every one of *SR*'s winning campaigns stands up on at least two of these fronts and, in many cases, on all three.

The dividing line between these categories while significant is quite thin, and often elusive of precise definition. In general, institutional advertisements explain the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its products or its services.

A campaign moves over the borderline from institutional into the public-interest category (and public-interest advertising, of course, has an institutional value to the sponsor) when it concerns itself with illuminating some phase of the American scene or background, with giving a constructive definition of the "American Way of Life" or of democracy in action, or with discussing the problems and policies of a particular company or industry or the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy and society in which he lives. Besides the campaigns already discussed, virtually every one of the other Awards winners falls brilliantly into this category.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE campaign is a more limited category. Any such campaign is almost unfailingly focused on this goal, perhaps best defined by The Advertising Council itself: "to promote voluntary, individual actions in solving national problems and in making our democracy stronger and more efficient." Besides the Caterpillar Tractor Company, General Mills, Inc. among the twenty-seven top winners

Vote as you Please
But VOTE!
Look at those six words again! There aren't many places in the world where you see them in print . . . and fewer still where citizens really use! Let's gladly—proudly—keep it that way!
This November 4th you've got a special, personal reason to vote. A new, all-time high record vote is sure to decide this tremendously important and exciting election and you won't want to be left out.
Remember—"A vote that isn't cast is like taking a third strike with the bat over your shoulder . . . you didn't even swing for your country."
And don't just stand there at the plate bowling about how you want things run.
Put yourself on record where it counts—on that ballot, behind that curtain—the U. S.-style curtain that means freedom for everyone to speak out frankly, equally—the flimsy muslin that will last ages longer than any iron barrier against free thought and action.
Lucky, lucky you! All you have to do is register—then vote as you please.

The Advertising Council's Register to Vote Campaign was cited for public service.

has been particularly distinctive in the field of public-service advertising, which, besides the Council campaigns already cited, includes a program in support of better schools, fighting inflation, encouraging religion in American life, recruiting nurses, reducing prejudice, and many other worthwhile causes. It should be noted here that through the efforts of the Council many advertisers devote some space to such public-service campaigns on a sporadic basis, that more than 900 magazines, hundreds of newspapers, our major radio and television networks, outdoor billboard and car-card companies, etc., regularly contribute space and time free to such campaigns. We here are concerned only with those companies which conduct regular paid campaigns along public service lines for institutional purposes.

Now no company invests the substantial sums required to conduct such campaigns without expecting something in return. Neither the officers of the company could justify it otherwise, as it is their responsibility to manage their company at a profit, nor would the stockholders tolerate it. The encouraging thing about all this is that available evidence indicates such campaigns not only serve the public interest, but benefit concretely their enlightened sponsors. So the answer to the question "is such advertising actually of value to the sponsoring company" seems to be "yes." In discussing the question, "what does the company which sponsors such advertising expect to obtain in return," one might first cite John Hancock's advertising campaign which never mentions the company's operations or services. Yet one executive said its field agents report this campaign has opened more doors and stimulated more sales than any of its previous direct-selling campaigns. A similar report comes from one of the top executives of the Container Corporation of America which sponsors the unusual and widely-acclaimed campaign on "Great Ideas of Western Man."

IT SEEMS clear that the Ford Motor Company has a stake in more and better roads. Every automobile company has. Congested roads, unsafe traffic, fatigued drivers are not conducive to continued car sales. Just as clearly the American public, to whom modern cars and adequate roads are a necessity, has an equal stake in this picture. So Ford wisely and imaginatively identifies itself with a major public interest, and thus builds further public prestige and good-will for its product.

Such statesmanship, on one level or another, is apparent in all the winning campaigns and reflects the steadily growing awareness of U.S. business that it has an enormous stake in communicating with the American people. As has been reported in these pages before, that stake involves not only profits, but a degree of public understanding and support essential to the very survival of that free society in which American enterprise alone can function.

These prize-winning advertisements are one dramatic contribution to that understanding and support, evidence of that new frontier in public communication which advertising is now exploring.

Perhaps Charles G. Mortimer, Jr., executive vice-president of General Foods Corporation, has said it as well as anyone, when discussing the public service role of advertising:

"Advertising, for better or for worse, has acquired responsibility. It cannot shed it. It can no more turn back to the uninhibited, irresponsible days than can the man become a boy again.

"The faint-hearted among us will continue to cry that this is not our dish—that we are sellers of goods, not spreaders of ideas. The shortsighted and the myopic will shrug their shoulders and say that advertising has no place among the problems of great events. But such opinions are as pointless as claiming that electricity should be left to the thundercloud, once the electric motor has been invented. . . . .

"The question is not any longer 'shall we use this great new power.' Rather, it is now 'shall we use it well'?" —WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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# *Campus for the Fifties*

FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN

WHAT has happened to the college as a setting for fiction since the 1920's? It seems no longer the place where it is fitting either to formulate or to revere undergraduate profundities, as F. Scott Fitzgerald did in "This Side of Paradise." Nor is it very often a victim of satirical irreverence, as it was occasionally for Thomas Wolfe and Sinclair Lewis. It is certainly not any longer the scene of undergraduate hoopla, except in such insights as the Old Grad provides into prolonged adolescence (James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's play, "The Male Animal").

Perhaps our view of colleges and universities has matured; we haven't exactly improved our view of the undergraduate (he is still either a wastrel, a drudge, or a bright young scourge of professors), but we seem to have changed our perspective upon the college scene. For Fitzgerald the professor was a minor figure, the dean remote in time and place. In recent novels, the point of view assumed is the "mature" one of the professor (as in Robie Macauley's "The Disguises of Love" and Mary McCarthy's "The Groves of Academe") or the dean (Gerald Brace's "The Spire"). This change has made of the college an entirely new subject; life on a campus is infinitely more complicated.

Perhaps this is because colleges are now generally viewed "from the outside," from the point of view of their function in a large world. The problems of academic freedom, the threat of Communism, the criticism of policies by alumni: these issues have all but crowded out the young men who lived at the very center of the earlier campus novel. In recent novels they provide gossip and rumor which are filed by efficient secretaries, discussed and evaluated by committees, and eventually put in their places by deans and presidents who have the "total picture in mind" or can see everything in "the best perspective." Students are still human beings, but they seem no longer able to command attention exclusively to themselves. Colleges are now places where a certain kind of adult personality is examined for his response to a more or less well organized society of immature undergraduate persons. In consequence, the college situation is even more unreal than it has been in the past. Men and women of good will, put into a false relationship with the youth, have now to contemplate the bogies of suspicious alumni, aberrant colleagues, IBM machines, and various forms of compromise with public opinion. In some cases, these persons emerge as grotesques, victims of malicious satire, and hapless creatures.

The hero of Theodore Morrison's new novel, "The Stones of the House,"* acting president of Rowley University, is another kind of academic. He is not a pathetic agent of compromise, like Brace's president; nor does he merely smile graciously and imperceptively from the business-suit personality of Miss McCarthy's pathetic president. Andrew Aiken seems beautifully and ideally "balanced," a very model of professional sense and sensibility. He has both "the large view" (can measure an alumnus for his size) and the particular sympathy (can come to terms with the least of the human problems that are brought to his desk). He does not want the presidency, but is somehow glad when it is given him. He wonders why men fret so over power and position, yet is proud of his competent use of power, his skill in balancing one form of alumni prejudice against another, his success in exploiting disaster for the greater college good. Aiken's large headache is the boisterous, outspoken, childish alumnus Badger Bratten. Bratten wants election to the Board of Trustees; he schemes for a new showplace for his old fraternity; he thinks colleges should reflect the ideologies of big business. But human disaster helps to trim his sails: one of his sons is killed in Korea; the other, an undergraduate at Rowley, is disgraced and expelled, then—in a truly amazing series of developments—is himself killed. In all of this succession of incident, Aiken steers an intelligent course of academic opportunism. The new library, which he hopes will remain a testimony to his brief career as acting president, is finally planned as a memorial to Bratten's sons. President Aiken has his cake in abundance, in spite of the eating.

The weakness of Morrison's novel, if it is a weakness, is this realization of Aiken's incredible goodness. He makes mistakes, but even these are "charming," and in any case they are absorbed in the total pattern of Rowley's good. He has the "right" attitudes toward the issues to which alumni attend as they look over the college wall, but he manfully defends and skilfully maneuvers the career of the eccentric Maurice Holsberg into safe harbor, in spite of rumors of Communist affiliation and suggestions of anti-Semitism. He is both efficient and human; he is literary, given to quoting to himself rather long stretches of remembered lines; he is imaginative, capable of making events symbolically useful to his moral sense; and—he is fundamentally sound, can sum up character as well as he can read the diagnostic charts so expertly drawn up by his amazing secretary.

"Andy boy," as his alumnus "chum" calls him, uses Rowley as a moral frame, a personal vision of academic grace, an image of triumph at the end of his probationary time as acting president. Any university ought to be willing to pay the highest price for him. One wonders, however, if this genius of the profession is not too much a creature of indulgence. As the dust-jacket so correctly says, "We sympathize with his attractive wife, quietly hopeful that he will be made president, and rejoice with them both in the outcome of their daughter's tangled love affair." We most certainly do all these things, and we also know that "decency and goodness count for something in the end."

But we do wonder about the extremes that this novel and Miss McCarthy's "The Groves of Academe" represent. Isn't there a truth somewhere midway between them? Both seem to us unrealities, the one a phantasm of "decency and goodness," the other a wild tangle of intrigue and unwholesome caricature. Perhaps the two forms of unreality testify to the inadequacy of the material itself? Any teacher knows that the college

*THE STONES OF THE HOUSE. By Theodore Morrison. New York: The Viking Press. 375 pp. $3.50.

*Frederick J. Hoffman, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "The Modern American Novel."*

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situation demands an extended metaphor of human relationship: the apparently mature person meeting the comparatively immature halfway, collaborating in an act of the imagination to create an idealized balance of intelligence and sympathy, in the certain knowledge that the result neither is exactly real nor will prove enduring. The undergraduate comes to his knowledge for the first time; his teacher, having had it for some time, tries to participate in the "discovery" and at the same time to keep his own perspective upon its ultimate worth. The college reality is therefore neither so glamorous as Fitzgerald made it nor so much a matter of protocol as Morrison's Aiken is forced to view it.

But Morrison has given us more than one ingratiating portrayal; many of the minor characters of his novel, since they do not endure the difficulties of his hero, are more often than not brilliantly themselves and most successfully drawn. It is only when we risk being taken in by the graciously expedient conclusion, that "it does good to do good," that the novel seems not quite to have come through.

# *The Longing Past*

*THE TATTOOED HEART. By Theodora Keogh. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 261 pp. $3.*

By HARRISON SMITH

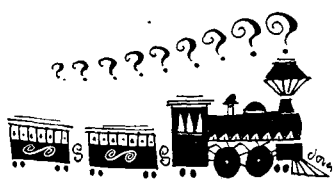
THEODORA KEOGH has produced a novel that will enchant those who have not irretrievably lost, or mercifully forgotten, the memories of what it was like to be fifteen years old. The experience of June Grey, her adolescent heroine, fortunately was not a common one. During the months of her transformation from child to young woman she was ill of a fever. Her parents had left her alone in the care of her grandmother in that remarkable old lady's isolated seaside house. When she had recovered, she remembered that she had been a thin, vital child, as wild and rough as her two brothers. One day an elfin ten-year-old boy appeared riding an old horse and wearing a gauntlet on which a young hawk named Shalimar was perched. He was obviously in his own mind one of King Arthur's knights.

Actually his name was Ronny Villar, son of a captivating blonde, who had lived for most of her life in luxury amidst the diversions and country houses of the wealthy men she had attracted. Ronny was the natural son of an elderly millionaire who had grown tired of Grace Villar's outmoded charms and coquetries. Her summer's campaign to find a husband made it necessary for her to send Ronny to the old man's abandoned country house near the Grey mansion to live with two caretakers in an old boathouse, once the scene of fabulous parties. A pedantic young man from the nearby town is engaged as his tutor. The boy and the girl-woman are soon inseparable. They ride together on Gambol's broad back, range through the woods and marshes, and venture into the town, where one day an old seaman tattoos a heart on Ronny's lean and youthful chest.

During that brief summer June recaptures her childhood and her innocence, drawn toward the delights of discovering an enchanting male-child companion and of existing in the romantic fictions in which he dwells. Actually, he dominates her, though with both of them there are moments of sullenness and rebellion. They are in alliance against time and all the outer world. In the process they discover the meaning of evil and death and cruelty when, for example, the hawk brings to them a dead and mutilated bird. "Shalimar has a right to kill," Ronny shouts. "He is like a God. His beak is like the nose of God."

Ronny's tutor is disturbed by what he thinks is an unhealthy relationship, and the tattooed heart beating on the boy's chest, with the girl's name under it, seems to be the symbol of an unnatural union. When he gave her lessons in Ronny's absence, "he was aroused by this nubile aura, this innocent breath from an unconscious flesh, and would grow uneasy." He told June's grandmother that it was unnatural for a boy of eleven to be in the continuous company of a girl of fifteen. The old lady answered, "They are wandering the woods of Arcady. I hope they will be permitted there a little longer."

It ended with the close of summer, after Ronny's mother received a disturbing letter from the tutor. Mrs. Keogh was wise not to protract "The Tattooed Heart" after the enchantment was broken. The reader, who may be moved by this charming story, will be aware that the boy and the girl who live so vitally in these pages must suffer the common fate of humanity. They must grow up, and they will forget.



# *Your Literary I.Q.*

**Conducted by John T. Winterich**

ALL ABOARD!

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten famous literary characters in whose stories trains played an important part. Allowing five points for each character named, and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. This desperate Russian lady ended her life by throwing herself under the wheels of a train.
2. He told an absorbing tale of how he knew by reading the palms of all the passengers in his coach that their train would be wrecked and everyone, except himself, killed.
3. Impersonating the oil magnate on crutches whom he had murdered, this insurance agent boarded a California train and jumped off the observation platform a few minutes later.
4. This ticketless little girl found herself on a train, the smoke of which was "worth a thousand pounds a puff."
5. Traveling from New York to Hollywood for the purpose of opening a school of voice culture, this member of an ex-vaudeville team met her first pupil in a Pullman car.
6. When his foot slipped on the track, this benevolent man threw the young girl he had rescued to her mother but was run over by the train himself.
7. A cinder that lodged in her eye while she was waiting for her train at Milford Junction led to an unhappy love affair between this respectable married lady and a doctor.
8. Having lost her train at a wayside station, where she had alighted for a brief interval, this noblewoman was mistaken for a governess whose position she shockingly filled until train time the next day.
9. On his way to St. Louis this Washingtonian listened to a fantastic story of how twenty-four snowbound railway passengers became cannibals with parliamentary rules.
10. Fleeing from his former employer, whom he had betrayed, this unspeakable villain was mangled when he staggered backward into a speeding locomotive.

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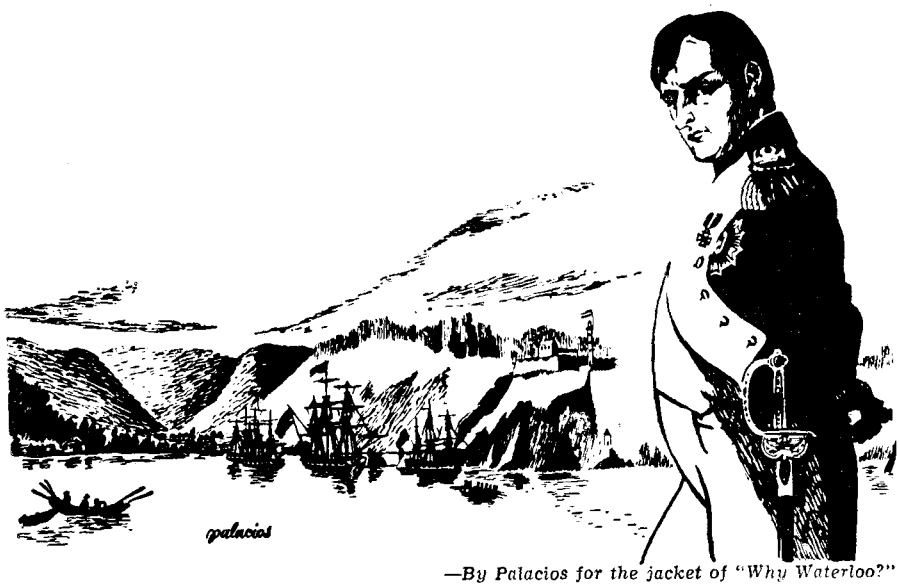


—By Palacios for the jacket of "Why Waterloo?"

# Deep Magnolia Fevers

*THE PLANTATION. By Ovid Williams Pierce. New York: Doubleday & Co. 217 pp. $3.*

By Lonnie Coleman

OVID WILLIAMS PIERCE'S skilfully composed first novel is about a large farm in North Carolina and the Ruffin family who lived there. Old Mr. Ed, who has owned the plantation for many years, is stricken as the story opens, and he lies dying through most of the book. Doctor, friends, and family are sent for. Josephus, Ed's long-time Negro servant and companion, sits brooding and remembering by his master's bedside. As the cast of characters assembles, we get a part and another part and another of Mr. Ed's story.

Cousin William asks: "Were they all bearers of fragments which no other could ever know?" None of the characters ever knows the complete story—Josephus comes closest, —but Mr. Pierce allows the reader to see all the fragments and fit them together.

In short, Edmund Ruffin lived out his long life fulfilling responsibilities to others and getting very little for his pains but an overdose of loneliness and a rather vague feeling for the sad continuity of life. He was called back home from college to run the plantation when his father Alex died. Then he had to take care of his two old aunts, Caroline and Lucrezia, so he couldn't marry lively Mary Briggs. He married, instead, Cora, the nurse for the two old ladies, who promptly turned into an invalid herself and had to be nursed by Edmund. Finally, when Cora died, he married Tempe, a kindly and capable young woman with a son by a former marriage. Everyone thought Edmund now had a sweet companion for life, but he outlived Tempe, too. The little cemetery on the plantation is filled with ladies of the family he has taken care of and survived. Now he dies, and joins them.

If the story is bleak and unsurprising, the writing is compassionate and often wise. If it is humorless and lacks variety of mood, it is genuinely poetic in language and thought. Mr. Pierce has a fine awareness of the constant changing and shifting of relationships. He can in a few words indicate the essence of a character, a scene. Of Julia, Edmund's sister, he writes: "She was still a traveler. Even her dress . . . dark, quiet, her softly braided hair, her string of seed pearls . . . was that of one forever arriving, departing, forever surrounded by little groups of kinsmen at the doors of entrance halls."

The Southern speech is accurately caught and set down, although there are a few contractions that may puzzle the uninitiated. The Negro characters are not realized. They exist only in relation to the white people. They are there simply to fetch and carry, to be faithful, and to remember. A fuller treatment of them is not in Mr. Pierce's scheme, but one can at least wish he hadn't insisted on calling them "darkies." This word is too often affected by Southerners who unaccountably think it sounds nicer than "Negroes."

*Lonnie Coleman is the author of "Clara" and "The Sound of Spanish Voices," novels with Southern themes.*

# Star of France

*WHY WATERLOO? By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday & Co. 404 pp. $3.*

By Paul Farmer

THE title which A. P. Herbert gives his venture into fictionalized biography—"Why Waterloo?"—is a terser statement of the question which defines its theme: Why did Napoleon decide to escape from Elba and make the desperate attempt to reestablish his rule in France, the conclusion of which was reached at Waterloo and St. Helena?

The question began to stir the interest of the author, so he relates, when he paid a visit to the little island, near Corsica, while on a pleasure-cruise in the Mediterranean. Piqued by his ignorance of the circumstances of Napoleon's sojourn there, and catching the scent of a tale to be told, he began to look into some of the biographies and memoirs treating this penultimate episode in the career of the Emperor. From his reading, he soon became convinced that scholars, especially his British compatriots, had done Napoleon less than justice in supposing that the vanquished Emperor had never resigned himself to remaining in Elba, but rather, spurred by his insatiable ambition, had from the first put his mind to plans of escape.

On the contrary, Mr. Herbert believes that Napoleon made an honest attempt to reconcile himself to his exile. His victorious enemies had compounded the humiliation of his defeat by leaving him the title of Emperor and granting him, who once had been master of Europe, the right of sovereign rule over the island which was to be his prison. But Napoleon determined to turn the trick against his adversaries. By accepting the responsibility of governing the island and introducing a program of public works for the improvement of roads, sewage-disposal, the provision of drinking-water, and the like, he planned to show the world the role he had meant to play on the larger stage of France, had he not been compelled, against his wish, to take up arms in a struggle against the ceaseless intrigues of the kings and princes of the Old Regime.

Only gradually did Napoleon lose

*Paul Farmer, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, has written "France Reviews Its Revolutionary Origins" and "The European World."*

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interest in the charade. His change of mind was due, as it is here explained, to a series of personal vexations. One of these was the failure of the French to provide him the financial allowance promised him under the terms of his surrender to the Allies; another was his disappointment when he learned that Marie Louise and their son were not to join him; another was his resentment of the suspicious surveillance under which the Allies kept him, and in particular, his distaste for the priggish Sir Neil Campbell, the British Commissioner whom Castlereagh sent to keep watch on him. Still another goad was the insistence of Pauline Bonaparte, his hot-blooded sister, that he wipe away the shameful memory of his flight from France.

There are elements of both farce and pathos in this vignette of the Emperor, whose decrees had once remade the map of Europe, bending his energies to providing better gutters for the streets of Portoferraio. But the author chooses not to emphasize either aspect. Though he enlivens his tale with a simple, old-fashioned good humor, he holds to the serious purpose of contributing to a better understanding of Napoleon as a human being. And he succeeds in providing us with an admirable example of the historical novel at its unpretentious best, drawing upon his imagination as a novelist to bridge the gaps where the evidence of the historian is inadequate or wanting, but without putting his suppositions in place of what is known, or changing the record in order to improve or embellish the story.

Nevertheless, the character of Napoleon remains unconvincing. So urgently are we besought to have sympathy for the hapless little man, stoically closing his mind upon the memories of his former grandeur and striving only to win the admiration of the world by works of peace, that we are permitted to forget that this is the same little man who had kept Europe in turmoil for more than a decade. After all, the victors who banished him to Elba, however short-sighted in other respects, had ample reason to be concerned lest he escape and renew his mischief. Yet we may not put the whole blame upon Mr. Herbert for his failure to make his protagonist seem credible. The self-made Emperor remains an implausible person in any portrayal of him that respects the facts of his career. We can do no better than acknowledge, as Mr. Herbert himself avows, that Napoleon was one of those men of whom the whole is less than the sum of the parts.

## *Fiction Notes*

**SCOTTISH ANTHONY ADVERSE:** If the main feature of the picaresque novel is the disjointedness with which its rogue hero is put through a succession of arbitrary but exciting adventures, then E. B. Garside's **"The Man from Brazil"** (Appleton - Century-Crofts, $3.50) is right in the tradition. Mr. Garside jumps his hero, Jamie Munro, from poverty-stricken boyhood in Greenock, Scotland, to medical school in Edinburgh, to service as a surgeon on a slave ship, to slaving and adventures in Africa, to plantation operating in Brazil, to explorations in deepest Africa, and to Plymouth, Massachusetts, with a speed and assurance that takes the place of logic. He also gives him at every stop along the way plenty of adventures, amorous and otherwise. The result is a fast-paced story which, if not quite believable, is constantly

## *New Fiction*

The books described below have just been published. In many instances they are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers.

**AMOS BERRY.** By Allan Seager. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.95. A symbolic rebellion against the world built by his industrial father finally leads to actual murder by Amos.

**THE BROTHERS BELLAMY.** By Humphrey Pakington. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. A little English village bustles with community preparation for a play production, amid comedy overtones.

**CHINA COASTER.** By Don Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75. Brisk adventures along the China coast befall Mike O'Conner, who gets a taste of Russian and Chinese gangster captivity. Neither host proved to Mike's liking.

**DAYS OF MY LOVE.** By Leonard Bishop. New York: Dial Press. $4. An extramarital affair and ambitious financial projects are the concerns of the principal characters of this new novel by the author of "Down All Your Streets."

**FEVER OF LOVE.** By Rosamond Harcourt-Smith. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3. It takes the length of this sophisticated novel for two couples to adjust themselves to the fact that each of the wives is attracted to the other's mate.

**GENTLEMAN OF CHINA.** By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The conflicting methods of practising the insurance business provide the drama for this story of Chinese and Englishmen in a Shanghai setting.

**THE GOLDEN SEASON.** By Oriana Atkinson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. A period piece set in the Catskills of the early 1800's, chronicling the girlhood and coming-to-age of Freedom Ware.

**THE GOLDEN WATCH.** By Albert Halper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. Family life in Chicago earlier in the century.

**HEAR AND FORGIVE.** By Emyr Humphreys. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. An English schoolmaster runs the gamut of temptations from the sexual to the political.

**THE HOUSEWARMING.** By George Sklar. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. A mirror is held up to a slowly degenerating life as Mike Kramer looks through his deceased friend's diary and finds himself described objectively.

**THE INTRUDER.** By Helen Fowler. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3. An injury sustained in Japanese captivity makes Paul Duncan a murderous weekend menace to an Australian family who are his hosts.

**JUNIPER GREEN.** By Susan Moreley. New York: Dial Press. $3. A period piece that sees Juniper in the company of freebooters, vagabonds, politicians, royalty, and an assortment from the British underworld during the late eighteenth century.

**A KING RELUCTANT.** By Vaughan Wilkins. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The fate of the lost Dauphin, who somehow managed to escape the head-rolling period of the French 1790's, comes in for some fictional speculation with ensuing complications set mostly in Wales.

**LANDFALL.** By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.50. Torn between a career and wifely duties, Mrs. McReel makes her choice only after a series of heartrending situations.

**THE NAKED SPUR.** By Allan Ullman and Rolfe Bloom. New York: Random House. $2.50. Reversing the usual procedure, a Western movie script of an MGM technicolor production is turned into a novel replete with fierce Indians and floods, murder and mayhem, social significance and romance.

**NIGHT LIGHT.** By Douglas Wallop. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. A first novel exploring the life of a killer, whose habitat was the world of jazz.

**NINE TO FIVE.** By W. H. Prosser. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. A day in a Boston investment firm crammed with employee intrigues and dalliances.

**THE MERRY MISTRESS.** By Philip Lindsay. New York: Roy Publishers. $3. Veering between history and romance, the amorous doings of Edward IV and mistress Jane Shore receive careful attention. Not intended for historians.

**THE MOON IS OUR LANTERN.** By Edward Tatum Wallace. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.75. Oklahoma's oil fields are the setting for the story of a mixed marriage, involving a Yankee and Indian girl.

**MY PRIDE, MY FOLLY.** By Suzanne Butler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A resurrected first husband creates problems for happily remarried Kirstina.

**THE PLANTATION.** By Ovid Williams Pierce. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Life on a Virginia plantation replete with memories, old aunts, Negroes, and marriage on the rebound.

**THE STONES OF THE HOUSE.** By Theodore Morrison. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50. The trials, tribulations, and assorted tragedies that an acting president of a New England college attempts to cope with.

**SEED OF MISCHIEF.** By Willa Gibbs. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Intrigues and plots for restoration to power make up the activity of a group of royalty who survived the French Revolution.

**THE SILENT REEFS.** By Dorothy Cottrell. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3. The adventures of Henri and Joseph Christophe in tracking down the mystery of their brother's disappearance somewhere in the Caribbean.

**THIS HEART, THIS HUNTER.** By Hallie Southgate Burnett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. Felicia triumphantly marries the heart-throb of the campus only to find that he is no bargain. —S. M.

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engrossing. As an added attraction, Mr. Garside has supplied Jamie with a complicated ethic which adds considerable depth to his character even if his activity is somewhat outlandish. He also writes with superb gusto. I think you'll like his tale, tall though it is. —Edward J. Fitzgerald.

**YOUNG MEN ABOUT LONDON-TOWN:** The elegance of Mr. Anthony Powell's coruscating prose continues to brighten the pages of his work, but it is marred here and there in his latest volume released in America, **"A Buyer's Market"** (Scribner, $3), by some startling grammatical—or perhaps typographical—lapses. These apart, he is having his customary witty way with the young men who were going to school in "A Question of Upbringing." This time they are going to parties instead of school, and they are making ambiguous conversation, indulging in amorous intrigue, and gadding about like all get out. Despite sedulous references to their libidinous preoccupations, they are, in their twenties, more epicene than they were in their schooldays and—for this reader—considerably more tiresome. Like all conversationalists they talk too much, and, like all turners of phrases, Mr. Powell turns his around so often and with such dogged determination that the first sensation of charmed interest is likely to be succeeded by a faint feeling of nausea or a buzzing in the ears. Mr. Powell is relentless, however, and determined to see his young men paired off with his young ladies or failing so to pair before he is through with them. I suspect you will want to be through with them long before he does. —E. J. F.

**MADMAN IN NEW GUINEA:** You wouldn't think a novel which set a young and attractive widow alone with a madman on an island off New Guinea and left her there for three months in mounting danger of her life could be downright soporific. Well, Marion Lowndes has done just that in **"Monsoon Quarter"** (Westminster, $3). Tempe Jarvis, widowed and in search of butterflies in New Guinea, gets on the island—with a great deal of auctorial explication of exactly how—with the somewhat sinister sounding Kurt Long. Reader-years later she begins to suspect his sanity. Then with the aid of an encyclopedia she does a fast diagnosis and comes up with the answer: paranoia! Much trembling. Maybe he'll kill her. But before he can get around to that rather engaging objective a boat arrives at the island, takes Tempe off, and Mrs. Lowndes's sad story is done. I think its most annoying characteristic is the way the author constantly builds up suspense by hinting that something is going to happen soon, and then it never does. —E. J. F.

**THE CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF A HOTEL:** Ethel Gardner, who knows something about the management of hotels from personal experience, decided to write a novel incorporating some of her ideas and attitudes. The result, **"The Captain Comes to Eden"** (Dorrance, $2.50), can't be described as a complete success. To begin with, Miss Gardner starts with that difficult thing, a farcical idea. A bunch of old ladies who have been living in the Hotel Regina for eternity, suddenly drive its manager to distraction, and with lamentable results they take over. When the hotel owners send in a new manager with ideas of efficiency, the ladies get up in arms and proceed, this time deliberately, to drive *him* to distraction. Some of the devices Mrs. Gardner has thought up are genuinely amusing, though more of them have that strained air one finds in amateur theatricals. Too, Mrs. Gardner gets a little breathless at the end and winds up her tale with as preposterous a farcical episode as you're likely to come upon. The total result is a volume that doesn't come off, but which has some good material. —E. J. F.

**DEDICATED MAN:** Stephen Elliott, hero of Sara Jenkins's latest religious novel, **"The Happy People"** (Crowell, $3), had a number of problems. He was a minister, but he wasn't sure he was a good enough one. And he was in love with a woman who had been divorced, a condition frowned upon in his Methodist faith. Miss Jenkins takes plenty of time straightening out his problems, spiritual and otherwise, bringing in a blind old lady whose simple-minded faith puts others to shame, a colony of devoted recluses called "The City of the Brothers," and a flood. As usual in such contrivances, the fortuitous flood neatly cleans everything up for the author and her characters, reawakens the spirituality of the mill owner, persuades the millworkers of the virtues of selfless service, affirms the need of brotherly love, and opens Stephen's eyes. Eyes open, Stephen realizes not only his religious dedication but also that the woman he really loves is lovely young Joel, who has been darting in and out of the pages from the beginning of the book. Miss Jenkins's undoubted religious fervor doesn't quite make up for the corniness of her novelistic contrivances. —E. J. F.

**GENTEEL MELODRAMA:** V. Sackville-West hasn't had a new novel for a number of years. So those who have been missing her will be pleased to know that she's back on the stands again. **"The Easter Party"** (Doubleday, $3) is, as the title implies, the story of a party, a week-end party. At it we meet our host and hostess, Sir Walter and Lady Rose Mortibois. Their guests include Sir Walter's brother, a brain surgeon; Lady Juliet Quarles, distinguished beauty who alone knows she is going to die soon; two dull relatives of Lady Rose; and one nephew who is promising. If all this sounds familiar, it is. Miss Sackville-West's plot, however, is a little off-beat. It concerns the spiritual troubles of Sir Robert, as cold a fish as you'd care to meet. Sir Robert, by arrangement, doesn't even sleep with his wife, disdaining close personal relationships. Instead, he's in love with his dog or thinks he is. His brother—deciding to snap him

"Those guys who thought of the election must have made a fortune."

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out of this—concocts a preposterous plot to persuade Sir Robert to give up his dog, which he does. At which point the magnificent house—scene of the party—suddenly burns down and Sir Robert, we are led to presume, realizes the selfish folly of his ways and will presumably bed with Lady Rose. I'm sorry. That's Miss Sackville-West's story and I'm stuck with it. It's all set down in very elegant prose. —E. J. F.

**INTRA-OFFICE INTRIGUE:** The story, if not quite the romance, of big business operations has been getting more than a little attention of late. What does it take to get ahead in a large, bustling firm in which each man has his heart set on the top spot and his eye on the main chance to get there? W. H. Prosser has fashioned his answer into a nicely plotted novel of office intrigue and one man's search for philosophical verities, **"Nine to Five"** (Little, Brown, $3). Bill Tarrant is the man, and by aptitude, personality, and work he is obviously slated to go up. He is not only resigned to his future—professional success and a private life of organized concupiscence—but looking forward to it. Then into his life comes a girl who makes him see the game he is playing as unworthy of him, a rat-race.

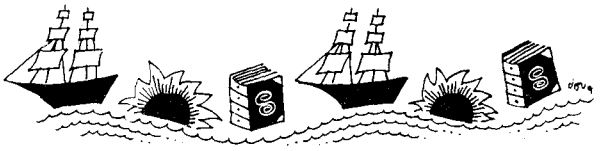
The pettiness of the office intrigue by which he must maintain his position and fend off competitors begins to pall. Mr. Prosser has a deft and credible way of picturing the world of intra-office politics, a sure if somewhat slick hand at picturing the operations of the smiling knife-in-the-back boys, and a nice narrative sense which almost offsets the customary difficulties arising from concentrating all the story action in one day.

In addition he has some interesting—and bitter—things to say about the philosophy which controls the bright young men of our business world today. It all adds up to a highly readable book. —E. J. F.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Anna Karenina," by Leo Tolstoy. 2. "A. V. Laider," by Max Beerbohm. 3. Walter Huff, in "Double Indemnity," by James M. Cain. 4. Alice, in "Through the Looking-Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 5. Mary Daniels, in "Once in a Lifetime," by Kaufman and Hart. 6. Captain Brown, in "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. 7. Laura Jesson, in "Still Life," by Noel Coward. 8. Lady Carlotta, in "The Schartz-Metterklume Method," by Saki. 9. The story teller, in "Cannibalism in the Cars," by Mark Twain. 10. James Carker, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens.

# ON THE HORIZON



**Ex-Prodigy. By Norbert Wiener. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. March 26.** Whatever becomes of those bright boys who enter high school at nine, are college graduates at the age their more average brothers are getting out of grade school? Well, sometimes, if their name is Norbert Wiener, they grow up to become mathematics professors at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and write such influential books as "Cybernetics" (that's the one about the machines that can do almost anything a human can) and "The Human Use of Human Beings." But being a prodigy has its heartaches as well as its peculiar triumphs, as Mr. Wiener explains in a frank and revealing autobiography that carries him from his childhood in a Harvard professor's home through graduate school days at Cambridge, England, where he studied under Santayana, Royce, and Bertrand Russell.

**My Host the World. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. March 9.** This, the third (and final) panel of "Persons and Places," the autobiography of the distinguished philosopher who died last year, covers in part the same period and ground as Wiener's "Ex-Prodigy." In it, Santayana picks up his own story in 1912, when he resigned his Harvard professorship, goes on through his years at Cambridge, his travels on the Continent, and his final settling in Italy. His pages are peppered with the names of the famous and once-famous, but much of his concern, as befits a philosopher, is with adventures of the mind and spirit.

**Robert Browning. By Betty Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5. March 9.** A good deal of the writing about Robert Browning in our time has concentrated on his romance with Elizabeth Barrett. Mrs. Miller has resisted that temptation and offers instead an "interpretive portrait" that carries him from a sheltered youth, through a stormy courtship, and happy married life in Italy, to his return to England following Elizabeth's death. Although Mrs. Miller gives the events of the poet's life top priority, she weaves in discussions of his work.

**The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark De Wolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. March 16. $12.50.** The numerous people who found "The Holmes-Pollock Letters" (1946) such exciting reading are waiting to pounce on this one. The American jurist and the British philosopher, brilliant and diverse personalities, both greatly influenced their times. Their letters record and illuminate political, intellectual, and artistic activities on both sides of the Atlantic between the wars. Felix Frankfurter wrote the foreword.

**Worth Watching For:** Mario Pei, whose "The Story of Language" and other books have won him a wide reputation as a linguist, is turning his hand to novel-writing. "Swords of Anjou" (John Day, March 12, $3.50) is a historical romance about Spain in the time of Charlemagne, inspired by the *Chanson de Roland* and other minstrel tales. . . . Daphne du Maurier has a collection of eight stories—seven short and one longish—coming on March 5. Most of them are about women, and the atmosphere is full of suspense. "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" will be published by Doubleday, priced $3.50. . . . Truman Nelson, whose "The Sin of the Prophet," a novel about the New England reformer, Dr. Theodore Parker, attracted considerable attention last year, has turned to Brook Farm and George Ripley for his latest. "The Passion by the Brook" will be published March 5 by Doubleday at $3.95. . . . Richard Wright, whose "Native Son" is certain to be mentioned as soon as the talk turns to novels about Negroes, has a new one coming March 18. "The Outsider" is about a Negro caught in the tentacles of the Communist Party (Harper, $3.50).

—Raymond Walters, Jr.

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 987)

SANDERSON:
*CARIBBEAN TREASURE*

Collecting animals can be a most disheartening business. You set out with an array of bottles, tubes, guns, and nets, search . . . over a wide area, and return home empty-handed, only to find that the cook has captured a rare snake in the firewood.

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# Broadway Postscript

## THE OLD, THE NEW & THE BORROWED

CERTAINLY the most relaxed and funniest play to reach Broadway this season is the current revival of Paul Osborn's "On Borrowed Time." Not only has Mr. Osborn's fantasy kept Mr. Brink up a tree for fifteen years as far as the play's life is concerned, but seventy-six-year-old Victor Moore appears spry enough to keep this modern Charon aloft another fifteen years, if he so chooses. Playing the role of the rambunctious Gramps, a part created by the late Dudley Digges, Mr. Moore puts the accent on comedy, and his unsentimental delivery of an old man's salty talk is, if memory serves, drier and more laugh-provoking than the original. He has a W. C. Fieldsian scorn for the conventional icing behind which people hide their baser motives that is just right for the invective-filled lines Gramps bites off in mixed company. The unmollified comic approach leads him into a bit of hokum with a gun which is joyful at the moment. However, he pays the price for his fun in the scenes where he must express sadness. There he is not thoroughly convincing and as a result less moving than Mr. Digges's unforgettable portrait.

The rest of the present cast is generally satisfactory. Beulah Bondi as the aged Miss Nellie; Leo Carroll as the almost omnipotent Mr. Brink; David John Stollery as the blithe young Pud; and Thayer Roberts as the perplexed physician—all make positive contributions to the play. Kay Hammond plays Aunt Demetria too patly as an out-and-out "pismire," but this was probably the director's intention.

Paul Morrison has kaleidoscoped the original two settings into one without much loss of effectiveness, and director Marshall Jamison has done a good job of keeping the action from seeming cramped in the closer quarters.

"On Borrowed Time" is an easy-to-take antidote to the toxic diet of overwrought and confused plays our currently disordered world seems to be inspiring.

GEORGE TABORI's second play, "The Emperor's Clothes," is built around the interesting idea that potential truth is truer than actual truth; it has some of the best stage dialogue heard this season (my own favorite line is "Your father spent his whole life wishing he could afford to live as well as he did"); and finally there are two intensely theatrical climaxes which provide Lee J. Cobb with the opportunity to pull out all the stops. Produced with taste by Robert Whitehead and Roger Stevens, and directed with care by Harold Clurman, this should add up to a high-caliber evening in the theatre. Yet "The Emperor's Clothes" is something less than the sum of its parts.

The story itself is a plausible one, based on the thirty-nine-year-old author's own family history. A Hungarian professor in 1930, having lost his job ten years previously through the voicing of liberal sentiments, has identity only in so far as his family cling to the illusions of the past. Suddenly the pressure on this man is increased by (1) the shame of not being able to buy a Christmas tree, (2) the opportunity of regaining a teaching job by kow-towing a bit, and (3) the arrest of his eleven-year-old son for having enrolled a neighbor's boy in a "secret radical society," which in turn causes the father's arrest. The professor reacts violently by becoming a complete compromiser. He shatters the infantile illusions of his family, and urges them to do whatever is necessary to come to terms with the real present. As he tells his wife: "Truth concerns those who have big beliefs. There are no small truths. That is just sincerity. What do *we* believe in, Bella? Mind your own business? Save for a rainy day? Why, I haven't realy shaken hands with anyone for years." After destroying the spiritual warmth of his family, the professor goes off with the police fully prepared to make any concessions they want. However, when faced with their barbarism and by the fact that they want complete conformity, he rebels and finds, much as did the protagonist of "The Crucible," that his identity is more important to him than his life or his freedom. He absorbs a horrible beating (offstage) and returns to his family the hero they had always believed him.

Possibly this story with all its details is too much to tell in a play, particularly when its author is unwilling to limit his peripheral characters and events to just the value they have in influencing the main action. Also the very facility and brilliance of the dialogue is often antithetical to the urgency of the situa-


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COMING MARCH 7

TEXTBOOKS
and the
PUBLIC SCHOOL CRISIS

A New SR Survey

Reports on how six representative American communities are meeting the criticisms being levelled against teaching methods and textbooks will be a feature of The Saturday Review's Annual Textbook Issue on March 7. Other features will include a "Behind the Books" story on the textbook industry and an article by Sloan Wilson comparing the textbooks his children are using with those he knew as a child.

tion. "Let's sit and talk quietly like the British," says the mother of a son who has been taken into the hands of a totalitarian police. Consequently Mr. Cobb's two great outbursts hardly seem justified by the events that precede them.

Taken individually, the cast of "The Emperor's Clothes" is an excellent one. Lee J. Cobb demonstrates again that he is the most gigantic actor in our theatre today. Maureen Stapleton is beautiful and true as the professor's wife. Brandon de Wilde brings innocent simplicity to the role of the son. Esmond Knight is delightful as a member of the artistocracy whose "social conscience is exhausted by being nice to waiters." And Anthony Ross, as the professor's radical brother, lends immediacy and force to the plot.

However, taken as a group, the variety in acting styles appears great and the actors seldom seem in warm contact with each other. A notable exception is the scene in which the professor reads a note in a bottle that his son has prepared for an imaginary expedition to the North Pole. If the author's plot had allowed him time for more such warm episodes, the play would have benefited considerably, and might even have made it the success two of the daily reviewers *insist it is*. However, Mr. Tabori clearly wants success only on his terms, and that will have to wait at least until next season.

WHEN Jule Styne successfully revived "Pal Joey" last year, several things were discovered. Among them was that a recognized novelist and short-story writer could turn out an unusually effective and original musical-comedy book; that audiences welcomed well-staged, straightforward, high-spirited musical-comedy hoofing as a pleasant relief from the more arty ballet sequences that have become obligatory; and Helen Gallagher. Compounding these, Mr. Styne persuaded Ben Hecht to turn an old movie scenario ("Nothing Sacred") into a new musical comedy titled "Hazel Flagg."

But what this production lacks—and these lacks prove disastrous—is a score by Jule Styne and Bob Hilliard that is even in the same league with the one Rodgers and Hart turned out for "Pal Joey," a realization that the same talents that made Miss Gallagher so perfect for the role of a chorine who knew her way around a night club might not be ideal for the playing of a sweet young thing from Vermont off on her first visit to the big city; and above all a strong book.

Why do good writers like Ben Hecht, when they transfer what was once an exciting story to the musical stage, allow it to disintegrate into something barely distinguishable from second-rate hack writing? Perhaps the necessity of working so many traditional components into the original framework discourages the creative spirit, and does in fact turn the writer into a hack.

Alan Jay Lerner, in his preface to the published version of "Paint Your Wagon," says, "I can tell you the book of a musical is all-essential. It is the fountain from which all waters spring." In the case of "Hazel Flagg" very little of value springs from Mr. Hecht's part of the proceedings. The good things in this musical comedy are all appended helter-skelter. They include Robert Alton's vigorously executed dance numbers, which feature John Brascia's jitterbugging in a sailor suit, and Sheree North's shake-dancing in not much of anything; Helen Gallagher's brassy dance satire on the Parisian femme fatale; Jack Whiting's "old soft shoe" treatment of "Every Street's a Boulevard in Old New York," which is the one memorable ditty of the show; Robert Lenn's plea for Tenth Avenue; some of Harry Horner's more imaginative sets, which are unfortunately blended in with others that are pretty poor; Miles White's costumes, which have some individual brilliance, but which are too often displayed in chaotic disunity; and, of course, that seasoned actor Thomas Mitchell's drawing of the country doctor, which he accomplishes with a fineness not often seen in musical comedy.

"Hazel Flagg" is an energetic young lady, more bewildering than bewitching, and one that only the hard up need bother with. —HENRY HEWES.

## *On the Road to Spring*

By Elias Lieberman

OUT of the clinging
curtains of night
comes a faint singing,
filters a light;
dark-haunted mind,
sleep brushed away,
glimpses a prelude
of radiant day.

Now reawakening
fancy will con
dreams of deliverance,
figments of dawn,
plans for adventure
daring in scope,
byways of enterprise,
skyways of hope.

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# SR Goes to the Movies

## A GOOD WEEK

—From "Justice Is Done."

Michel Auclair rushes to his mistress's side—"this last terrible problem."

"JUSTICE IS DONE," a movie from France, is a much more than ordinarily interesting example of the courtroom drama, a film form that I had mistakenly assumed to have become archaic. What I think can be called a revitalization process is largely the work of André Cayatte, who before becoming a movie writer and director was a well-known criminal lawyer in France. His work handling some litigation for a movie company led him to try his hand at a screenplay, and it wasn't long before he had turned out "Pierre et Jean" and "The Lovers of Verona." The idea for "Justice Is Done" came from M. Cayatte's recollections of a case he had handled in Provence in 1930, and with the aid of Charles Spaak (brother of the Belgian prime minister) on the screenplay he has re-created the outlines of the case—a woman on trial for the mercy killing of her common-law husband—and made a provocative and highly intelligent movie. But this movie differs considerably from others in the genre. M. Cayatte has actually tried for an exploration of the meaning of legal justice and, in doing so, has put the jury on trial.

The French trial system differs from ours in that seven jurors are used instead of twelve. Sitting with them, in court and out, is the president, who seems to combine the functions of foreman, judge, prosecuting attorney, and God. Since the movie examines the lives and characters of the seven jury members as well as the accused it at times takes on an episodic quality, and I suppose this treatment does rob the story of a certain amount of emotional force. Something, however, has been gained: a quite startling insight into the human factors that influence an act of justice.

The court must decide whether or not Elsa Lundenstein had premeditatedly killed the doctor with whom she had lived for many years, who suffered hopelessly from cancer and who made a request that at some time, unknown to him, she administer a lethal amount of morphine. His will left her his possessions. She is known to have had another lover during his last lingering months. Question: had she been merciful or mercenary? The evidence of unfaithfulness is enough for a suspicious potato farmer; a printer has his firm unquestioning religious beliefs to guide him; a fortune-hunting count knows the value of money. Other of the jurors assess the case under the influence of their own lives, At last a verdict and justice is done. But is it? There is this last terrible problem that remains and that haunts one, and perhaps that is why the audience of which I was a member sat without moving in their seats for some moments after the screen went dark.

* * *

"The Story of Mandy" is a new Ealing Studios production directed by the skilful Alexander Mackendrick, known here for his fine British comedies, "Tight Little Island" and "The Man in the White Suit." He has neatly reversed his field with his new picture, though, and made his play directly for the tear ducts. Mandy has been born congenitally deaf and because she has never heard and will never hear the slightest of sounds must remain mute as well, unless, that is, she undergoes the appropriate training. The movie shifts between the showing of this unusual and difficult training of the little girl and the problems of her parents in attempting to adjust to the strain of a severely handicapped child. The sequences showing Mandy's struggles are more touching and convincing than the internecine quarrels of the parents. The father appears singularly obtuse as he objects for the length of the picture to institutional care for his child, and the mother meanwhile can't seem to understand his mistrust of her as the result of some private teaching visits the headmaster (Jack Hawkins) makes on Mandy's behalf. Nevertheless, so high-minded and sympathetic is the story's attitude, so stunningly real is seven-year-old Mandy Miller's portrayal of the mute, and so entirely expert is Mr. Mackendrick's direction that I must be rather fulsome in recommending this movie.

* * *

Twentieth Century-Fox has made a bold attempt to lift what it must as-

## SR Recommends

*Justice Is Done:* Reviewed in this issue.

*The Story of Mandy:* Reviewed in this issue.

*I Confess:* Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

*My Cousin Rachel:* Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

*Little World of Don Camillo:* Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

*The Member of the Wedding:* Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

*The Bad and the Beautiful:* Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

*Come Back, Little Sheba:* Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's moving play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

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sume to be the level of our popular musical culture by telling us, in "Tonight We Sing," the story of Sol Hurok, a man who through the years has traded in well-known habitants of the concert stage. He is, indeed, a lovable soul as David Wayne shows him, more concerned about bringing to popular audiences the talents of Chaliapin, Pavlova, and Eugène Ysayë than any cash he may incidentally collect in the process. Music is all, and even his wife remains neglected while he looks after the comforts of his stars. I can't vouch for the accuracy of this biographical treatment of Hurok, since I neither know him nor know very much about him, but I do rather doubt that he can be so wistful or downright foolish as Mr. Wayne and the screenplay make him.

However, to balance an anemic and sentimental story, there are a few moments of humor (at one point Chaliapin cables Hurok to come to Paris simply because he has a bet on that he will come), and a sound track lavishly and lovingly devoted to some fairly hackneyed music and the singing of Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters, and Jan Peerce. The latter, by the way, is not seen; his voice issues from the throat of Byron Palmer, a young man who looks acutely embarrassed as he pretends with lip movements and gestures to be an opera singer. The ear is seldom offended, however, except occasionally by the dialogue, and I must say I enjoyed Pinza's cavorting as Chaliapin. He has a wonderful time. For all we know, this trend towards the "classical" musical may be leading straight towards a full-scale version of "Don Giovanni" in three dimensions. So, if you should happen to be musically inclined, I suggest patience.

* * *

The screenplay of M-G-M's "Jeopardy," I note, has been done by Mel Dineli, a specialist in suspense jobs. Here, he has got hold of a tense situation that is a model of melodramatic simplicity—the efforts of a wife to save her husband, pinned under a collapsed piling while the ocean tide remorselessly comes in and threatens to engulf him. It is when she sets off in their car to find help that the fun, if you can call it that, begins. They are on vacation in a deserted stretch of the Mexican coastline; she is unable to make the natives understand her plight, and when finally she comes across an American he turns out to be an escaped convict, desperate and mean. He wants to escape, she wants to save her husband, and eventually there seems only one way they can come to terms. *The* way. The bargain is kept and at this point I think I should stop pursuing the story. Some very competent direction by John Sturges keeps the whole thing at a boil. An effective and far above the average chiller, it seemed to me, as I watched it.

—Hollis Alpert.

# The Criminal Record

***The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction***

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| WITH MURDER FOR SOME *H. C. Huston* (Macmillan: $2.50) | Rowdy goings-on in Puget Sound area produce car and boat trips, sluggings, killings. | Smooth job; new entrant in toughie race worth watching. | Mike Hammer with grammar |
| DO UNTO OTHERS *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.50) | Mousy Yankee, sixty-five, develops messianic complex when shrewish wife is bumped (not by him). | Large, confusing cast necessary for working out of elaborate reader-sees-all plot. | Unusual item |
| UNHAPPY NEW YEAR *Carroll Cox Estes* Crime Club: $2.50) | Texas country-club set jarred when playboy konks out; suspect gets busy, as do cops. | Emotional tension good, suspense content high in spots. | Orthodox |
| FOG OF DOUBT *Christianna Brand* (Scribner: $2.50) | Continental roué pipped in London flat; doctors, patients in fog (real one). | Cast runs from dumb clucks to screwballs; treatment just too ducky in spots. | Fancywork |
| THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd Mead: $2.50) | Reissue of 1938 number: Yank heiress target of London hoods; other gals present. | Yarn told by one of principals in fearsome Americanese (and in present tense). | Strictly for Cheyneyites |

—Sergeant Cuff.

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# TV and Radio

## SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EARS

A VOICE on television (in an echo chamber yet) has been promising that "SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENS WHEN YOU CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS."

So I bought some.

After one pack, Director of the Budget Joseph M. Dodge declared they couldn't lower taxes without first balancing the budget, and President Eisenhower ended the United States Seventh Fleet's protective screening of Red China.

The promises of the cigarette campaign now being waged on TV have become such a major portion of the clamor and ballyhoo which emanate from our screens these nights that required dress for an evening of viewing has become a smoking jacket. Thus attired I decided to listen carefully the other night and try to take note of some of the pitches for smoking the various brands of cigarettes. What I saw and heard so astounded me I almost dropped my cigar.

First, a Chesterfield announcer confided to us that Chesterfields could now also be purchased in king size, and that this makes Chesterfield the first cigarettte manufacturer to give us premium quality tobacco in both regular and king size. Since for years Chesterfield announcers had also been peddling Fatimas, I began to wonder what kind of quality they had been passing off on us in *that* king-sized cigarette.

I flipped the dial just in time for another commercial break. A pretty lady and a man came out of a movie studio. The announcer announced they were beautiful Ruth Hussey and her director. As they walked toward the camera the dialogue went something like this:

"I like that new young girl who played that scene with me," said beautiful Miss Hussey.

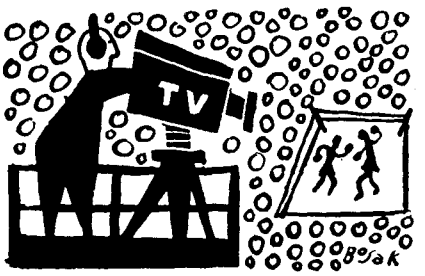
"She's pretty good," replied the director.

"Pretty good!" exclaimed beautiful Miss Hussey. "She's a star!"

"Well, I don't know," said the director playing right into the hands of the announcer. "Only time will tell."

"Yes," said the announcer, "only time will tell. And only time will tell in a cigarette. So why not try the thirty-day Camel test? Do what Ruth Hussey did!"

Just as I began to wonder what she did, she came back in a close-up to testify that she had tried Camels for thirty days and she likes them. It was not divulged whether after Miss Hussey had smoked Camels for thirty days the new young girl had become a star.




On another channel I found a man extoling Old Gold cigarettes. I tried to concentrate on what he was saying but my eyes kept wandering to the backdrop before which he stood. There he was holding a pack of Old Golds in his hands and telling us what a treat it was to smoke them, while on a shelf in back of him were cartons of Embassy cigarettes and Kent.

As if this weren't confusing enough, a little later I ran into a Pall Mall commercial, I believe it was, which claimed that this cigarette filtered the smoke. I was getting pretty nervous. If smoke had to be filtered maybe it was best to stay away from them entirely. And when still later another commercial cautioned us to guard against throat scratch I began to develop some pretty dreadful symptoms, and before going into a complete collapse I decided to tune away from it all and listen to some news.

This was a night for news—the flood in the Low Countries, wage and price controls lifted, the Nationalist troops on Formosa, Dulles in Europe. I tuned in the reliable John Cameron Swayzee.

I got there just in time to see a film clip of him hop-scotching down to the airport in Winston Salem, being whisked away in a chauffeured car to the new research building just opened by the Camel cigarette manufacturers, and to hear him interview three Camel cigarette executives who proudly announced that with their new structure they could carry on their research to obtain the best tobacco.

I got the impression they felt there was still room for improvement in their product. Perhaps they were impatient with the thirty-day test and were about to set out on some research that would cut it down to maybe fifteen days or even a week.

And so it goes, program after program, night after night, claim after claim, statistics after statistics, until by evening's end it all becomes one long montage of sound and fury and you stagger into bed murmuring, "Four out of five doctors have studied medicine." . . . "Scientists have proved that four out of five is 80 per cent." . . .

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"Got a cough? Smoke Kool! Got a Cough? Smoke Kool!" That's all. You're so relieved you feel like taking a shower and standing in front of an open window so you can try the product.

One footnote:

My doctor reported that a patient of his came nervously into his office the other day and with an unsteady finger pointed to a chapter on smoking in *The Reader's Digest*. He was certain he had all the symptoms. After a complete examination the patient had come to a decision. He was definitely going to give up reading *The Reader's Digest*.

Of course this is the age of competition, and emulous advertising is the life blood of business, but before we all begin biting our nails down to our nicotine-stained fingers it would be a healthy thing if all cigarette manufacturers got together for a friendly talk on their contentious claims and statistics, and smoked the pipe of peace.

—GOODMAN ACE.

# Sanitarium

By Louis Ginsberg

AFTER the dolorous gloom of corridors,
Like those of Dante's and the clicking locks
Of septic doors, the stale-reception-room
Was baited with an alien sunlight there.
The speckled picture of a country-pond
Heckled the room with an ironic peace.

A mother broke away from a white blur
Of nurse to peer at her two sons and husband.
Her eyes, untethered, wandered fitfully
(As if to spy a glimpse of vanished years)
She tried on clumsy smiles but dropped them off
In heaps about her, till she wept at them.

Meanwhile, the grief in eyes of her two sons
And husband beat in vain on the invisible,
Unheeding bars that pried apart two worlds. . .

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# *Music to My Ears*

## STRAVINSKY'S "RAKE"—CANTELLI & BSO

THE oldest story in the operatic lexicon is the one about the inspired composer, sure of what he wants to do, held down and impeded by the text of theatrical neophytes. It is also the newest story in the operatic lexicon, to judge from first impressions of Igor Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," which had an impressive Metropolitan premiere under Fritz Reiner's direction in mid-February as organized and supervised by R. Bing.

From the opening vibrations of the brief prelude ( a kind of Handelian fanfare remarkably evoking the English setting) to the last deftly voiced chord for the five principals in the epilogue, Stravinsky marshals sound materials remarkable for timbre, clarity, newness. Mozart is the admitted and evident model, but only structurally, in the solos and ensembles joined by recitative subtly modernized. The Tchaikovskian cantilena, over an almost hypnotically recurrent ostinato, is Stravinsky's own contribution to the musical vocabulary, and one destined to have a wide influence. This blending of formalism with romanticism gives the score of "The Rake's Progress" a special place in Stravinsky's output. It is also an industriously, elegantly alive piece of music with the rare attribute of style.

It remains a rather constrained, incomplete stage work for the classic reasons: the incompetence of the librettists measured against the competence of the composer. W. H. Auden is an eminent name in contemporary letters and Chester Kallmann a respected one, but letters have nothing (or little) to do with theatre. Words meant to be set to music should serve that function first, any other afterwards. Measuring what can be read against what can be heard, in the setting, I'd say it was too often unclear and highflown for easy comprehension. "O clement love" is a nice poetic phrase; but the music should tell us that this is untroubled, happy love, rather than the archaic, expensive word "clement."

As a dramatic structure, the Auden-Kallmann elaboration of the theme of the Hogarth engravings seems to me halting and disjointed. Rakewell and his Mephistophelian nemesis, Shadow, are sound enough characters, but the notion of a bearded lady as a brightly unconventional wife for Tom is a precious bit of vulgarity we could well do without. As the work stands, Baba does serve a purpose of rather perverted gaiety and humor, but only for want of sounder gaiety and more attractive humor in the script. As a foil for the innocuous Micaëla-ish Anne, Baba is almost heroic; but two less likely ladies rarely shared a rake's fancy.

However, it takes a great deal to discourage a master bent on expressing his immortal urge (as the Mozart of "Zauberflöte" or the Verdi of "Trovatore"). Given access to some extraordinary springs of musical impulse, Stravinsky drenched the arid soil of the Auden-Kallmann text with an amount of freshly felt, cunningly contrived music remarkable for any day, and for our own close to exceptional. Every phrase—especially those which sound most familiar—mean something different at second hearing than at first; and we hope the box-office prospers sufficiently for us to hear it and study it half a dozen times more.

As a turnout of musical effort, plus staging resourcefulness and general esthetic energy, "The Rake's Progress" is as finished a creation—considering its unconventional demands—as the Met has offered in years. Reiner's experience with scores of similar chores made him an ideal clarifier of the many musical difficulties, especially the tricky problem of balancing the intricate values of the orchestral score against those in the voice parts. No doubt these will flow even more smoothly a few weeks hence, but to surmount the obstacles of a premiere so cleanly was a major accomplishment.

Considering that this preparation was done in the midst of normal obligations to Puccini and Wagner, Bizet and Verdi, the results spoke volumes for the artistry and good will of Mack Harrell (Shadow), Eugene Conley (Rakewell), Blanche Thebom (a gayly spirited Baba where a merely acceptable one would have been fatal), and Hilde Gueden, a beautiful sounding Anne for all the Germanicisms of her enunciation. Whether for the lacks of the text as noted, or Stravinsky's limited sense of English prosody, or the faulty enunciation of the performers other than Harrell and Thebom, the "English" text made careful reading of the synopsis imperative—assuming one wanted to know as much of what was being said and sung as, for example, in "Rosenkavalier."

Horace Armistead's scenic designs were suitable if undistinguished, George Balanchine's direction so ascetic, in movement and gesture, as to make one suspect over-understatement. But in the end it was the bowing, vivid figure of Stravinsky which reminded one where the virtue and the vitality in this enterprise lay. Rudolf Bing could do much worse than commission him to write a work specifically for the Metropolitan, if only to give both La Scala and Covent Garden a score as suitable for their frames as well as its.

* * *

THE Italian symphonic conductor—and the way this starts out it could end as one of the greatest generalizations of all time—remains a phenomena outside the direct line of symphonic music, for all that the arch-example of the school enjoys unparalleled esteem in many schools. In many ways Guido Cantelli—whose latest appearance in New York was in the privileged role of guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—recalls rather vividly such older compatriots as the late Bernardino Molinari and the early Victor de Sabata (nobody, but nobody, but De Sabata could recall the late De Sabata) in his absorption with substance rather than with idea, with sound rather than with the impulse that motivates sound.

This is admittedly a difficult kind of point to substantiate, for one has to assess intent in terms of result, thereafter choosing the evidence that suports the case, ignoring the contrary kind (if it exists). In this latest contact with Cantelli, my impressions were founded on his evaluation of Haydn's Symphony in D, No. 93, and Stravinsky's "Jeu de Cartes." Even in the finale of the Haydn, I did not hear an *esprit* to make one aware that as well as writing a lot of notes *Presto ma non troppo* Haydn was also expressing a state of mind. The Stravinsky ballet suite was vigorously led, with a piercing insight of the matter in the score; but it was much glossier, more cushioned with tonal fat than the composer's own lean treatment. The orchestra played very well for him, which argues persuasiveness in rehearsal; but the engagingly picturesque gesture with which each movement ended made one wonder whether the audience was applauding the tonal show (commendable) or the visual exhibition (spectacular).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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## THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 21*)

sensational anti-Communist books and pamphlets. Nor is it akin to the specialized studies by American scholars which have emanated from the Harvard Russian Research Center, the Rand Corporation, and now Columbia's Russian Institute. Rather, the book is an often thoughtful primer on the Soviet system—and on what is wrong with it.

The over-all result, however, is a very slim and largely unoriginal book. And this reviewer, for one, is profoundly puzzled why Mr. Sternberg, of all people, should have written it. Taken together, his ambitious works on international politics and economics, his broad interests, and his training in scholarly research warranted the kind of general synthesis and summing-up about the Soviet system which the outside world would welcome warmly. But what we have here is a thin volume which will offer little new to the American "general reader."

## *Pushed by the Future*

*WORLD WITHOUT END. By Emil Lengyel. New York: The John Day Co. 374 pp. $4.50.*

By Hal Lehrman

THE Middle East is a terribly important place. I use the adverb in its literal meaning, because it is quite conceivable that Western errors in the dangerous area bounded by Egypt and Iran could prepare a holocaust which might spread through

## *Just Published*

Many of the books described below are reviewed in this issue or will be in coming numbers. New works of fiction are listed elsewhere in this issue.

**ALICIA MARKOVA.** By Anton Dolin. New York: Hermitage House. $3.95. One noted dancer talks about another in detailing the career of the fabulous ballerina Markova from the vantage of years of association.

**ALL ABOUT HOLLAND.** By W. de Groot van Embden. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. A methodical information-guide to what the demanding traveler will want to know about the Dutch.

**ANTHROPOLOGY TODAY.** Edited By A. L. Kroeber. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $9. Leading anthropologists the world over take inventory of the progress made in anthropological research in modern times.

**THE ATOM STORY.** By J. G. Feinberg. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. The history of the atom from speculation in ancient Greece to application in contemporary Hiroshima. Intended for the layman.

**A BACKGROUND FOR BEAUTY.** By Arnold Silcock. New York: Beechurst Press. $10. Man's pursuit of beauty in the arts is discussed by an art historian who takes the period from stoneman to Dali as his province.

**BEYOND HORIZONS.** By Carleton Mitchell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.95. The author roams the centuries to piece together scattered information on the voyages of courageous men who braved the seas in a variety of ships.

**BRITISH GOVERNMENT.** By Hiram Miller Stout. New York: Oxford University Press. $7. The cogs in the complex machinery of the present British political system are described by a former assistant military attache to the U.S. Embassy in London.

**THE BUFFALO WALLOW.** By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. Nostalgic recollections of boyhood in the 1880's on Nebraska's prairies.

**BUILDERS OF THE QUAKER ROAD.** By Caroline N. Jacob. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.50. Sketches of the men and women who made Quaker history.

**THE CLOWN'S GRAIL.** By Wallace Fowlie. Denver: Alan Swallow. $2.50. A critic well-versed in the European tradition ranges the field from Plotinus to Joyce, using as his leitmotif love as it is expressed in literature.

**THE CONQUEST OF DEATH.** By J. Middleton Murry. New York: British Book Centre. $3.50. A translation of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe," a masterpiece of the French Romantic Period, and a critical evaluation.

**CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION?** By James Burnham. New York: The John Day Co. $3.50. The author of "The Coming Defeat of Communism" suggests that since the Kennan policy of containment has failed we should announce to the world our resolve to free all Russian-dominated peoples.

**THE DEEP BLUE SEA.** By Terence Rattigan. New York: British Book Centre. $1.75. Text of the play now running in New York about an older, married woman who ruins her future by falling for an ex-airman with a past.

**THE END OF A REVOLUTION.** By Fritz Sternberg. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. New York: John Day Co. $3. The transition from the ideals of 1917 to the most reactionary dictatorship in the world is painstakenly detailed by a noted political observer.

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY.** By Philip Young. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. A New York University English teacher undertakes to determine the patterns of his work.

**FLYING SAUCERS.** By Donald H. Menzel. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.75. Natural atmospheric occurrences and chemical reactions account for what people believe to be missiles or spaceships in this author's opinion.

**THE FOURTH KING.** By LeRoy Smith, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75. A series of poems on themes of faith, skepticism, truth, and survival.

**I FLY AS I PLEASE.** By Marion Rice Hart. New York: Vanguard Press. $3. Details of the pleasures of flying as experienced in the cockpit of Mrs. Hart's planes are told from the ground up.

**I JOINED THE RUSSIANS:** A German Flier's Diary of the Communist Temptation. By Heinrich Graf von Einsiedel. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $4. Bismarck's great-grandson tells of his capture by the Russians during World War II after bagging thirty-five planes. His conversion to Communism and eventual disenchantment form the bulk of this autobiography.

**INDIAN TALES.** By Jaime de Angulo. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3.75. Traditional campfire stories and songs collected by the author who lived some forty years with the Indians of the Pacific Coast.

**I, WILLIE SUTTON.** As told to Quentin Reynolds. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. Willie the Actor lays bare his safe-cracking and jail-breaking career, but protests innocence in the bank robbery that netted his last conviction.

**KEYS THAT UNLOCK THE SCRIPTURES.** By James E. Dean. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. An expert in the field of religious history explains in simple terms the background of the Scriptures and analyzes textual problems for the layman.

**MOZART IN SALZBURG.** By Max Kenyon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50. A biographical study and discussion of Mozart's music during his Salzburg period.

**ON TOP OF THE WORLD.** By Patricia Petzoldt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. A husband-wife mountain-climbing team tell of their adventures in Europe and the Orient.

**THE ORGANIZATIONAL REVOLUTION.** By Kenneth E. Boulding. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. In this second volume in the National Council of the Churches series on the Ethics and Economics of Society, a professor of economics at the University of Michigan deals with large American organizations and their effect on the individual.

**PRINCE OF PLAYERS:** Edwin Booth. By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $4.50. A member of one of the most noted theatrical families in Thespian annals receives rounded biographical treatment.

**THE RETURN OF GERMANY.** By Norbert Muhlen. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $4.50. A review of East and West Germany's present governmental, political, and social orientation.

**SHAKESPEARE'S IDENTITY.** By A. W. Titherly. New York: British Book Centre. $6. Clearing up centuries of confusion, Mr. Titherley informs us that the uncultured actor William Shakspere did not write William Shakespeare's plays. The latter was really the pen name used by William Stanley, Sixth Earl of Derby.

**SHAME AND GLORY OF THE INTELLECTUALS.** By Peter Viereck. Boston: Beacon Press. $4. An attack on "mushy liberalism" by a spokesman for "the New Conservatism."

**SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.** By Christopher Burney. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75. Eighteen months of solitary confinement and interrogation by the Germans in France during World War II required rigorous psychological efforts to survive. The author, now a member of the British Royal Institute of International Affairs, describes the ordeal.

**SPRING BIRTH AND OTHER POEMS.** By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. New poems by the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet.

**SUCH, SUCH WERE THE JOYS.** By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. A collection of searching essays on vital contemporary questions by the late author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" fame.

**SYMBOLISM AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.** By Charles Feidelson, Jr. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $6.50. A Yale professor traverses familiar old and modern roads and points to strains of flowering symbolism that previous guide books have not emphasized.

**WALLS OF THE LABYRINTH.** By Morris Weisenthal. Denver: Alan Swallow. $2. A first collection of poems on the theme of contemporary spiritual poverty.

**WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN?** By Norman Cousins. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. After describing journeys to Europe and the Far East, the editor of *The Saturday Review* blueprints proposals for global understanding and citizenship.

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS.** By Albro Gaul. New York: Rinehart. $4. A non-technical worms-eye-view of the social relationship and facts of life related to the insect kingdom.

**WORLD WITHOUT END.** By Emil Lengyel. New York: The John Day Co. $4.50. A well-known historian presents a factual and interpretive picture of the Middle East and its problems, with background notes.

—S. M.

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the world and get us all killed. One way to diminish the likelihood of such error is to foster sound public knowledge of the problems and sober public opinion about their solution. Emil Lengyel, who has written attractively elsewhere on Turkey and other subjects related to his new book, takes a brisk step here toward these objectives.

With his usual fluency, Mr. Lengyel has produced a kaleidoscopic panorama, impressionistic rather than consecutive, in spots a bit more colorful than precise. Occasionally the narrative is jumbled, skipping erratically back and forth across latitudes and eras. He has an elastic table of contents, with some sections interminable and others finished almost as soon as they begin. (There are three paragraphs about women. While the sex is admittedly less than dominant in Arab society, it seems to deserve a better ratio than three paragraphs.) The style tends toward the florid. For instance, by way of alerting us that the fourteenth-century Turks were closing in on Christian Constantinople, he reports that "the waters of the Dardanelles reflected the Islamic Prophet's green banner." But with all its contrivances and splash, this book is eminently readable—and manages to communicate a monumental sum of information and much uncommon common sense about a most complicated and vital area of world anxiety.

Not being of missionary extraction, Mr. Lengyel avoids that cast of mind, characteristic of a certain element among American policy-makers, which regards Arabs with uncritical benevolence and admires Arab potentates either for their desert virtues or their English syntax. He cites with approval another observer's description of Egypt as "feudal, Saudi Arabia medieval, Yemen . . . Biblical." He flails the effendis whose "patriotism is no more than a holding on to their special interests and a mouthing of clichés." He thinks that Arab nationalism is spurious, and its fanaticism a dissipation of yearnings which might be more relevantly channeled toward economic and social reform.

But, on the other hand, he understands, with a deep, human awareness, why the Ahmeds and the Mustafas go berserk as they do, blamelessly. One of his most vivid passages is a reflection of the thoughts inside the head of a poor, scabrous fellah who takes payment for his misery by demanding Suez and setting fire to Shepeards Hotel. Before the end, the reader is all for justice to the Arabs too, but on the basis of facts rather than romance, and with a draft on the cooperation of their own native exploiters.

The book opens with notes on the people, nomadic, rural, and urban. Then, after a glance at the land and landscape, it makes a bold sweep over the separate histories, cultures, faiths, and plights of every corner. The story of Islam is retold, of the Crusades, Lawrence, Abdullah, de Lesseps, Ataturk, Ibn Saud, Kurds and Copts, Persian oil, and Naguib's revolution. There are many delightful touches: about Farouk of Egypt who went "incognito" among his subjects, his bodyguards crying, "Make way for his Majesty the King in disguise"; about the vast number of Imperial Highnesses from the thousand concubines of an Iranian shah, including a princess wedded to an ambassador's cook and happy to wash the envoy's linen; about the oil-rich desert monarch who successfully insisted that the Americans air-condition his open-air terrace.

The author is especially perceptive on Israel, which he treats with sympathy but not the customary panegyrics. He engagingly suggests that Arab disunity contributed heavily to the Israeli military victory, that a "Mayflower complex" afflicts some of the Palestine settlers looking down their noses at later immigrants, that there may be "too much politics" in the new state and not enough tolerance. Nor does his brief analysis overlook the essential greatness of the Israeli experiment and its potential benefits for the Arab community surrounding it.

Mr. Lengyel rightly observes that the Middle East is now approaching "the revolutionary threshold" because conditions are getting better rather than worse. He wants the United States to develop a constructive diplomacy. In his view, this would require precautions against underwriting existing regimes simply because they exist.

Some groups in the Arab universe look forward to the West, some backward to the Koran, some seek an amalgam of technique and tradition. America, he writes, must first "understand the problems of the region, then lend a hand to the most constructive forces.

*Lecturer and foreign correspondent, specialist in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, Hal Lehrman is author of "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

## BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 18)

tribution to Hemingway criticism in his tracing of the author's roots in an American tradition. He shows the importance of Hemingway's background in the American Middle West to the style and tone of most of his short stories and novels. He traces Hemingway's attitudes and language from their folk roots, through Twain and Crane, down to their use in portraying the Hemingway protagonist. He demonstrates, in short, that Ernest Hemingway has presented a unified and mainly consistent view of the world, and that he is not the deracinated and rootless author he has sometimes been thought to be.

Mr. Young's volume has an interesting, if somewhat untidy, form. The reader who finishes the first four chapters, dealing first with the works in chronological order and then concluding with a chapter on "The Man and the Legend," is likely to feel that the book has come to a rather neat conclusion. There are, however, three remaining chapters on "The Origins and Meaning of a Style," "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and "The World and an American Myth." In the end we feel the importance of these chapters to an enrichment of the total concept, yet wish that they might, somehow, have been incorporated into the early parts. But this is a minor quibble.

As a typical example of perceptive reading and fairness of critical judgment, Philip Young's "Ernest Hemingway" might well stand as an example of the maturing of modern American criticism in its most recent generation. It is a trustworthy guide to the meaning and value of Ernest Hemingway's works.

## *Notes*

**THREE CRITICS OF "NON-FICTION":** In their attempt to thoroughly encompass twentieth-century literature in America, the editors of the series called just that—Twentieth-Century Literature in America—have made the volume called **"American Non-Fiction 1900-1950"** (Henry Regnery, $3) a catchall for whatever was unsuitable for the other volumes. It consists of three sections. In one, Walter Metzger analyzes social thought—beginning with the economic individualism that ushered in the century, and he continues through progressivism, "rotarian bombast and social negation," and other phases until he reaches the

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ideologues of left and right; we then see a pattern of action and reaction, or what might be called a pendular rhythm. James Gray examines the journalist as literary man; but his difficulty lies in the great number of people he treats in his brief essay, so that he is forced to skip and jump through festoons of names. The most satisfying essay of the three is May Brodbeck's on philosophy in America. She is helped by the fact that she uses almost twice the amount of space as either of her colleagues; but she helps herself, too, by confining herself to main figures and tendencies, and by setting forth ideas that could so easily have been murky in an exceptionally burnished and lucid style.

Beginning with the idealism that preceded William James's pragmatism, she ends with a few of the present-day literary critics, mainly I. A. Richards, whose writing stems from a philosophic base. She thus brings us back to literature itself, the topic of the entire series.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

**DR. JOHNSON AS CRITIC:** Samuel Johnson as a literary critic is important not only because of his personal magnetism but because, more specifically, his position lay between the standards of the moribund neo-classicism and the Romantic Movement on the horizon. In a carefully reasoned study, **"Samuel Johnson's Literary Criticism"** (University of Minnesota Press, $3.50), Jean H. Hagstrum has easily succeeded in clarifying the totality of Johnson's practices and precepts. For the danger of partial treatment is that Johnson never enunciated a theoretical system of criticism. It would be hard to imagine that his empiric approach would allow him to do so, except in the sketchiest way. Yet certain fundamental assumptions and ideas are implicit in his critical writing, from which they must be delicately drawn off; and he often enough stated theoretical rules incidental to his applied, practical criticism.

Instead of a chronological treatment, Mr. Hagstrum has wisely constructed his study in topical fashion: he analyzes Johnson's pivotal concepts, such as nature, pleasure (poetry should instruct by pleasing), wit, the beautiful, pathetic, and sublime; and he examines the language and form in which these were embodied. His conclusion is that Johnson's was a layman's view of art. The entire discussion of these matters is brightly set forth, and without the jargon of any critical school, whether academic or neo-academic. The book is commended to all those interested in Johnson as well as in literary criticism. —R. H.

# Who will look after Anna . . . where will she go?

This is Anna, aged 3½. She and her mother have known only loneliness and endless despair. Her parents, driven from their native Latvia met in a forced labor camp in Germany. Here, Anna was born. Broken in health and in spirit, Anna's father died in anguish for his loved ones. With little more hope than at the beginning, and in spite of utter misery, Anna and her mother fled into the Western Zone, driven by a fierce longing for home and roots. Home has been a DP barracks, cold, bare and damp. To them all is lost. There is no chance to emigrate. The young mother now has TB . . . Who will look after Anna . . . where will she go?

There are thousands of children like Anna. For them war's end has brought no respite from hunger, cold and terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . the chance to live in a free world in peace and love. The Plan is dedicated to peace in one world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

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"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once that child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and Western Germany and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself —but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please, and let some child love you?

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# CARE & FEEDING OF INTELLECTUALS

(*Continued from page 13*)

and it can more easily be done now than at any time from now on. If it is not done in time—say, before the pre-convention campaign of 1956—it is a question whether by then there will be anyone so beyond suspicion that no slander can stick to him. Meanwhile it is painful to see a natural concern for Republican party harmony stigmatized by so opprobrious a term as "flagrant moral evasion."

WITH the *Partisan Review*'s symposium on "America and the Intellectuals" we move into a much more rarefied atmosphere. Its twenty-five contributors live at such lofty altitudes that this reviewer had never heard of half of them (and vice versa, no doubt). Lionel Trilling reminds us that people who are intellectual are not necessarily intellectuals (and vice versa, perhaps?); but these are genuine blown-in-the-glass intellectuals, members not so much of a caste as of a club, whose standards of admission are not clear to outsiders. Schlesinger Jr. belongs, though his books sell; so does Sidney Hook, though he is constantly in there swinging in some brawl that the average intellectual would never notice; I suppose Viereck qualifies; but not the editors of *The Saturday Review* (it says here), nor those of *Harper's* or *The New Yorker*.

Whatever the differences among the members of this group they have one thing in common—they are here, not on Montparnasse; either they have come back home or they never left. "Europe is no longer regarded as a sanctuary," say the editors of the *Partisan Review* in a magnificent understatement; America has to be reconsidered; and to these twenty-five Americans, strangers and afraid in a land their ancestors made, *Partisan Review* poses the momentous question, Should they like it or not? Specifically, How far have intellectuals really changed their attitudes toward America? Must they adapt themselves to mass culture and if so how? Where in American life can artists and intellectuals find the basis of strength, renewal, and recognition now that they can no longer fully depend on Europe? And if a reaffirmation and rediscovery of America is under way, can the tradition of critical non-conformism be maintained?

You might be surprised, but the majority of the answers make sense, net. Most of the intellectuals are under no illusions as to why they are here instead of elsewhere: America is a place where one eats; and if it is not safe, it is at least less unsafe than any place else. Sometimes, in order to eat, it is necessary to demean one's self by taking a job in one of the instrumentalities of mass culture; but even so, a man can lead his own life on his own time, and not imperil his soul (says Louis Kronenberger), though David Riesman admits that "it is hard for us not to feel that we are selling out." Others are more intransigent. Norman Mailer thinks it is shocking that the editors of the *Partisan Review* should even ask such questions, though he would have expected it of J. Donald Adams, John Chamberlain, and Bernard DeVoto (men who certainly have little in common except that Mailer has no use for them). What gripes Mailer is that "the artist is most alienated when he loses the sharp sense of what he is alienated from"; the artist must attack but there is no fun attacking when all his old enemies are dead and he can't see anybody to shoot at. Irving Howe, hating Stalinism, seems to think that the pure Marxism of the primitive church has a better answer than we have worked out (though he also thinks that an intellectual should

be an independent man thinking and behaving in terms of his personal integrity). And C. Wright Mills registers a sturdy general dissent; he says we are spinach and he says the hell with us.

Naturally the professors here represented strive in their various ways to guide the learner in a strange land. Reinhold Niebuhr thinks America is a pretty good place (and little thanks to the intellectuals, "whose schemes were usually too abstract and too dogmatic"); but it can be a good deal better if the intellectuals "refuse to sheathe the sword of criticism," but still make some effort to find the best sword they can. Margaret Mead, with an anthropologist's concern for the preservation of primitive culture-patterns, thinks that intellectuals would be happier if there were cafés where they could meet and talk. (What has become of Greenwich Village?) Lionel Trilling, pointing out that intellectuals are "likely to be unaware of the channels through which opinion flows"—they know little about the ideas and training of people like schoolteachers, ministers, social workers, etc.—nevertheless optimistically holds that "intellectuals can, I believe, be taught to think; they can even be taught to write"; and they can find plenty to write about.

Sidney Hook appears to feel that they can be taught to think only if they are capable of thought; a man is not necessarily elected to an elite because of the indifference of the world or his private creative agonies, "which may be due to lack of creative capacity or to an ambition altogether incommensurate with his talents." But if he can think it is his business to do it and to try to see that his thinking gets some results. He need not be ashamed of "critically supporting our imperfect democratic culture"; but he had better take a look at facts, not theories, and find out what has been going on in the past twenty years; if he knows what he is talking about "he is no more un-American when he is intelligently critical of the United States than he is chauvinistic when he is intelligently appreciative." If the class will read Professor Hook attentively, they will learn of something to their advantage. But most of them seem to have learned something already. Here is America, this New Found Land, this Terra Incognita; what do I, or should I, think of it, aside from the obvious and agreeable facts that it is a place where a man can eat and is not likely to be shot? Well, most of them seem to feel that America is not to be utterly conspued nor yet unreservedly embraced; a country with complexities unsuspected by those who knew it only from what Europeans or expatriates wrote about it; where some things are bad and some are good, and quite a number might be improved by intelligent criticism from people who know what they are talking about. In short, the highbrows seem to be getting around to recognizing what the middlebrows have known for the past thirty years. This is progress.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 988

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

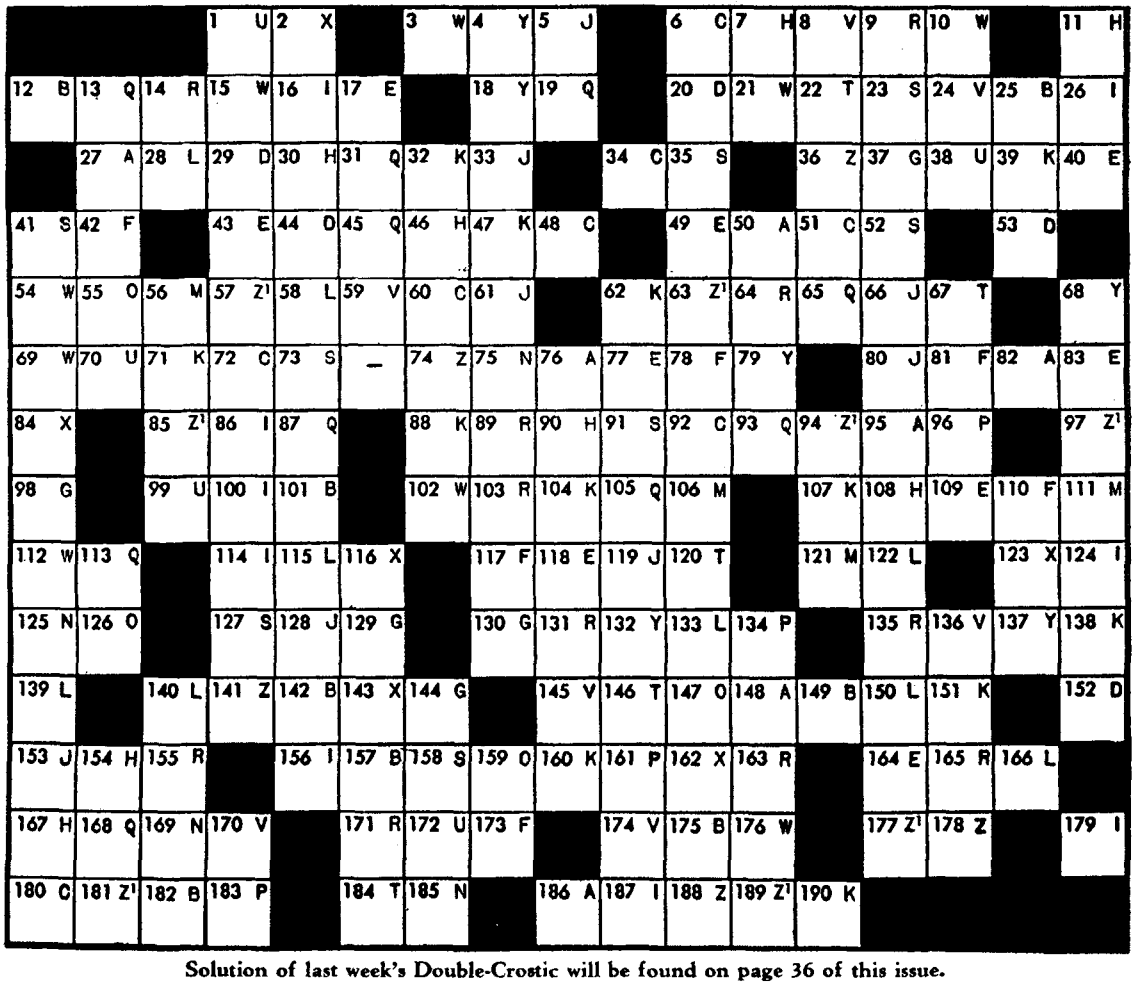
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Contents of the Communion cup (fig.). | 50 186 148 82 76 95 27 |
| B. Colloq. comp. for the underprivileged. | 25 175 142 101 12 157 149 182 |
| C. Describing a sharp-edged pickle spoon. | 48 51 60 6 34 92 72 180 |
| D. Annual cool summer wind in Cyprus. | 44 152 29 53 20 |
| E. How Wordsworth described "Milton, with his hair around his placid temples curled." | 43 40 77 118 164 17 83 109 49 |
| F. Introducing a concessive, qualifying clause. | 117 110 173 81 42 78 |
| G. To present in prayer or devotion. | 37 98 130 129 144 |
| H. Belonging to the first ages. | 90 154 11 167 108 46 30 7 |
| I. A prandial silencer. | 100 187 179 86 156 16 124 26 114 |
| J. Sow the seeds of. | 119 66 61 153 128 33 5 80 |
| K. A great demagogue (2 wds.). | 190 62 107 71 39 32 151 104 160 138 47 88 |
| L. Describing the condition of one's clothes that the "Wife of Bath" said to obviate by wearing them every day (comp.). | 28 150 58 122 166 133 139 115 140 |
| M. Roman Catholic annual publication giving list of offices and feasts for every day. | 56 111 106 121 |
| N. The overhead. | 75 125 169 185 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. Part of the eye. | 55 147 126 159 |
| P. Above desire, according to Eugene O'Neill. | 183 134 161 96 |
| Q. Partner. | 31 105 13 87 19 65 45 93 168 113 |
| R. Money as a means. | 171 64 155 163 89 14 131 135 165 9 103 |
| S. Meaning; namely; to wit. | 23 158 35 91 73 41 52 127 |
| T. Urth, Verthandi, and Skuld. | 22 184 146 120 67 |
| U. Pierce with emotion. | 99 172 1 70 38 |
| V. Resonant. | 8 145 174 136 59 170 24 |
| W. With "plant", a European iris whose bruised leaves smell like flesh (comp.). | 10 21 69 176 3 102 15 112 54 |
| X. Netherlands commune where Charles the Bald and Louis the German divided the kingdom of their nephew Lothair, 870 A.D. | 123 143 116 84 162 2 |
| Y. He founded the Turkish Empire, c. 1300. | 18 79 4 68 137 132 |
| Z. Describing a fabric woven to give a graduated color effect. | 178 188 74 36 141 |
| $Z^1$. Music writing. | 177 189 85 57 63 94 97 181 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

*Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.**



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# THE TASTE OF THE COMMON MAN

(*Continued from page* 12)

Washington! There cannot be a unified identifiable class of cultural leaders such as there can be in Paris or London. There cannot even be rival unified groups, in close proximity and in competition. The existence of such groups may not be healthy but they make possible the imposition of a lead, if only a lead by snobbery, on publishing, on the stage, on the BBC, and on the Radio-Diffusion Française. The kind of public opinion that makes possible the Third Programme, with its handful of listeners, does not exist and could not exist in America, even if radio were a Government monopoly. What we call, or used to call, "high culture" has to fight for its life in America without the usual aids it has in Europe. (It has aids it hasn't got in Europe, but that is a story I'll come to later.)

Then there is a modern phenomenon in American life that may be passing and that I hope and think is passing, what I shall call "egalitarian nationalism." This takes the form of asserting or implying that there is something fresh, new, admirable in the most popular successes that gives them a claim on our attention equal to that of what we used to call masterpieces. It is smart, for the smart, to make a jazz improviser equal to Schnabel, or Gershwin equal Richard Strauss. And these assertions are made, not only because these popular art forms are popular, but because they are American. In the theatrical passion for the American past, if it is no further back than "Miss Liberty" or "Oklahoma!," there is, I am sure, a nostalgia for the older, more secure, more innocent, and—we assume, without proof—happier days of our fathers.

This affection of the eggheads (then known as highbrows) for the "seven lively arts" had a good deal of justification when Gilbert Seldes launched the phrase and the crusade. America was just emerging from the grasp of the genteel tradition. Pressed against the flat and rigid bosom of academic taste, the lusty young *enfants terribles* of the first postwar period were ready to do anything to escape from the schoolmarms, the dominies, the National Academy of Arts and Letters. There were the movies, there was jazz!; while the last vapid runnings of the not very strong New England brew were being issued to the no longer docile young. It was better to plug "The Garrick Gaieties" than read the works of the epigoni of Emerson or Howells. The era of beautiful nonsense talked a lot of nonsense and this was part of it but it was only partly nonsense. Today it is much more like a *trahison des clercs*.

This is not to say that there is not a great deal to be said for many popular successes. Compare the better musical of today with the imbecile "musical comedies" of a generation ago. Compare, if it comes to that, "Kiss Me Kate" with Shakespeare's botched job! "Oklahoma!" may turn out to be a permanent minor classic like the best of Gilbert and Sullivan. Some tunes from other shows may have the lesser immortality of Stephen Foster. But "I'm gonna wash that man" isn't "Take o take those lips away"; "South Pacific" isn't "The Marriage of Figaro" or even "Der Rosenkavalier," and neither "The Member of the Wedding" nor "A Streetcar" is "Othello" or "Le Misanthrope." Indeed, the new democratic snobbery makes the very real merits, the serious and permanent merits of a play like "The Member of the Wedding" appear less than they are, since Shakespeare and Miss McCullers are both less popular, less "democratic" than the people who write and produce "I Love Lucy." If there are no standards other than popular appeal, then we know where we are. There's no business like box office and a high rating or a record booking recorded in *Variety*.

It is against this background that we have to consider the level of the American mass media (and I include much more than radio and movies in that term; I mean the comics; I mean the paperback books; I mean the less eminent magazines you find in the drugstore). I think there is, in the first place, too much moaning over the generally low quality of the products of all these industries. Masterpieces, even second-class masterpieces, are rare; and if you are to keep on issuing new stuff all the time, much of it is bound to be poor, like much of the Elizabethan drama, like most of the immense French drama. As long as you don't confuse soap opera with Mozart or Wagner, no great harm is done, and I can see little difference in non-intellectual content between British and American soap opera.

Much of the mere entertainment on the air and on the screen does not entertain sophisticated people. Some of it does; but because I am not continuously amused by Mr. Sid Caesar or Miss Imogene Coca this does not mean that they are not amusing, or that people who are amused by them every time they appear on the screen are either fools or even conspicuously wasting their time. That depends on what they would be doing with their time if they weren't viewing. That there is too much violence on the air and on the screen and in the movies I do not doubt. But there is too much violence in American life. Does anyone think that if the BBC took over the American radio and television business, the New York docks would become a nest of singing birds? If people can believe that Mr. Anastasia and his friends are the products of the mass media, they can believe anything.

The faults of the radio and of television are less in what they do than what they don't do, or don't do in sufficient amounts and that, in turn, goes back to the fact that only the great mass market can pay enough for radio and television time. Prestige shows of various kinds may be launched, but more people love Lucy than love Toscanini. I don't object to the commercials; they are often very soothing. Their great fault is that they break up the programs too much. I don't want to be told to walk a mile for a Buick or whatever it is when my interest is engaged by a good musical or a good middle-weight performance. But I doubt very much if people *are* put off good music or good reading even by the silliest radio or video programs. They may even be led on to good music, good books (I am using these terms in the old snobbish sense) by inferior programs, by snippets, by an increasing sense of boredom. Nor do I believe that many people, if any, are kept from reading a good book by seeing a version of it on the movies or on television. I don't think Hollywood did any harm to the possible market for "Ivanhoe" or even for "Washington Square" by its versions. Of course, the movies by helping to kill the living theatre all over the country have diminished the opportunities for seeing live plays. But a comparison with the theatre in Paris and London shows that the debility of the American stage is not solely the fault of the movies.

I am even willing to defend the pocket books that, on their covers at any rate, promise vicarious sexual satisfaction. To put it more accurately, these semi-bogus works represent a very old tradition. The last volume of one of the most famous of English lit-

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erary collections, Percy's "Reliques," is entitled "Lewd, Loose, and Humourous Songs." It is many years since I studied this valuable work, but if my memory serves me right the first two adjectives, at any rate, were earned. It was a great art collector (but no great reader), Sir Robert Walpole, who announced his dinner party policy at 10 Downing Street and at Houghton, "I always talk bawdy. It's the only thing that everybody is interested in." The publishers of certain paperback books are of the same mind. And so are their readers. This I learn from Freeman Lewis's interesting Bowker lecture, that the most popular of all paperbound titles is "God's Little Acre." Erskine Caldwell is a serious author, if not an important one, but it is not for his views on the economic problems of a Southern mill town that millions have bought his book. They took the same interest in it as did the literary editor of a famous British newspaper when he showed me the review copy of the original edition and said (translating into the vernacular), "Get a load of this."

That "skuldudery" (to use Sir Walter Scott's word) is highly marketable is not news, and even if you stick to the classics you don't necessarily escape it. A learned kinsman of mine once assured me that Shakespeare was the dirtiest of English authors if you knew the vocabulary, and while I think not much would be lost if the lurid "powerful" paperbacks disappeared, would the moral tone of the United States be altered for the better?

What is perhaps revealing in the American supply for this universal human demand is the naivete of the sexuality, the coyness of the illustrations (the Petty girls and the lesser brands of pin-ups). I don't believe that these books and pictures do more than reveal something adolescent about American sexuality. I don't believe they create it. One of Dr. Kinsey's staff might investigate the difference between the American tough novel and the French *roman noir*. The American hero spends most of his time beating, the Frenchman (in works alleged to be "traduit de l'Américain") in bedding. Neither type of book style, taste, or originality does modern American or French culture any credit, but they are by-products, not causes, of whatever weaknesses in American or French society they reveal.

In all the discussions of the cultural level of the mass media, there is (apart from the devotees of the new democratic snobbery) an implied premise that I take to be of very doubtful validity. It is assumed that there was a rich, varied, independent, popular culture which is dead and has been replaced by the mass media of today, mechanically produced and offered to passive, drugged victims of the industrial age. Now, no doubt there were many more independent craftsmen before the coming of modern industry, but there are more ways than one of being a craftsman, and the things we admire most from Knossos figurines to Limoges enamels were commissioned by rich patrons. Emerson thought or said that the Gothic invaders of the Roman Empire built the cathedrals of the thirteenth century in imitation of their primeval forests. This is no more absurd than in seeing in Chartres the simple, popular expression of a simple faith. It may be that none of the masterpieces, material, musical, or literary, of the past were the work of simple peasants or workers, working to their own taste and needs. It may be that this is the first time that the mass has had any power of command over any but the simplest art forms. And it may be that, left to themselves, the mass of men prefer vulgar, banal, simple works of art.

I do not believe this to be true, but I do not know it to be untrue. "Socialist realism," as the Communist esthetic ians now call the colored photographs beloved of Stalin, like the music that commissars can hum or whistle, may be what the mass man has always wanted. The mass man need not be a poor man. Squire Western was as barbarous in his tastes as any peasant on his lands. It may be that the kind of literary and musical culture that we of the older school treasure is associated with a class structure that is doomed. It may not be accidental that every important English poet that I can remember, save Shakespeare and Keats, went to Oxford or Cambridge (nearly all to Cambridge, in fact). Even Shakespeare and Keats got better literary educations than a boy can get (I think) in most American high schools today. Perhaps Cézanne could not have kept on painting if he had not been a rich man. The problem of patronage is a real one. And we must not be surprised if the new mass patron has as simple and gross tastes as Squire Western.

The problem is to make effective the demand of the non-mass patron. As Joseph Wood Krutch has pointed out here, the phonograph has done as much for the improvement of musical taste as the radio, perhaps more, and the interest in high-fidelity recordings, like the increase in the number and proficiency of American amateur musicians and, to me, more surprising, of amateur artists, are signs of grace. For from among the millions of more and more competent performers, listeners, students, may come the first-rate artists. It is possible, too, that we put reading too high as a test of culture. The Anglo-Saxon culture we grew up with has been pre-eminently a literary culture. Literature has had no rival in prestige like music in Germany and Italy, like painting in France. But music (in France and England as well as in America) is, I think, partly replacing literature, poetry, the drama, the novel as the cultural resource of the minority on whom the burden of maintaining high standards falls. If we think too much in terms of what people read, what plays they see, we may be missing the most important cultural developments of our times.

ALL the Western countries are going through the double cultural crisis, the crisis caused by industrialism, the crisis caused by democracy. In Europe the severity of the crisis is tempered by non-democratic survivals, the imperfect equivalents of the old order that forced people to go to churches (many of them not very beautiful), to listen to the liturgy, to read the Bible. In America the crisis is accentuated by the national need to create and impose a general national culture on


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a people of such diverse origins. This involves creating a new folk culture with very mixed materials. Yet there are possible advantages in the American situation. The first and greatest problems of assimilation are over. America is linguistically and culturally more united than she has been for a century. For good or evil, America is the leader in the making of the new mass culture. If it *is* made, it will be exported to Western Europe, we may be sure of that, but it will fit America better. It already does and in good ways, for the thinnest American songs, the shoddiest shows are, at any rate, less thin, less shoddy in America than they are when exported.

This is not perhaps a very encouraging judgment. It leaves the masses at the mercy of all the silliest and vulgarest forms of commercialized art. It accepts the possibility that they cannot, in the mass, be rescued from their tastes. But it does not follow (as anxious parents seem to think) that a taste for the comics, for soap opera, for television vaudeville kills or prevents the growth of better taste. Children, boys and girls, can stand a lot of roughage in their intellectual diet. That doesn't matter if they are given more solid food, too. That is a question for the schools, which may be sacrificing the brighter pupils to the mediocrity that offends no susceptibilities, to a "democracy" of taste that means a practically unanimous demand for Grade-B movies. If, as Bentham said, *pushpin is as good as* poetry if pushpin is what you like, there's no more to be said. But give the boy and girl some chance to sample poetry or its equivalent. Don't be too disappointed if he turns out, like so many eminent lawyers, engineers, linguists, even professors of literature, to have no genuine literary taste. Reading, even the reading of masterpieces, is not the end of life. The schools, the parents, the press all have some remedies in their hands for the degradation of the public taste; so, of course, have the mass media. Prod them, make them ashamed of themselves, but don't expect an Athenian republic with citizens as interested in the results of the play competitions as in the Olympic games. I doubt if even Athens was like that.

And don't forget that we know much more of our own cultural limitations than we do of those of the past. It was a cynical conservative who said that the only result of universal education in England was that rude words were written a foot or so lower down on the walls than they used to be. The boys didn't learn the words any earlier; they only learned to write earlier. Which thing is a parable.


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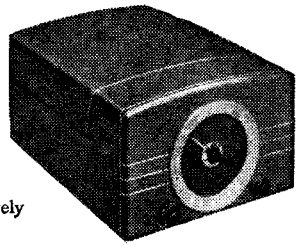

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# SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

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# *What Is the Enigma?*

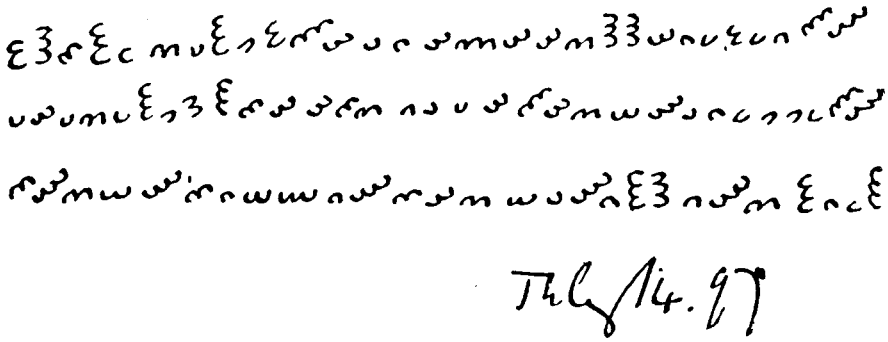
IRVING KOLODIN

TO THE outside world, the late Sir Edward Elgar was a man who wrote some superb tunes in his "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches, some long, dull symphonies, a notable violin concerto, and the singular masterpiece called, familiarly, the "Enigma Variations." To his friends, Elgar was a man with an impish sense of humor, a love of tomfoolery and word-play, of puns and hidden allusions which made his company —at least in his early years—racy and diverting.

The dual image is important, for the greatness of Elgar as a composer and also the lively spirit of the man are most harmoniously blended in the "Variations on an Original Theme" (Opus 36), of which the theme is labeled "Enigma." Listening recently to the superb new rendition by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony for RCA Victor, the thought crossed my mind: Is there a plausible or a positive answer to the riddle Elgar left unresolved at his death twenty years ago? If so, is it not time that the world knew what it was? In a spirit of helpful cooperation RCA Victor has agreed to reward the persons submitting the most persuasive answers with a worthwhile prize—though the satisfaction of "Solving the 'Enigma'" as well as it can be solved should be even more satisfaction (see box on page 55 for further details about the contest).

To be sure, speculation has centered on this provocative subject before. The one-time critic of the *New York Tribune,* Henry E. Krehbiel, was so sure he had stumbled on the answer some thirty years ago that his paper made much of his "discovery." From London came word from the composer's representative: "There is nothing to Mr. Krehbiel's theory." The critic, miffed at his throttled triumph, declared that his theory was correct, that Elgar was merely seeking to prolong a mystery which had turned out to be exceedingly "good advertising" for the variations.

What was it Krehbiel thought he had found? Merely the ground theme or motive which, according to the composer's words, "goes" through and over the whole set. In other words, the theme in G minor which Elgar labeled "Enigma" is *itself* a variation on some other musical matter. His exact words are: "The Enigma I shall not explain—its 'dark saying' must be left unguessed, and I warn you that the apparent connection between the Variations and the Theme is often of the slightest texture; further, through and over the whole set another and larger theme 'goes,' but is not played. . . . So the principal theme never appears, even as in some late dramas—*e.g.,* Maeterlinck's 'L'Intruse' and 'Les sept



An Elgar cryptogram—"something bearing on the Enigma?"

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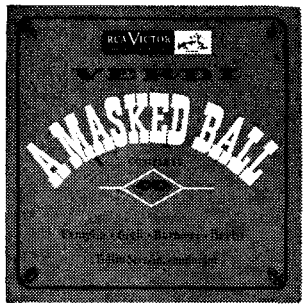


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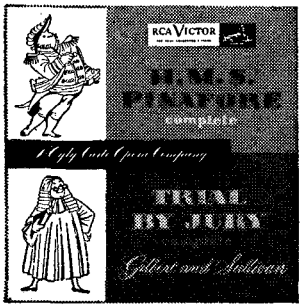


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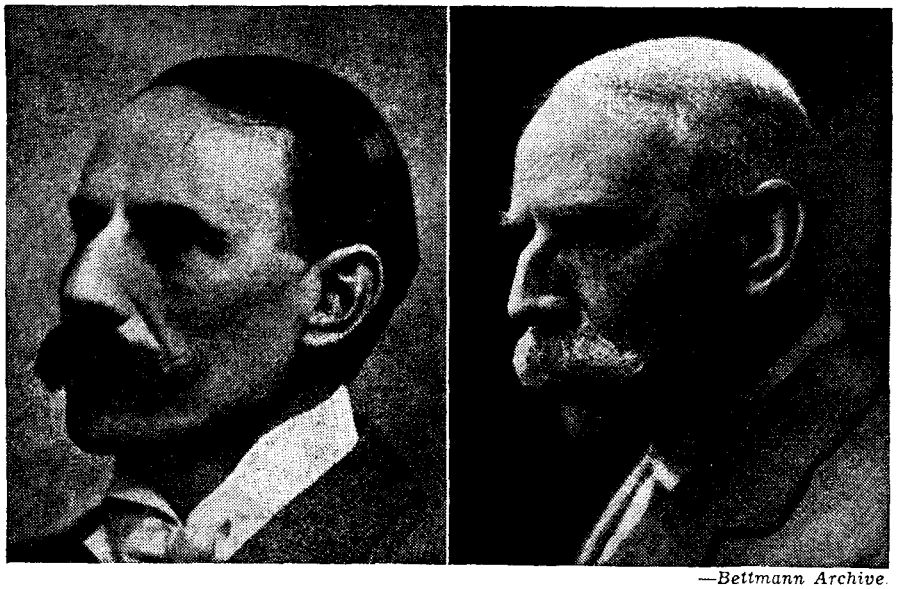
Princesses'—the chief character is never on the stage."

Krehbiel's guess was the motive in Wagner's "Parsifal" to which the words "Durch Mitleid wissend, der reine Tor" are set. Transposing it into G minor (the key of Elgar's "Enigma") Krehbiel found so convincing a relationship that he went on to show a rise and fall of intervals (inverted) that clinched the matter, in his opinion. But not in Elgar's. More recently support has been marshaled for other theories, one interesting one being submitted to *The Gramophone* magazine in a letter by Charles F. Bennett late in the Thirties. He named a phrase out of "Pagliacci"—in the first act, coming out of the orchestra at the point where Canio is explaining the plot of the play (beginning "Un grande spettacolo a ventitre ore")—as his solution.



—Bettmann Archive

Elgar in 1900 and 1928—"puns and hidden allusions."

THIS suggestion and others which had been accumulating over the years (a favorite simple one is "Auld Lang Syne") prompted Ernest Newman, critic of the London *Sunday Times* and long acquainted with Elgar, to consider the whole subject in a series of four articles published in 1939. Taking the various suggestions known to him, and matching them with the requirements of Elgar's music, he found none acceptable. In fact, he came to the ultimate conclusion that Elgar was hoaxing the public, that if a larger theme "goes" over the music, it is the theme of friendship.

For, as everyone knows, each of the set of variations save the first and last depicts, musically, a member of Elgar's circle of friends. (He began with a tonal likeness of his wife and ended with a self-portrait of himself.) Among these "Variationees" (as Elgar dubbed them) was Miss Dora Penny, immortalized as "Dorabella" of Variation X. Her recollection of the period when, as a girl in her twenties, she spent much time in the company of the composer and his wife, are so circumstantial that the idea of a hoax is just not acceptable.

As detailed in her "Edward Elgar: Memories of a Variation" (published by the Oxford University Press in 1937 with the authoress listed as Mrs. Richard Powell), Elgar first played a part of the work for her in November 1898. The composer ran through some sketches of the early variations at the piano as Miss Penny turned the manuscript leaves. "Then I turned over and had a shock," she writes. "No. X 'Dorabella.' Being overcome by many emotions I sat silent when it was over." "Well, how do you like *that*—hey?" Miss Penny's answer to the composer's question was a proper mixture of confusion, pride, and bewilderment.

Some time later, when the work was finished and proofs were being corrected (a task in which Miss Penny often helped Elgar), she asked him: "What *was* the tune that 'goes' and is not played?"

Relishing his joke, the composer answered: "Oh, I shan't tell you that, you must find it out for yourself."

"But I've thought and racked my brains over and over again."

"Well, I'm surprised. I thought that you, of all people, would guess it."

"Why 'me' of all people?"

"That's asking questions!"

Miss Penny (Mrs. Powell) took her curiosity to Elgar again once or twice, but without success. Indeed, as time passed, he seemed determined to guard the secret so that it should not be revealed. In her opinion only three people knew the answer for certain: the composer, Lady Elgar, and August Jaeger, editor of the *Musical Times*, whose name—meaning "Hunter" in German—Elgar honored with the superb section of the variations titled "Nimrod." (All are now dead.) On one occasion Miss Penny-Powell "tackled" Jaeger about the "Enigma." "Now Dorabella, you must be a good girl and not ask me about that," was Jaeger's answer. "I do not suppose that I could keep it from you if you were to plead with me, but the dear E.E. did make me promise not to tell you."

She never asked again.

IF the reader deduces from this that Elgar wove something particularly related to the vivacious Miss Penny into the "Enigma," he will be deducing exactly what I do. If he knows, further, that Dora Penny became "Dorabella" to Elgar's circle because the composer saw in her a likeness to the "cheerful practicality" of the character in Mozart's "Così fan tutte," and links that with Elgar's surprised "I thought you, of all people, might guess it," an all-out search of "Così" seems indicated. This is a mere opinion, a hypothesis.

However, the nut is admittedly more difficult to crack than would be suggested by Elgar's comment, on another occasion, that "the elucidation was there, amusingly patent to ear and eye." If amusing, it is not patent, and many ears and eyes have riddled themselves *this* without convincing outcome. As Daniel Gregory Mason noted in a commentary on the work in one of his "Appreciation of Music" series: "Aside from the unusual harmonic basis chosen, with the major

(*Continued on page* 71)

## *The Contest*

ENTRY blanks containing full instructions for participating in the "Enigma Variations" contest may be obtained at more than 400 record shops in all parts of the country. Blanks may be had for the asking, with no obligation whatever.

Entries must be submitted according to specified instructions. No entries postmarked later than April 15, 1953, will be considered.

First prize consists of $250 worth of RCA Victor records of the winner's choice, plus a complete edition of the nine Beethoven symphonies conducted by Arturo Toscanini.

Second prize will be $150 worth of RCA Victor records, plus the Beethoven-Toscanini set.

For the runners-up there will be three additional prizes, including the Beethoven-Toscanini set.

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# *A Lady in Her Own Right*

CESAR SAERCHINGER

THIRTY-ONE years ago a young Englishwoman named Myra Hess walked onto the platform of old Aeolian Hall on Forty-third Street to give her first piano recital in America. New York concert-goers, still too dazzled by the brilliant array of violin prodigies then competing for public favor, paid little attention to a mere "girl pianist" and an English one at that. Hence the paying customers at Miss Hess's debut numbered exactly eighty-six.

What they saw was a demure, shy person with a mass of black hair, *sans* make-up or glamorizing accessories, wearing a black lace dress that might have come straight out of grandmother's chest. What they heard was Scarlatti, César Franck, Schumann, Chopin, and Debussy—a program as sober and unpretentious as her appearance, but impeccably played, according to the critics, with beautiful tone, poetic insight, and imagination.

The sequel was another recital, attended by a few more people, and a tour of nearly thirty concerts from coast to coast, playing programs then considered "serious" if not austere. Her only "innovation" was to begin her concerts with a group of three Bach preludes and fugues, and she was delighted to find that in Lincoln, Nebraska, the audience demanded a fourth. She has, ever since, maintained that of all audiences the Americans are the most maligned.

This first American tour has been followed by a virtually annual series of twenty-three, interrupted only by World War II. With the passage of years Miss Hess's programs have become even less showy, and more and more exacting. She has concentrated increasingly on the three B's, on Schubert and Schumann, rather less on Chopin and Debussy, while ignoring Liszt and the bravura literature in general. Her youthful enthusiasm for Franck waned as her preoccupation with the later, the "transcendental," Beethoven grew. In the matter of concertos, the Schumann A minor has become a personal specialty, but she has leaned more and more to Beethoven's five, Brahms's two, and Mozart's twenty-one. (She recently played the entire Mozart series on the Third Programme of the BBC.)

It must be added that she has consistently fought shy of the "moderns," in the sense of Bartók and the atonalists, though in England she has played many first performances of works by native composers.

Within her self-imposed limitation she has, however, accumulated a very large repertoire, classical and romantic, and has managed not only to please a large public but to collect a devout and loyal "congregation" in the cities she visits year after year. She is among the half-dozen "highest priced" artists in the world, and if she has not made the most of her possibilities as a "touring virtuoso" and a money maker, the reason is that these things are not in her character, her conservative background, and her somewhat straitlaced belief in the sanctity of art.

MYRA HESS was born in St. John's Wood, London, and has lived there ever since, except for a brief exile to Hampstead Heath—about three miles away. She was the youngest of four children whose mother was an ardent amateur pianist. All four were exposed to the musical ministrations of a governess, Myra from the age of five. She learned to play both the piano and the cello, and at seven was admitted to the Guildhall School of Music as its youngest pupil. At thirteen she won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music, and there came under the tutelage of Tobias Matthay, who remained her guide and mentor to the day of his death at the age of eighty-eight. Abandoning the cello, she became the star pupil and leading exponent of the "Matthay school."

Dr. Matthay, apostle of relaxation and author of the "Act of Touch," came to influence thousands of aspiring pianists throughout the English-speaking world, but none to better purpose than Myra Hess, who nevertheless did more than any other disciple to debunk the so-called Matthay "method" as a sure and easy road to technical mastery. To her, "Uncle Tobs" was the fountainhead of musical understanding, the great awakener who opened her mind to the beauty and depth of the masters' works. It was Matthay who first led her to that deeper comprehension of Bach which became a decisive factor in her career.

"When I came to Matthay," she says, "life began all over again. Till then I had just played; now I began to think."

When Myra was seventeen she made her debut at a Queen's Hall concert conducted by the still untitled and practically unknown "Tommy" Beecham. "Who is this Mr. Beecham?" wrote Matthay when he heard of the engagement. "If he can't accompany you properly I shall come and do it myself." Beecham, still in his twenties but already a martinet, arranged a gargantuan program comprising, besides the orchestral numbers, two piano concertos (Beethoven and Saint-Saëns) plus a group of Chopin pieces. He insisted on rehearsing up to an hour before the concert, then left Myra in the artists' room to await her approaching fate. She emerged from the ordeal with a record for heroic endurance and a tendency to stage fright which left its traces for years.

However, she began to give recitals and appear with various English orchestras. At eighteen she tempted fate by playing an all-Beethoven recital, but was so overwhelmed by the experience that she didn't venture near Beethoven again for a long time.

Despite young Myra's undeniable precocity, it took the British some years to discover that they had a prodigy on their hands. This proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it obliged her to support herself by teaching (reputedly the best form of self-education), by playing chamber music with the London String Quartet, and touring the provinces in a two-piano team with her friend Irene Scharrer. Her intimate knowledge of chamber music dates from these plodding years.

When she was twenty, Myra was charmed by a handsome Italian violinist into making a tour of Holland, playing a great number of piano and violin sonatas, including particularly those of Bach. This was the beginning of a love affair with the Dutch audience which far outlasted her infatuation with the romantic fiddler. And so it happened that she became "box office" in Holland before she was able to earn a good living at home.

Having discovered her when a mere beginner, the Dutch took a proprietary interest in her gradual rise to world fame. She came back to them regularly throughout the inter-war years, and was actually playing in Amsterdam and The Hague when the Nazis launched their attack on the West.

The war brought Miss Hess what she regards as the great adventure of her life. Canceling a fully booked American tour, she elected to stay in England to see it through. In the fateful month of August 1939, a

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swarthy seaside fortune-teller had told her: "You think you're going on a long journey, but you aren't. You are going to be called upon to *lead* something. And you're going to do it." She disliked the man and thought his prophecy a silly joke. Yet a month later she was facing a situation that did call for a leader, and before she knew it she was "it."

WAR was declared; halls and theatres were blacked out; the musical profession was at a dead end. At a melancholy gathering in "Uncle Tobs's" house someone mentioned that the National Gallery was standing empty and deserted on Trafalgar Square. To Miss Hess this was a call to action. She persuaded the authorities to let her organize the now historic lunch-time concerts for the working people of London, thus giving comfort and solace to untold thousands, while providing work for many artists and ensembles who were facing unemployment and artistic stagnation.

She herself not only directed this hazardous enterprise through six gruesome years of war, providing a total of 1,700 concerts, but appeared 150 times as soloist, ensemble player, or accompanist in the midst of havoc and catastrophe. At the height of the blitz the glass dome over the central hall was shattered, and the concerts had to be temporarily moved to the bomb shelter below. Once a time-bomb exploded during a concert in another part of the building, but no one budged, and not a note was lost of the Beethoven quartet that was being performed.

At the end of it all Myra Hess, laden with honors both royal and academic, went back to her routine of concertizing at home and abroad. King George VI conferred on her the Order of the British Empire, which made her a Dame, or, as she says with a twinkle, a "lady in my own right." With the years she has gained visibly in dignity, but has lost neither her modesty nor the sense of humor for which she has long been noted among her friends. When someone wrote that, sitting on the platform, she reminded him of Queen Victoria, it made her chuckle, because impersonating the aged Queen (with the aid of a lace doily and a silver tray on her head) had long been her most popular parlor stunt. "You see," she quipped, "it's become second nature now."

In 1946 Dame Myra returned to her American devotees after an absence of seven years. Audiences everywhere came to greet her, and she responded with heartwarming little speeches of gratitude for American aid in her wartime work. The critics mingled tribute to her human qualities with the usual praise of her matured musicianship, her exquisite sense of style, and perfect technique. They were slightly less than unanimous about the increase of the interpretative powers demanded by the more profound repertoire to which she has dedicated her later years.

It is obviously more difficult to shed a label than to acquire it, and to many Dame Myra is still the lovable specialist in musical romanticism and the graceful purveyor of finely chiseled classical miniatures. But this is doing her less than justice: she does, after all, belong to the elect few in this generation—regardless of sex—who scale the greater heights of music, and who make its inner meaning intelligible according to their lights. If she does it differently, it is hardly for lack of passion or intensity. She plays as she is: a person with a deep reverence for beauty, a natural tendency to understatement, disliking mere brilliance and abhorring bombast. Nothing she does is forced: even a fortissimo is rarely harsh.

INDEED, the enduring popularity of this quiet, unobtrusive Englishwoman is something of an anomaly in our age of aggressive glamor and strident competition. In thirty years I have never heard her speak above a discreet *sotto voce*, or inflict a crashing octave on a defenseless Steinway bass. She plays the piano, that's all, and her sole ambition is to play it better next week, next month, and next year. She has nothing that could be called a hobby, and her only relaxation between concerts is a quiet game of (save the mark!) canasta. Between tours she indulges her love of ensemble playing, notably with Pablo Casals and his mates at the festivals in Prades and Perpignan.

She does not compose, but has made some very successful transcriptions of Bach. She admits rather shamefacedly that she has made more money with her version of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" than with all her years of playing *unadulterated* Bach.

For an artist of her standing Dame Myra has done remarkably little recording. Like Artur Schnabel, she resisted the blandishments of recording companies for many years. She is frank to say that she hated the ordeal of recording long works piecemeal (a method imposed under the old pre-tape recording system), when spontaneity was often sacrificed for mechanical accuracy. Every good performance has an element of improvisation in it, and this, she feels, was impossible under the nervous strain involved in playing, as it were, for eternity.

Not long ago a recording was made of one of her public performances, without her knowledge, and the result was so completely satisfying that it may have broken the spell. Since then her ensemble recordings with Casals at Perpignan have been widely admired. Now that tape-recording makes possible the kind of freedom associated with a concert performance, Dame Myra has— for the first time in her career—set aside a sizable period for recording next fall. The results will be awaited with interest.

**Myra Hess—"*a natural tendency to understatement.*"**

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# Opera in English

## A Sampling Pro & Con

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dale Warren's "Opera in English: A Layman's View"* [SR *Nov.* 29] *and Howard Dietz's rejoinder, "Why Not Opera in English?"* [SR *Dec.* 27] *have provoked a flood of letters. Several were published in the last two issues, and there are more below. Since this question can be disputed indefinitely, we shall have to be adamant and announce that for the time being no more correspondence on the opera-in-English controversy will be published.*

▶ FROM WHERE I SIT (in the stocks with a scarlet "La B" on my chest) everybody is partially right in the argument about opera in English. The habitual opera-goer who understands languages doesn't want his operas translated. But the vast majority of Americans who enjoy music only understand English. There is enough opera in foreign languages to satisfy the multi-lingual minority and not enough in English to satisfy the una-lingual majority. There need be no fear that the Metropolitan will present more than a fraction of its operas in English.

The esthetic argument about the composers' intentions is worthy of careful consideration. I agree that German or Italian composers who composed music to German or Italian phrases did not intend to have those words changed. But few composers have voiced loud objections to the changes. They would rather have their music played everywhere than restrict it to those opera houses which would only perform the original libretto. Puccini himself was delighted with the first presentation of "La Bohème" in English when it had its premiere in Manchester in 1897.

Every libretto of a great opera has been of service to the composer, and the librettists are true collaborators in the total effect. But it does not necessarily follow that to change the words spoils the music. Sometimes the words were imperfect in the first place and sometimes the composer sacrificed the librettists' words by spreading single syllables over too many notes or condensing too many syllables into one note. A translation is only good if the music and the singing and the sense are in harmony.

As for "La Bohème," the Italian is beautiful, the story tender, but it is not without faults even though it deserves its eminence. It is understandable that anyone familiar with this opera should find my approach to the English a bit of a surprise, even a shock. Those who know the Italian thoroughly may be annoyed with the new sound and some of the changes. But there are many who like it in English, even prefer it that way. The English libretto of "La Bohème" was not commissioned by the Metropolitan. It was accepted after it was written. They studied it first.

Many critics have objected to the rhyming and, as well, they have selected specific examples of mal-transposition. It is my belief that they have always selected the best of the Italian and contrasted it with the worst of the English. I only suggest that a case could be made for the English with similar but reverse technique.

As for your correspondent who is scornful of Broadway, may I say that the best writers of words to music (present company self-excluded) are writing for the Broadway theatre. They are as capable and as poetic in their craft as the authors of many of the famous operas living or dead.

The test of a foreign opera in English is not in its comparison with the original

but rather in how good it is in itself. For those who have heard the English "Bohème" divested of preliminary antagonism, and have found it unsatisfactory, then unsatisfactory it is. I can only say that where the music rhymed I rhymed the words, where the vowel sounds were important I selected the open vowels. The sentences parse, the scansion is correct, the singers like to sing it, and the audiences like to hear it. The English audiences applaud louder than the Italian audiences. Whether or not it is poetically effective or whether or not it is "off-key" perhaps is for the critics to say. And have they said it!

HOWARD DIETZ.

New York, N. Y.

▶ ENGLISH CAN BE beautiful and/or clever. It fits very well into musical comedy and drama, and certainly I will not deny the beauty of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. But let's face it—English cannot attain the musical stress and cadence of lyrics originally written in Italian, German, or French. It cannot express the exact meaning of certain words in other languages.

It would be far better to educate the audience up to the level of opera sung in another language rather than destroy the beauty of it by translating it into English. "La Bohème" in English leaves me cold. Rather let us who deem it necessary to have the translation obtain a libretto in English. Why not all become more literate in more languages? That is what the world needs.

YVONNE E. GREEAR.

El Paso, Calif.

▶ I FEEL IT IS nothing short of hypocritical to wax enthusiastic over the humanity of Hans Sachs, or of "Die Meistersinger" as a whole, when one does not understand the language. What can the "Wahn" monologue mean to one who knows no German? Can a non-Russian experience the magnificence and splendor of Boris's outburst, "I am still the Czar!" in the final death scene, when done in Russian, or does the English listener think Boris is perhaps complaining of pains in his stomach? I, for one, would forgo the pleasure of hearing the perfect combination of unintelligible Russian words and Mussorgsky's music for the even greater pleasure of realizing just how Mussorgsky has expressed musically an intensely dramatic statement that I can understand.

Deprecators of opera in English speak disparagingly of the notion that opera is a play with music. The music, they say, is the essence of the work—the drama is incidental. This may be true. But to understand the drama, and thereby appreciate the unification of thoughts, feelings, and dramatic action with the music—therein lies the answer to the full enjoyment of opera.

SIMON LIPPA.

New York, N. Y.

▶ AS TO THE TRANSLATION of operas for performance, there is a point which may be scorned as a merely mechanical obstacle, but mechanical obstacles are hard to buck.

If words of one language, set to music, are to be translated for singing to the same music, the translation must have something like the same number of syllables as the original. Now, languages differ as to the number of syllables to say the same thing. Take a passage of well-written prose; translate it, trying not only to give the sense but to reproduce the flavor of the style; then count syllables. You will find not only that languages differ, but that English is the most compact of the languages the opera translator is usually concerned with.

It follows with mathematical necessity that a translator into English cannot get the number of syllables that his original had except by padding. And a padded translation comes with compulsory faults. It is bound to be prolix; it is furthermore under constant temptation to say something additional that the original did not say, and this addition is likely to introduce an incongruity of thought or feeling.

A skilled translator can minimize the evils of padding. He cannot in the long run, through all the pages, get totally away from them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

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# Spotlight on Americans

THE Modern American Music Series of Columbia Records was anticipated with much interest last year by those who knew it was on the way, and its delays in appearing only catered to existing doubts that it was all too good to be true. But here now is the first of its annual instalments—the unbelievable luxury of six LP's ($5.45 each) that bear a major company's label and encompass at the same time nothing but American chamber music, not only by recognized contemporaries but by younger men as well.

It is obvious that some of the delays were due to the determination to launch the project in style. A cover designed by Stuart Davis identifies the series, changing only in color scheme from one record to another. An imposing list of performers has maintained a high level of execution in recording sessions supervised by the composers.

The project's chief distinction is its reliance on a committee of composers for selection of the works. These composers (Virgil Thomson, chairman, Aaron Copland, Henry Cowell, Goddard Lieberson, and William Schuman) contribute their services, but it is agreed that each one be represented to the extent of two sides of a twelve-inch LP in the course of the five-year duration of the project as it is now set up.

When one considers that such a unique and forceful achievement of our century as Copland's sextet of 1937 has had to wait until now for its first recording (ML 4492) it becomes obvious how great the need has been for a project like this. The more direct appeal of his works based on folk sources has inevitably won for them a number of performances entirely disproportionate to the attention accorded such of his works as the sextet (in terms of their greater depth and longer lasting qualities). Its availability on records at last should help to provide a more balanced view of Copland's contribution as a whole. Its rhetoric is lofty and compelling, and the composer achieves in it astonishing results with bleak harmonies of two well-spaced tones or with jumpy and rhythmically nervous, toccata-like impulses.

In all fairness to Copland it should be said at once that the works based on folk sources are not to be thrust aside merely because they lack the depth of works like his sextet. If I may be allowed to digress for a moment from the chamber music series, I might appropriately call the record collector's attention to "Rodeo," which is on the current list in a faithful and animated new version by Joseph Levine, who also conducts the Ballet Theatre Orchestra in Leonard Bernstein's snappy and somewhat vulgar, if undeniably promising, early ballet score, "Fancy Free" (Capitol LP 8196, $4.98).

Other basic works in the chamber music series, besides the Copland sextet, are Douglas Moore's quintet for clarinet and strings (ML 4494) and Virgil Thomson's "Stabat Mater" for soprano and string quartet, which is coupled with his "Capital, Capitals" (ML 4491). Moore's quintet has become part of the basic repertory in relatively short time, having been

composed as recently as 1946. Its solid musical virtues and sound craftsmanship easily account for this. It neither demonstrates a theory nor sets out to pave new roads. It observes the musical amenities, but while conforming to protocol, manages to convey contemporary spirit and a life of its own. The second movement is particularly evocative and its untroubled line is beautifully sustained.

The "Stabat Mater," with French text by Max Jacob, is less identifiable as Thomson's handiwork than his setting of Gertrude Stein's "Capital, Capitals," a work of 1927 which is five years its senior. Let us remember, however, that what we know as the Thomson style, where vocal music in particular is concerned, is the product of his fusion of music with Stein's words. So sensitive is he to the nuances of a text, and to its associations of time, place, and so on, that it was inevitable for him to derive a unique music from her unique language. By the same token, his quest to fill the needs of Jacob's words projected him into the atmosphere of a Frenchman in the shadow of Satie—an atmosphere with which he had had very close contact.

Call it pastiche if you will, but the "Stabat Mater" has an authentic ring and establishes in scarcely more than five minutes a striking repose and perfect frame for the text. "Capital, Capitals," as the jacket states, "is both a study in recitative and a preview of Thomson's later achievements as an opera composer." This "study" stretches out for twenty minutes, which may have been a valuable practice period for the composer but which is likely to tax the patience, if I am not mistaken, of almost any listener who is not passionately interested in the words. These words, it should be said, are articulated with the utmost clarity by Messrs. Crawford, Turner, James, and Smith, the four excellent singers who are accompanied in the sparse piano part by the composer.

Moore's quintet is coupled with Wallingford Riegger's second quartet. But in general, except for the Ives First Piano Sonata which occupies two sides (ML 4490), each established composer is coupled with a young one. Riegger's quartet writing is fluent and idiomatic enough. The work has more in common with Bartók than with the twelve-tone composers with whom he is generally associated. One tires of his habitual insistence on a few easily perceptible rhythmic and melodic patterns. He is, however, certainly a composer to be represented in this series, and the same is, of course, very much true of Ives, though his sonata, I must confess, gives me the impression of a pianist who has lost his place, floundering around with fists full of notes to right himself. It has its moments (what Ives work does not?), but these are too few and far between to make the effort of waiting for them worthwhile through so long a period. The fourth movement seems to me much the best, though the work as a whole is a historical document of its composer's prophetic use of dissonance in the first decade of this century. It has its indigenous moments, too, when, like the improvisation of the old movie pianist with his eye glued on the screen, it suddenly lapses into hymn or barn dance.

IN HIS Fourth Quartet (ML 4493), William Schuman seems to be seeking a *rapprochement* with chromatic composers from Sessions to Schoenberg, while maintaining his customary rhythmic symmetries and his old formulae (notably, chains of fourths) for contriving melodic lines. It is admirable to find a composer in midstream searching to broaden himself, and we shall no doubt look back upon this in many ways impressive work with greater interest from the vantage point of his future development. Walter Piston's Sonatina for violin and harpsichord (ML 4495) is, by contrast, the achievement of a composer whose methods are thoroughly crystalized. Written in 1945 for Schneider and Kirkpatrick, who are the excellent recording artists, it is a thoroughly engaging and lucid work, and still another example of Piston's won-

(*Continued on page* 75)

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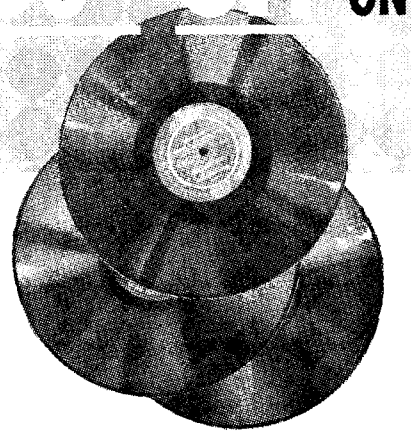

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# *Accent on Monteverdi*

A MAJOR event of prewar recording was RCA Victor's issue of Monteverdi vocal works under the direction of Nadia Boulanger. Now comes a new LP disc (Decca DL 9627, $5.85) containing a somewhat similar program and enlisting some of the same singers under the same conductor. But it is in no sense a replacement, since it does not duplicate any of the previous repertoire. Mlle. Boulanger is not bound by musicological theories or by traditions; her objective, she says, "is not to indulge in cold and futile historical reconstructions, but to present to the musical sensitivity of our age what is eternally alive in the music of the past." The wonder is that in pursuing this dangerous doctrine she produces such satisfying results that few learned musicians are likely to quarrel with her. This time, at least, she has abandoned the piano for the harpsichord, but she has boldly touched up the instrumentation. The vocal texture of her group is beautifully clean and delicate throughout, the singing always poised and expressive. The reproduction is a little wanting, perhaps because of faulty microphone placement.

Turning back to Josquin des Prés (*ca.* 1450-1527) and carrying on chronologically to Pierre Bonnet (1638-1709) the same group offers "French Renaissance Vocal Music" (Decca DL 9629, $5.85), covering a wide variety of musical styles and expressions. Even in the works of one man, Claude Le Jeune, we range from the poignantly chromatic psalm "Hélas, mon Dieu" to the Rabelaisian "Tu ne l'enten pas." Old favorites include Lassus' "Quand mon mary," Jannequin's "Chant des oyseaulx," and Costeley's "Mignonne, allons voir." There are some surprises among the less familiar pieces. In some of the more serious and sustained numbers the voices are supported by instruments, which was, Mlle. Boulanger assures us, "customary practice."

Another set of seven Monteverdi madrigals is offered by the David Randolph Singers along with seven by Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venice (Westminster WL 5171, $5.95). The surprise here is on the Gesualdo side, for this composer's music is so involved in chromaticism as to frustrate all but the most proficient singing groups. Indeed, Gesualdo was so far in advance of his time as regards musical vocabulary that for centuries no one knew what to make of his madrigals. (The fact that he also murdered his wife helped establish his reputation as an eccentric, to say the least.) At last we have a group that can bring out the musical logic of these fascinating works and clarify the involved harmonic web. The ensemble is made up of five solo voices so that there is no overloading of the tone or the kind of fuzzy intonation a chorus can get in this type of music. If Mr. Randolph does not quite rival the sheer expressiveness of Nadia Boulanger's work, he gives us a rare and important musical experience.

Monteverdi's sacred works are represented by a program directed by Angelo Ephrikian, including the "Magnificat" for eight voices, two trumpets, trombone, and strings, and three pieces from the "Vespers" of 1610 (Period SPL 558, $5.95). The wonderfully sonorous music, with its antiphonal exchanges, sounds rather underrehearsed.

A British novelty is set forth by the Oriana Singers under Charles M. Hobbs, eight lovely "canzonets" of Giles Farnaby (EMS 5, $5.95). These are more important works than the composer's name for them seems to imply, but they are given a little too much weight by the size of the proficient performing chorus. A good reason for buying the disc is the Farnaby virginal music played on the reverse by Blanche Winogron. The artist makes it quite clear why these miniatures never sound their best on a piano.

A long forgotten oratorio by Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676), "Il Giudizio Universale," comes to us by way of the Vatican Radio (Colosseum CPLS 1032, $5.95). There is considerable

—*Bettmann Archive*

Monteverdi—"wonderfully sonorous."

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beauty in the work; if we accept a piano playing the continuo part and a little raggedness here and there, the performance under Gino Nucci is good.

Schütz's "Saint Matthew Passion" reaches its second recording in a performance featuring the singing of Max Meili. Helmut Koch is the conductor and Berlin the place of origin (Bach Guild BG 519-20, $11.90). This forerunner of Bach's great work is entirely without accompaniment; the narrative is sung by the tenor Evangelist, other soloists and chorus taking their dramatic parts. Mr. Meili, despite an aging voice, projects his part with a conviction unknown to the tenor in the earlier recording, and for a fourth-side filler sings two of the wonderful "Sinfoniae Sacrae."

Without Meili, Mr. Koch's forces are less happy in Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (Bach Guild BG 521-22, $11.90). Though this German language performance rises to heights in the choral parts of the work, the soloists are unsatisfactory—just the opposite of the Handel Society recording issued a year or so ago. Since the earlier version was sung in the original English, most Americans will prefer it. Ironically, it is the Danish conductor Mogens Wöldike and his forces singing the "Utrecht Te Deum" and the anthem "Let Thy Hand Be Strengthened" who best capture the Handelian style (Haydn Society HSL 2046, $5.95). Furthermore their English diction is excellent.

A NEW Mozart "Requiem" by the Robert Shaw Chorale (RCA Victor LM 1712, $5.72) is certainly the most proficient and best prepared recording of this score available. It is also one of the conductor's warmest offerings, imbued with some thrilling climaxes. The soloists, however, seem a little modest. For this reason I still favor the Krips performance (London LS 230-31, $9.90) with its boy voices.

A word should be added regarding the jacket annotations. The type of music considered here really needs only to be understood to be appreciated. Of greatest importance is the text of the music sung, but it also helps to place a composer and his work in historical perspective. Mr. Randolph's notes are outstanding, giving us everything short of the scores themselves. The Farnaby disc is also well documented, and a text sheet is slipped inside the container. Mlle. Boulanger skimps us in the Monteverdi, but makes amends with the Renaissance program. All the specific information we have on the Cavalli work is that this performance is a world premiere!

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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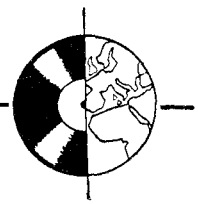
# THE OTHER SIDE

## (IMPORTED RECORDINGS)



LONDON.

AS BEFITS Coronation Year, 1953 promises to be unusually fertile for British music. Benjamin Britten is working at fever pitch: his festive opera about Elizabeth I and the Earl of Essex, "Gloriana," is virtually finished and he is now busy on a second opera, based on Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," due to receive its world première at the Venice Festival on September 12. Next autumn, too, we may at last hear "Troilus and Cressida," the first opera by Sir William Walton, who has been working on it for a number of years. Covent Garden, whose more than usually bleak winter season was relieved only by the performances of "Norma" with Maria Callas and Ebe Stignani, promises some special treats for the summer, including "Elektra" under Beecham, "Aida" with Callas, Stignani, and Del Monaco, and, towards the autumn, a possible return visit of the entire company from La Scala. Sadler's Wells, having already given us revivals of "Die Entführung" and "Samson and Delilah," will break entirely fresh ground on March 12 with the first performance in this country of "Romeo and Juliet," by the young Swiss composer Heinrich Sutermeister.

In January, Manchester was honored with the first performance of Vaughan Williams's new symphony, the "Sinfonia Antarctica," which will have its American première in Chicago next month. This symphony, the composer's seventh, has its origins in a score which he wrote in 1948 for a film about Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition to the South Pole. Vaughan Williams has once again provided his own "program note" in which he informs us that "a large orchestra is used, including a vibraphone, a wind machine, and women's voices used orchestrally. There are five movements: Prelude, Scherzo, Landscape, Intermezzo, and Epilogue, and each is headed by an appropriate quotation." Writing about the Scherzo, he states: "Then we get down to business with a motif which, as it is representative, must be thus designated. Those who wish may take it as representing whales. The next section would, I suppose, be called by the official analyst the trio. Its tune was used in the film to suggest penguins." And about the next movement, Landscape: "In this movement there is a part for the organ (if there is one, and at the right pitch)."

Despite such banter, this is a deeply serious and often moving work, a saga in music of human courage and endeavor set against a background of nature at its most cruel and inhuman. Some have criticized Vaughan Williams for resorting to such extra-musical effects as a wind-machine, and he uses the wordless female voices in perhaps too obvious a fashion, but in depicting the antarctic ice-scape he has created an entirely new and wonderfully evocative world of sound. No doubt we shall not have to wait long for a recording of this fascinating and controversial score.

NEWS has leaked out of an agreement between the EMI combine (HMV-Columbia) and Deutsche Grammophon which will enable EMI to issue in this country recordings made by the German company. This arrangement will remind old-timers of the *status quo ante* World War I, when Deutsche Grammophon was a subsidiary of the English Gramophone Company and issued its discs with the familiar "Die Stimme seines Herren" label. The present agreement, while it can hardly compensate EMI for the loss of American Columbia records, should provide us in time with some fine issues.

EMI's third LP release is considerably less comprehensive than its two predecessors, but it does include HMV's complete "Tristan," with Flagstad, Suthaus, Thebom, Fischer-Dieskau, and Greindl, under Furtwängler's direction. Unfortunately, this set, which occupies six discs—two for each act, in manual couplings, so that it can be bought in "instalments"—has not yet arrived and discussion of it will have to be deferred.

Of the remaining issues, the most important is Walton's Symphony in B flat minor, recorded on one twelve-inch HMV disc by the Philharmonia conducted by the composer. This symphony, still generally considered to be Walton's most important composition to date, was written during the years 1933-5 when the composer was in his early thirties. Though the influence of Sibelius can be plainly discerned in the powerful first movement, it is a highly individual and striking work, very much of its period. Perhaps the cynical Scherzo, which the composer marked "con ma lizia," has dated a little: it is brilliar and witty, but in our own atomic ag we can no longer accept so detached view as it was possible for a cleve young intellectual to take even twen ty years ago.

Since embarking on LP, HMV ha been drawing much more freely upo American recordings, though it ap pears that in the majority of case new transfers are made from the orig inal tapes at Abbey Road Studio Toscanini's performance of Respighi "Feste Romane" is a case in poin RCA Victor tends to use a rathe lower volume level for its LP's tha most (though in the case of this wor I would have thought it a blessing and HMV has transferred it at rather higher level, increasing th bass at the same time. This has ne cessitated going much closer to th label, but surprisingly there is les noticeable distortion at the end o "La Befana" on the HMV disc. HM has also issued another Mercury re cording, Kubelik's fine performanc of Dvorak's "New World" Symphon which should rival the popularity o the best-selling "Pictures at an Ex hibition," and from RCA Victor has taken over the Franck Symphon (Monteux), six Chopin Polonaise (Rubinstein), and Cantelli's magnif cent performance of "Mathis der Ma ler" (newly transferred onto one ten inch disc).

Columbia's contribution is disap pointingly meager, for the only per formances which have not alread appeared on 78 rpm are Beecham delightful account of Mendelssohn "Italian" Symphony and a rather les distinguished Beethoven No. 7 b Karajan and the Philharmonia.

Our own Decca's "capture" of th distinguished French cellist Pierr Fournier has already yielded som lovely results. We hear him, with th Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, in con certos by Boccherini and Vivaldi and for good measure, the disc also con tains some "Pièces en Concert" b Couperin. In the past I have some times found Fournier's playing in sufficiently masculine, but he seem recently to have grown in stature an his performance of the far from eas Boccherini is quite masterly. Yet t me the high spot of this record i the "Lento con espressivo" from th Vivaldi, where Fournier's beautifull drawn cantilena brings back memo ries of Casals at his best.

Argo, a small company whose firs LP ventures were beset by cruel luc (a fire destroyed tapes and acetate of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire, to which I referred in these column last summer), has now managed t publish some interesting contempo

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ary music. One disc contains viola onatas by Hindemith and Honegger, layed by Ferenc Molnar and Tanya Jry, while the pianist has also re-orded Alban Berg's Piano Sonata, Opus 1, together with Prokofiev's So-ata No. 3 and Stravinsky's ribald Circus Polka." Another welcome ontribution from this company is a roup of poems by T. S. Eliot—in-luding "The Waste-Land" — finely ead by Robert Speaight. From a echnical point of view these issues re rather primitive, but with further xperience of the medium Argo's roducts should improve.

EMI continues to cater for the dwin-dling 78-rpm market (I am, of ourse, talking only about the so-alled "classical" field, for 78 still eigns almost supreme as far as "pop-ular" music is concerned), and the HMV February list includes Delius's Dance Rhapsody No. 1, recorded un-ler the auspices of the Delius Trust y Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic. It is a highly haracteristic and engaging piece dat-ng from 1908, full of "folky" material lothed in wistful Delian harmonies, nd performed with great skill and ffection; the recording also includes he "Intermezzo and Serenade" from he incidental music to James Elroy lecker's "Hassan." Another pair of HMV discs brings a new version of aughan Williams's noble Tallis Fan-asia, well played by the strings of he BBC Symphony Orchestra under argent and recorded with cathedral-ike spaciousness. The series of Mo-art overtures by Kubelik and the hilharmonia continues with "Così an tutte" and "La Clemenza di Tito," while on Columbia the same orches-ra under Paul Kletzki has now said oodbye to Berlioz, providing instead entler delights in the form of the Entr'acte No. 1 in B minor from Rosamunde." The latter is most en-oyable, but the orchestra is not at ts best in the Mozart, and Kubelik dopts an unduly cautious tempo for Così" without compensating us, as eecham might do, by greater finesse f phrasing.

Those who are still "old-fashioned" nough to enjoy Bach's keyboard mu-ic played on the piano will welcome enis Matthews's thoughtful and inely controlled performance of the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," which shares four Columbia sides with the C major Prelude and Fugue. On another Columbia record we have Schumann rarity, the Adagio and Allegro, Opus 70, for horn and piano, narvelously played, by Dennis Brain, bly assisted by Gerald Moore, in pite of some cruel and not quite com-ortable low notes. I cannot recall ever hearing Gieseking play Scarlatti be-fore; he has now recorded two so-natas, the famous Pastorale, L.413, and the little known E minor, L.275. If his performance of the latter is undistinguished, he handles the Pas-torale in a manner that is both pon-derous and unbearably mannered. After this it is a joy to turn to Schu-bert's Impromptu in F minor, Op. 142, No. 4, played on HMV by the late Artur Schnabel.

Lastly we have four operatic issues. On HMV, Joan Hammond sings the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" from "Otello," one of her best records to date, while that excellent basso, Ros-si-Lemeni, is heard in Susanin's aria from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" and in Galitzky's song from "Prince Igor." On Columbia, Stignani's mez-zo-soprano, though no longer at its zenith, still sounds gorgeous in the "Habanera" from "Carmen" and "Knowest thou the Land" from "Mig-non," both sung in Italian. Giulio Neri, another basso, makes his bow on Parlophone with familiar arias from "Il Barbiere" and "Simone Boc-canegra"; he sings "La calunnia" ably, if without much humor, but Verdi's noble melody goes for next to nothing.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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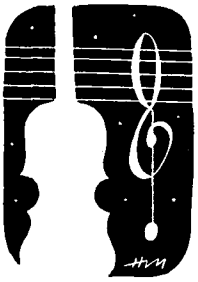
# The Treasury Grows

WHEN Nietzsche wrote that "music must be Mediterraneanized" he was thinking of composition and of Bizet *contra* Wagner in particular, but his injunction might just as well have been applied to the art of interpretation. For it was the generation maturing after Nietzsche's death that succeeded in "Mediterraneanizing" the music of the German masters, sunning it and airing it, sweeping away pedantic encrustations, giving it buoyancy and lilt—Toscanini, for instance, with Beethoven and Brahms, Beecham with Handel and Mozart, Casals and Landowska with Bach.

Before Casals, the Bach suites for unaccompanied cello pertained primarily to the classroom. Although admired as exercises for the development of cello technique, they were considered too heavy for exposure in the concert hall. But Casals approached them as would a southern peasant, intent on making the music sing and dance, and he accomplished a historic rehabilitation which has been preserved in a series of recordings made in the late Thirties. The Suites in D minor and C, Nos. 2 and 3, have just been reissued on LP (RCA Victor LCT 1104, $5.72), with the remaining four promised in future releases. To say that these recordings represent creative interpretation at its most luminous is to tell only half the story, for they are equally outstanding as examples of technical virtuosity. The two qualities are inextricable. To realize the witty inflections, the spruce bagpipery of the Gigue from Suite No. 3 required not only a perceptive temperament but also a technique of infallible address. And though the Sarabande from this same work is compacted of life-giving accentuation and phrasing, it is notable in equal measure for its purity of tone, its trueness of pitch. No apologies whatsoever need be made for the quality of recording.



Landowska's recording of Mozart's "Coronation" Concerto (RCA Victor LCT 1029, $5.72), issued originally for the coronation of George VI, is to date the only example on records of this artist's prowess as a pianist. It has all the qualities one expects from Landowska—strongly projected style, a keen appreciation of rhythmic definition, and nimble, precise articulation. It is a delight to hear the passage work in the rondo, where—despite a brisk tempo—each note stands out separate and iridescent. In the middle movement Landowska fills out the sketchy piano part with ornamentations of her own. At one point she changes the rhythmic structure of a phrase, at another she raises the pitch an octave, and when she comes to the second subject she embarks on a fanciful elaboration completely of her own making where often the only resemblance to the score resides in the basic harmonies. It is completely absorbing and very effective, but is it true to the composer? I find it so, and I am glad to discover an ally in Professor Girdlestone, who adjures pianists to take this recording as a model of Mozartian ornamentation. Those who insist on strict adherence to the printed notes may come to the opposite conclusion, just as others may boggle at an occasional coquettish turn or at the first-movement cadenza with its melodies snatched from "Figaro." No, this is decidedly not the Mozart of a literalist, but it carries a conviction such as few Mozart interpretations do. Unfortunately, the accompaniment by an English studio ensemble under Walter Goehr is plodding.

What the musical world has lost by the retirement of Fritz Kreisler is made abundantly clear in the reissue of Mozart's Concerto No. 4 in D and the Mendelssohn in E minor (RCA Victor LCT 1117, $5.72). Here is an almost extinct style of playing, in which refined tone and subdued dynamics go hand in hand with pulsing warmth and a strong sense of personal involvement. I find these qualities especially endearing in the broad cantilena of the Mozart, which would be impossible to imagine more aristocratically phrased or more seductive in its total effect. Again, the cadenzas may cause distress, but not in this quarter. They rely heavily on double-stops in the "Caprice Viennois" tradition, which was certainly not Mozart's, but they have their own cogency and beauty and the "tangy tonic sweetness" (Szigeti's description) of Kreisler at his best. An anonymous orchestra under Sargent shares in the distribution of praise, as does the quality of the recording (vintage 1939). The Mendelssohn, with the London Philharmonic under Sir Landon Ronald, is a somewhat older recording, and shows it. But behind the attenuated sound lies a mellow conception which is worth making the necessary aural allowances.

"A Tribute to Lotte Lehmann" (RCA Victor LCT 1108, $5.72) turns out to be a selection from the lieder she recorded for Victor plus an appreciation by Vincent Sheean printed on the jacket, of which the latter is the more rewarding. Mr. Sheean wisely warns that "an effort of the imagination is required to sketch out, by hearing alone, that which constituted a Lehmann performance either in opera or in recital." To which I add, *especially* in recital. There was an intimacy, a sense of artistic projection, and a bond between singer and hearer at a Lehmann recital which this performer never quite duplicated in the recording studio. It is instructive to compare the "Alte Laute," recorded for Victor and included on this LP, with the same song as sung at her farewell recital and immortalized on Pembroke LP 1. Even though Lehmann at sixty-three had less vocal material to work with than at fifty, there are a magic and an aura of intense communication at the actual recital which the earlier studio recording does not duplicate. And "Alte Laute" was one of Lehmann's most satisfactory lieder recordings! On many of the others, especially the early recordings made with Erno Balogh, the piano is tinny and indistinct, the singing often uncontrolled. There are some wonderful moments in this collection that recall Lehmann's unique and unforgettable musicianship, but as an aural "Tribute" it does less than justice to a lofty artist.

Much more successful as a token of Lehmann's stature is the reissue of the truncated "Rosenkavalier" (RCA Victor LCT 6005, $11.44) made in Vienna in 1933. I find it almost unbecoming to dilate on the virtues of this celebrated recording. It is akin to proclaiming the excellence of "Hamlet." But as millions of record collectors have appeared since this recording was first issued, I am emboldened to repeat that it is one of the most memorable of phonographic documents, capturing as it does three of the great operatic characterizations of this century: Lehmann's bittersweet Marschallin, Elisabeth Schumann's ethereal Sophie, and Richard Mayr's Ochs, at once polished and oafish. The transfer to LP has been admirably accomplished. Indeed, there is more sound forthcoming from this reissue than I can recall hearing from the original 78's. The booklet accompanying the set is graced with an essay on "Rosenkavalier" by Mme. Lehmann. My one regret is that RCA saw fit to provide only a synopsis of the plot; the actual text is needed to savor this performance to the full.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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## *Three "Leonores" & "Fidelio"*

BEETHOVEN: *"Leonore" Overtures, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; "Fidelio" overture. Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* (Westminster WL 5177, $5.95.)

IT is not often that a music critic or musical enthusiast has a good idea, wins commercial favor for it, hears it realized to the full, and has the satisfaction of adding his own words as annotation to the total. That pleasure has come to C. G. Burke, familiar as a contributor to these pages, who planted the seed of this idea with Westminster, and is entitled to the credit thereto which is modestly absent from the disc itself.

The thought of arranging the "Leonores" cumulatively (one cannot say consecutively, for there remain unsolved considerations of chronology) was, initially, an excellent one. Thanks to the executive work of Scherchen, it turns out to be a brilliant one, with each of the works given its full measure of serious consideration. This means, automatically, that the great Leonore No. 3 stands forth not merely as a superb piece of music but as the fulfilment of a creative process unique in music.

I am partial, as Burke is, to the nuances and values of the earlier "Leonores," which Scherchen underscores with skill and devotion. But it is the true epic of sound which brings from him a breadth of statement, a dramatic tension, rarely matched in a long list of recorded specimens. Scherchen manages to be dramatic without being theatrical, and thoroughgoing without being ponderous. With the lighter "Fidelio" as a kind of afterpiece, this disc gives a new resource to the Beethoven literature which many, I think, will welcome. The recording is typically Westminster—clear, full, soundly balanced.

One wonders, as an afterthought, if the collected "Leonores" might not inspire a new spate of research to determine which, in truth, is entitled to which number. This would give a new dimension to the recording process, as an instigator of scholarship rather than a mere consumer of it. —I. K.


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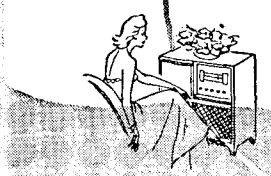

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# Recordings in Review

## Strauss, Krauss, Etc.

STRAUSS: *"Der Bürger als Edelmann." Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Clemens Krauss.* (London LL 684, $5.95.) *"Ein Heldenleben." The same.* (LL 659, $5.95.) *"Tod und Verklärung." Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* (RCA Victor HMV 1023, 5.95.) *"Ein Alpen-Sinfonie." Franz Konwitschny conducting the orchestra of the Munich Opera.* (Urania URLP 7064, $5.95.)

TO judge from these latest evidences, the qualities of Straussian skill long associated with Willem Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam have attached themselves firmly to the Vienna Philharmonic when the conductor is Clemens Krauss. This is hardly surprising, considering the results they jointly accomplished in "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Don Juan," and "Till Eulenspiegel"; but it is noteworthy nevertheless in a gamut embracing the sharply etched values of "Bürger als Edelmann" and the broad brush strokes of "Heldenleben."

The LP process has given us an acute but thin-sounding treatment of the music Strauss wrote for the Molière play in an old version of which he was the conductor, and a more recent one directed by Fritz Reiner. Neither, however, had the mechanical advantages by which Krauss profits, nor his keen responsiveness to this particular score. I can't say that it holds the interest magnetically for the full two sides, but the wit and fantasy of the music are strongly conveyed.

The Krauss "Heldenleben" is decidedly good, especially in such sound values as the solo violin part brilliantly played by Willy Boskovsky. Orchestrally, also, it gives a measure of force not provided by the Beecham version or the composer's own on Decca. One would relish it more, however, were the score always completely clarified in the recording. At more than one point, one wondered whether the conductor or the technicians were at fault in the blurry sonorities of the middle register.

Of the other items noted above, the Furtwängler "Tod und Verklärung" seems to me both overstressed and heavyhanded, though carried to a sumptuous climax, the Konwitschny version of the "Alpine Symphony" a larger order than this conductor can manage with conviction. Those who admire Furtwängler's art will find the overside "Moldau" of Smetana and "Manfred" Overture of Schumann done with typical gusto, if neither work is as satisfactory as other LP versions in more attractive couplings. As for the seldom-played "Alpine Symphony," it does not have on discs the sheer tonal compulsion it may have in the concert hall, especially in this thinnish reproduction. Lacking that compulsion, the excuses for listening are limited indeed.

## The Still Burning Busch

MOZART: *"Così fan tutte." Fritz Busch conducting the Glyndebourne Opera Orchestra, and a cast including Ina Souez, Luise Helletsgruber, John Brownlee, Heddle Nash, Willi Domgraf-Fassbänder, and Irene Eisinger.* (RCA Victor LCT 6104, $17.16.)

WHETHER one may attribute this reissue to a revival of interest in "Così" through the Metropolitan's stimulating production or to an objective impulse on the part of RCA Victor officials to honor the best of that company's considerable heritage, the end fact remains paramount. Music lovers the country around who have been clamoring for the opportunity to possess this superbly integrated effort have had their wishes fulfilled. As a by-product, though not at all incidentally, they have restored to currency the total catalogue of the late Fritz Busch's Glyndebourne creations—"Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" first, now "Così."

They have, incidentally, made more than ordinarily lustrous the repute of Mme. Souez, that odd figure of American vocal legend, now retired in a mundane occupation on the outskirts of San Diego, California. Atrocious editing of the breaks between sides has clipped almost in midphrase her powerful delivery of "Come scoglio"—leading one to wonder whether RCA is employing objective editors or jealous sopranos in such key duties—but the compulsion of her efforts comes through nevertheless. Eisinger's Despina, the riant Guglielmo of Domgraf-Fassbänder, and the appealing tone of Luise Helletsgruber's Dorabella retain their initial appeal.

Brooding over all is the drive, impulse, and sensitivity of the late Fritz Busch, whose honorable services at Glyndebourne have now been properly memorialized by a rounded resumé of his major recordings there. Thanks to the extreme care exercised when "Così" was first recorded, the present-day echo is remarkably factual and believable. Allowing for all temporal advantages of its competitors, it remains a model of justice and understanding by which they can be measured. There is no need for beating about this Busch to proclaim it superior, in fact invincible.

## Brahms in 3/4

BRAHMS: *"Liebeslieder" Waltzes (Opus 52) and "Neue Liebeslieder" Waltzes (Opus 65). Erna Hassler, soprano, Hetty Plümacher, alto, Albert Weikenmeier, tenor, and Franz Kelch, bass, with Hans Michael and Hans Priegnitz, piano.* (Oceanic OCS 28, $5.95.)

THOUGH a direct attribution is lacking, it is easy to see from the names listed above that this disc is a product of the same activity in Stuttgart which has given us a worthy if unspectacular performance of "Così fan tutte" and sundry other recordings of quality. In musicianship and spirit it is actually superior to most previous things emanating from the same source.

It is particularly welcome for restoring to currency the engaging music of the "Liebeslieder" and "Neue Liebeslieder" Waltzes as Brahms wrote them, after too many years in which the Frank Black notion of doubling and quadrupling the voices was perpetuated first by Robert Shaw and then by the Roger Wagner chorale. (There was a postwar version from Vienna on 78 rpm, but it came just before the transitional period to LP and never had the circulation it merited.)

*There may be valid acoustical reasons for doubling the voices when this*

## Review Resume

DVORAK: "Slavonic Dances." Vaclav Talich conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Urania LP set 604. *SR* Feb. 7.

LEONCAVALLO: "Pagliacci." Beniamino Gigli, Iva Pacetti, Mario Basiola; with chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Franco Ghione conducting. RCA Victor LCT 6010. *SR* Feb. 14.

PUCCINI: "Madama Butterfly." Beniamino Gigli, Totì Dal Monte; with chorus and orchestra of the Rome Opera, Oliviero de Fabritiis conducting. RCA Victor LCT 6006. *SR* Feb. 14.

SCHUMANN: Concert Allegro for piano and orchestra; Fantasy for violin and orchestra; Cello Concerto. Walter Bohle, piano; Aida Stucki, violin; Mirko Dorner, cello; with Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra, Rolf Reinhardt conducting. Vox PL 7680. *SR* Feb. 21.

SCHUMANN: "Davidsbündler" Dances. Adrian Aeschbacher, piano. Decca DL 7531. *SR* Feb. 21.

SCHUMANN: "Fantasiestücke"; "Fantasie." Joerg Demus, piano. Westminster WL 5157. *SR* Feb. 21.

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music is performed in a large auditorium, but the result is to change the whole spirit of Brahms's conception from a kind of vocal chamber music to something between a glee club and a community sing. Certainly, for recording, the original text is much to be preferred, as this performance well demonstrates. There is a delightful intimacy in the sound that is heard, a sense of personal participation by each performer that makes the emotional variety of the songs much more meaningful than it is when produced with more massive forces. The piano sound is excellently balanced with the voices.

## *The Minor Master's Master*

GOLDMARK: *"Ländliche Hochzeit" Symphony. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4626, $5.45.)

IN A world of change it is not merely heartening but comforting to find the Beecham talent for invigorating an obscure piece of music (snubbed by all those concerned with "significance") no less fervent today than in his earlier days of devotion to the lesser works of Dvorak, Grieg, Schubert, and even Beethoven. I suppose I could have gone on for many a day with no more regard for Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony than had been stimulated by the previous recordings of Howard Barlow and Robert Heger; but it is a positive and valuable corrective in the never-ending study of musical values to find Sir Thomas making so much of it in this enthusiastic, expansive, and, withal, magnificent-sounding performance.

Considering a series of more than casual conversations with Beecham, and a liberal sampling of his written words about music, in none of which did he allude no matter how obliquely to this particular work, I am minded to ask myself: What is it in this hardly profound score that arouses so much of his sympathy and devotion? The best answer I can provide to the self-poised question is that the music of Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" is honest, direct, and unaffected; naive at times, perhaps, but also powerfully itself. Striking out "naive" as unapplicable to Beecham's musical instinct, I would say the other attributes suit the interpreter as closely as they do the interpreted. The balance of the equation is thus evident.

The freshness, spontaneity, and justice of his impulse are evident in the warmth and energy of the orchestral playing, faithfully mirrored in a recording of quite remarkable

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Karl Goldmark—"direct, unaffected."

fidelity. One glum, sorry note to be mentioned with regret is the prosaic textual note on the back of the LP envelope. It automatically deflates interest in a wonderful performance by its inadequate evasions, and almost belittles enthusiasm for the music with its total lack of contribution to understanding of a major phonographic phenomenon. I have rarely felt so let down when looking for usable information about a work that has the stimulation of this one.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

## *Vintage Voices*

CRITIC'S CHOICE. *Selected by Irving Kolodin.* (RCA Victor LCT 1115, $5.72.)

NOTHING pleases record collectors more than to settle down for an evening of "Let me play you some of my favorite records." RCA Victor, seeing a good thing in this, asked Irving Kolodin to pick from his favorite Victor discs a group of his all-time choice from the singing repertoire. The results bring together on a single record some of the finest singing to win what immortality LP records bring.

The late Maria Cebotari shows herself a flawless Mozart singer in the Countess's "Dove sono." Her death at thirty-eight was a tragic loss. Another well-remembered Mozartean of peerless rank was Elisabeth Schumann, who sings Susanna's "Venite, inginocchiatevi," with more lightness than anyone else we ever heard.

Handel appears twice on Kolodin's elegantly chosen list. Dorothy Maynor's great "O Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" with Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony for accompanists, is Maynor's first appearance on LP. Beautiful as this is, I think I would have asked for her "Depuis le jour." Lawrence Tibbett's "superb English enunciation" is Kolodin's reason for picking the baritone's "Where e'er you walk," made in 1940, when the voice was still at its best. And moving from one memorable Ford to a man who would have been another but never sang the role, we are given Leonard Warren's great vocalization of "E sogno?" from "Falstaff."

A wonderful item in this list is Kerstin Thorborg's handsome realization of Hugo Wolf's song "Kennst du das Land?" to the familiar Goethe text. LP gives us this great lied without the unhappy turning of the record which the original ten-inch disc necessitated. This is one of the world's great songs.

Another feat of unusual vocalism, closing with his magnificent high A flat is baritone John Charles Thomas's "Salomé, Salomé!" from Massenet's "Hérodiade." This is the kind of singing whose absence keeps so much French opera off our boards today.

Richard Crooks often sang "Lohengrin's Narrative" in concert and over the radio, though he never sang Wagner at the Met. Both in tone and in the rhythmic accentuation he preserves in the middle section, his recording of it is a prize worthy of a place on this disc. The greatness of another lyric tenor, Tito Schipa, an incomparable Almaviva, Don Ottavio, Nemorino, and much else, is clear in his singing of a tender song, "Le Violette," by Scarlatti.

A rare surprise finds Sigrid Onegin singing Chopin's A flat Impromptu, text unknown. Her high C, her pianissimo, and her coloratura technique, complete with trills, are reason enough for including this. But to me the treasure of the disc is Maria Ivogün's singing of Zerbinetta's aria, or rather the second half of it, from Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." As Kolodin says, "Ivogün's recording remains not merely singular, but unique . . ." This singer, little known in this country but a rare artist, makes every phrase a delight, with trills on high E flat, scales and arpeggios of exciting fluency, and a conception of the meaning of this music no other singer we have heard essay it approached.

The recorded sound in all these is extremely good, with the older items, dating from 1928, coming through with a quiet surface and surprising tonal fidelity.

In "Critic's Choice" Victor has created something with much more than merely stunt value. We hope that there will be future releases, by other Kolodins, to come.

—PAUL HUME.

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# Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: Quartet in F (Opus 59, No. 1). New Italian Quartet. London LL 673, $5.95. | Remarkable, adroit performance of a conception overrefined and lacking conviction, for my feelings about this music. A considerable mood is developed in the Adagio molto e mesto, but the robust humor of the final "Thème Russe" is underplayed. Live, but overresonant sound, a little echoey. |
| Beethoven: Sonatas in C (Opus 53), F (Opus 54), and E (Opus 109). Solomon, piano. RCA Victor LM 1716, $5.72. | All of Solomon's finesse and pianistic resource cannot make convincing his approach to the "Waldstein," which emerges as a "big" miniature rather than a work of its inherent scope. The Opus 109 has more pulse and lyricism, though not so much character as either the Kempff or the Backhaus. The sound is excellent. |
| Casella: "Scarlattiana." Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, directed by Franco Caracciolo. Colosseum LPS 1038, $5.95. | Inferior processing mars the value of this attractive work, well performed by the ensemble under Caracciolo's direction with Tina de Maria as pianist. For those unacquainted with Casella's utilization of the matter by Scarlatti, it may be said that he has woven some of the early master's most charming ideas into a fanciful texture of his own. The results are well worth attention, though Colosseum has discouraged it by exaggerated highs and a surface not of the best. Pizzetti's "Danza Bassa dello Sparviero" fills out the second side. |
| Chopin: "Les Sylphides." Ballet Theatre Orchestra conducted by Joseph Levine. Capitol P-8193, $4.98. | Perhaps the musically minded balletomane could discern in this version of "Sylphides" something distinctive associated with the Ballet Theatre's performance, but it is rather short on pure musical attraction. Much of the latter is to be found in Benjamin Britten's orchestral texture. The second side "Princess Aurora" (Tchaikovsky) does not match the vitality of Constant Lambert's. Powerful sound in both instances. |
| Chopin: Four Ballades. Ginette Doyen, piano. Westminster WL 5169, $5.95. | Doyen, a French pianist previously unknown here, makes us aware of a musical individuality as well as of a considerable instrumental command in these thoughtful, finely phrased performances. It would be interesting to hear her poetic impulses expressed through a literature less frequently favored than these Ballades. The delicacy and shading of her piano sound is well reproduced. |
| Debussy: "Estampes", etc. Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M E178, $3. | Young Pressler's suave, well-controlled tone mates well with the "Rêverie" and the two "Arabesques" on the second side, though he does not have the stylistic affinity for best service to "Pagodes," "Soirée dans Grenade," and "Jardins sous la pluie." Agreeable art, certainly, if not the ultimate in re-creation. |
| Mozart: Symphonies in G minor (No. 25) and A major (No. 29). Mogens Wöldike conducting the Chamber Orchestra of the Danish State Radio. Haydn Society HSL 1055, $5.95. | Phonophiles may be pardoned for thinking of this early G minor Symphony as Mozart's "Phonograph Symphony," for few have heard it ever in concert though it has been recorded and re-recorded several times. Wöldike's way is admirable for concision and musicianship, less for a rather pedagogic fondness for double-dotting i's and twice-crossing t's. The A major profits better from this treatment, some new strands of the texture standing forth where they had not been heard before. The recording is clean, but a little without resonance or warmth. |
| Liszt: Concertos in E flat and A major. Edith Farnadi, piano, with orchestra directed by Hermann Scherchen. Westminster WL 5168, $5.95. | By comparison with the version of Victor Schiöler (see below), Miss Farnadi is lacking some degree of pianistic power, but she compensates with a fresh, unhackneyed approach to these works, ably seconded by Scherchen's dynamic command of the orchestra. Both works are powerfully reproduced, now and then a bit to the disadvantage of Liszt's garish orchestration. |
| Liszt: Concerto in E flat. Victor Schiöler, piano, with the Danish National Orchestra directed by Issay Dobrowen. RCA Victor LHMV 1031, $5.95. | By coupling this performance with one of Beethoven's "Appassionata," HMV has made this a disc for disciples of Schiöler rather than for those who want either the Liszt concerto or the Beethoven sonata. Both are played with abundant understanding, pianistic resource of the first order, and no little temperament. Dobrowen collaborates well, and the orchestra's spirited playing is clearly reproduced. |
| Schubert: Impromptus, Opus 90 and 142. Artur Schnabel, piano. RCA Victor LHMV 1027, $5.95. | As evidence of Artur Schnabel's ripe musicianship in the late years of his life, this collection (dating from about 1947) is a prizable addition to his literature currently available. Some of the lighter, more lyrical works are delivered with a fresher spirit by Badura-Skoda and Firkusny, but those which probe deeper below the surface find Schnabel bringing up pearls hidden to the others. The sound is not as good as today's best, but it is decidedly Schnabelian. |
| Schumann: Symphony No. 4; Beethoven: Symphony No. 4. Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1714, $5.72. | Monteux has made numerous fine records in his life, and doubtless will make many more, but not one that is likely to surpass this as a summary of the probity, fervor, and directness of his musical personality. The Schumann is especially impulsive and well organized, the orchestra in splendid form on both sides. Fine spacious recording contributes to make this one of RCA Victor's most successful ventures in recent months. |
| Spohr: Symphony No. 3 in C minor (Op. 78). Georg Schlemm conducting the orchestra of Radio Frankfurt. Urania 5008, $4.75. | Listening to this work in sequence to the two above makes one wonder whether, somehow, a montage hasn't taken form in the mind, so strongly does Spohr suggest a blend of Beethoven with a foreshadowing of Schumann. However, there is still too much Spohr in it for my taste. The direction is competent, but there are mistakes in the orchestral execution, and the final sound is thin and unpleasant. |
| Wagner: "Lohengrin" (Bridal Scene) and "Parsifal" (Duet, Act II). Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior, with Edwin McArthur conducting. RCA Victor LCT 1105, $5.72. | One of the outstanding restorations in the "Treasury" series, with Flagstad in peerless voice, and Melchior close to his best in the "Parsifal" excerpts if too heavy in sound for the "Lohengrin" music. However, the restoration speaks eloquently for the qualities of the original recording in the Academy of Music. Save for an imbalance with the orchestra (more than a little subdued under McArthur's cautious hand), the vocal sound could hardly be surpassed today. A decided addition to anyone's collection of fine singing.<br>—Irving Kolodin. |

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## WHAT IS THE ENIGMA?

(*Continued from page 55*)

section in the middle and the minor start and finish, the phraseology is so peculiar—phrases of six, four, and seven measures respectively—that no commonplace popular melody in square-cut, four measure phrases would 'fit' with it." It was Mason's conclusion that Elgar had in mind some "subtler relationship" such as a counterpoint.

It could be one or many of these things. It could be an elaboration of such a ground bass as that on which Bach based his great C minor Passacaglia and Fugue. It might be a variation of a theme which was itself varied by another composer—say, the finale of the Brahms Symphony in E minor (No. 4). I am not throwing out leads, rather merely trying to inspect the personality of Elgar, think about it out loud, and evaluate the possibilities such a mind might encompass.

IT is time, I think, for the mystery to be resolved and the "Enigma" unveiled. *The Saturday Review*, RCA Victor, and I extend a joint invitation for all the musically literate to honor us with their thinking on the subject. In addition to the satisfaction heretofore mentioned *and* the prizes, it is not impossible that the person who earns the plaudits of the world for this accomplishment will be rewarded by immortal association with the composer, whose work would then be called "Variations on an Original Theme by Elgar-Mahoney," or "Elgar-Smith," or "Elgar-Finkelstein."

I have one further comment to offer. On the last page of her "Memories of a Variation," Miss Penny-Powell reproduces a cryptogram Elgar sent to her in 1897. She never deciphered it, and apparently Elgar gave her no more help with this puzzle than he did with the solution to the "Enigma." If it should turn out that this cryptogram contains something bearing on the "Enigma," it would be a fine, full, rounded sequence. Thus, we alert cryptogram fanciers as well as music lovers to the possibilities inherent in this problem (see page 53).

Note that the judges (George Marek of RCA Victor, Sir Edward Elgar's daughter, and myself) ask for no more than a "plausible" theory. We hardly expect to get an answer so convincing that it will end speculation forever. That outside possibility, however, is the engaging lure that prompts us to invite the widest possible participation in settling, if possible, the question: What IS the Enigma?


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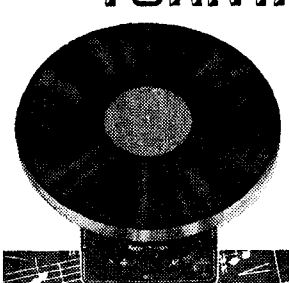

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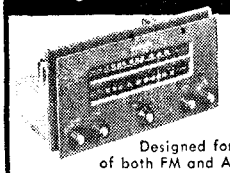

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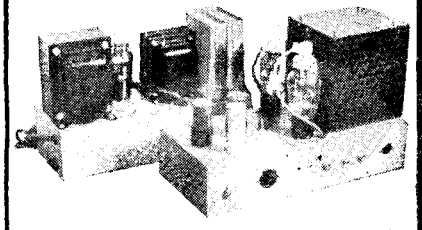

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# *The Spoken Word*

## HALF OF HAMLET

THERE could hardly be a more grateful enterprise than the presentation of Shakespeare on discs. The art of poetry is a natural for recording, for poetry is clearly addressed to the ear rather than to the eye. The publication of a play of Shakespeare on LP is as serious and responsible a matter as the printing of a text of the same play. The long-playing record and the high-fidelity phonograph make possible the hearing in one's home of first-class renderings of Shakespeare, dramatic poetry unique in the English language and in world literature. All the more reason why the recording companies have both an opportunity and an obligation. The plays of Shakespeare are not recorded every day; there is no reason why, as the conditions of theatre and radio make necessary, the plays should be cut. Nor is there any reason why they should be tricked out with narrative and explanatory additions. It ought to go without saying that the most careful effort should be made to have actors who know both the theatre and something about reading English verse. And if the sonnets of Shakespeare are to be presented, *a fortiori*, the speaker of them should have a supreme sense of the art of poetry, what it signifies and what it means and takes to read it.

The recent recording of "Hamlet" (RCA Victor LM 6007, $11.44) is not to be dismissed if for no other reason than that it features John Gielgud, whose performance of the part of Hamlet is in its slightly overwrought and wilful way both moving and convincing. Every actor of Hamlet at some point in the play feels obliged to recite a line in deliberate variation from what has been done or what might be expected. Thus, in saying,

"There is more in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*;"

there may be some reason or excuse for accenting forcibly the word "philosophy," but one cannot say offhand what it is. Mr. Gielgud repeatedly in this performance plays havoc with familiar lines, but his Hamlet is for all that effectively projected. There he is, at once tense and reflective, witty and tortured, elegant and ruthless, and most of the subtle lights of his poetic essence are communicated. Mr. Gielgud obviously understands the drama of Hamlet and the poetry of its discourse. So does Pamela Brown, who makes of Gertrude, the Queen, a believable woman, passionate and guilty, enamored of her new husband and king but troubled by and bound by anguished affection for and fear of her moody, strange, ominous son.

Pamela Brown and John Gielgud are both English without being too Anglophile. One might say it takes English actors, many of them with a long repertory tradition, to act Shakespeare adequately. Dorothy Maguire renders Ophelia appealing, but she does not seem to know what Shakespearian verse is; neither does Barry Kroeger, who acts the king.

But there is an even more serious criticism of these records which involves a principle of recording in general. They are taken from a radio performance of "Hamlet" presented by the Theatre Guild on "Theatre Guild of the Air." The time of this broadcast, presumably an hour, was further limited by time out for intermissions during which the United States Steel Corporation talked about


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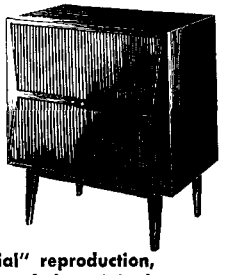

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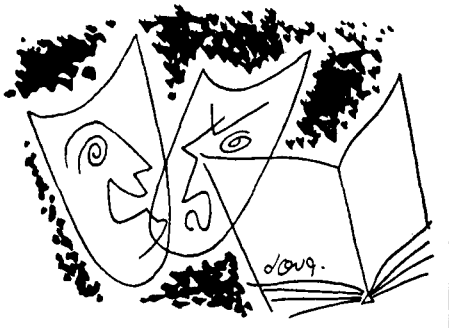
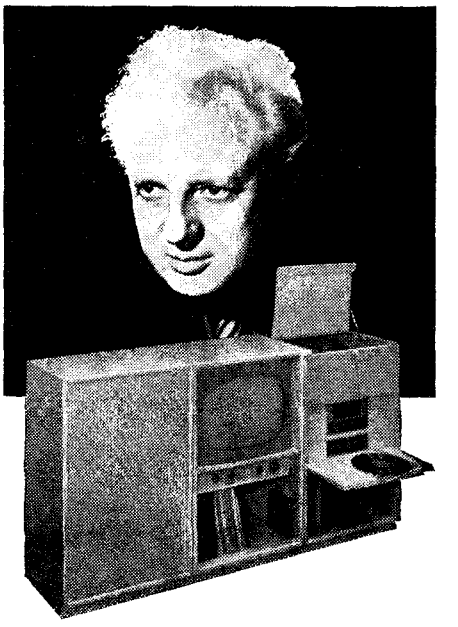
itself and the United States Steel "family." These homilies are happily omitted in these records. But the commercial considerations of radio determined the length of time for this performance, and the text of the play is subjected to "murder most foul," some of the finest soliloquies being omitted or cut, and the most crucial dialogue truncated.

AS FOR David Allen's "Sixteen Sonnets of Shakespeare" (Poetry Records LP 1, $4.75), the less said the better. But again something needs to be said, if only to note an egregious example of how not to record (or recite poetry) and how not to present it. Mr. Allen is apparently the *diseur*



of a radio program called "Words to Remember," a sentimental, perhaps forgivably sentimental, name for a poetry program. But one would never remember the words of these sonnets from the way in which Mr. Allen reads them to a harp accompaniment, an *original* harp accompaniment. Shakespeare's sonnets have their own music; they are *not* songs, and they are meant to be heard, as they sometimes barely are through the irrelevant loud thrumming of irrelevant and fifth-rate harp music that distracts from the words which Mr. Allen recites. And his very manner (highly mannered) of recitation distracts from the words, too. This is "elocution" of a sort one had supposed happily interred with the early 1900's, self-conscious, voice-y, outrageously "poetizing." The arrangement is also arbitrary and pretentious. No one is quite certain of the order of Shakespeare's sonnets, but one *can* be quite sure that they do not fit into any such groups or categories as are presented in this tasteless production—"love poem," "poems of contemplation," "permanence," and "impermanence." A publisher of books would have a responsible editor for an edition of the sonnets. The spoken word has a future on records, but not if it is done with the absurdity and incompetence of these discs. Perhaps literature on records is too young for serious standards to have developed. But it is high time at least the sights were raised.

—IRWIN EDMAN.



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# *A New Use for Tape*

THE miracle of the telephone was compounded when it became possible to record, and reproduce at will, the pulsating current representing the speaker's voice. Now the miracle of television has been similarly compounded. The infinitely complex electrical signal that symbolizes the television picture has also been recorded and reproduced; Bing Crosby Enterprises, Inc., have successfully demonstrated video playback of a television program from magnetic tape. The recording was not in the form of successive frames of still pictures as in film, but consisted solely of varying degrees of magnetization along the tape, in a sequence corresponding to the characteristics of the video electrical impulses.

Engineers have been talking about the possibility of video recording for years, but they were checked by the nature of the television signal. This signal, which represents the instantaneous variation of light across the screen, line by line, embraces frequencies ranging from thirty to four *million* cycles. When we consider the fact that the practical top of the audio band is about 15,000 cycles, and that this top has been reached only in recent years, the size of the task becomes evident.

It would be impractical to try to record video signals on a grooved disc. It has been difficult enough to design mechanical recording systems to respond to the range of audio frequencies, and an apparently rigid reproducing stylus forced to vibrate at very high frequencies would act like an extremely flexible shaft, unable to transmit the motion of its tip. But the tape recorder frees us from the chains of the mechanical system. The symbols representing the recorded signal are invisible; there are no grooves, no vibrating styli. The magnetic variations in the tape are picked up by a reproducing head through an intangible magnetic "field" rather than mechanical contact. The improved performance that can be had with tape has made magnetic recording standard for professional applications, such as delayed broadcasts (rivaling the original in quality) or the first "takes" of musical performances to be put on discs. It has always been assumed that when and if TV was to be recorded it would be in a non-mechanical medium such as tape.

The problem of recording a range of frequencies approximately two hundred times greater than has hitherto been accomplished has been solved, but there are only hints as to just how it has been done. The exact technical data will remain secret for a while, probably until production models are ready at the end of 1953. There are, however, two definite clues as to the method used.

The first of these is the fact that the tape is pulled through the recording head at the stepped-up speed of 100 inches per second (compared to the standard speeds for audio tape recorders of 7½ and 15 feet per second). The faster the tape moves the greater the number of recorded variations that can be crowded onto it in a given time, and the higher the frequency that can be recorded.

The second clue is the fact that the video tape is a full inch in width, compared to the quarter-inch used in audio. Engineering speculation has it that the frequency spectrum of the television signal is divided up, and that each relatively narrow portion is recorded simultaneously on a separate, parallel strip of the tape, to be reassembled in the playback. Although the problem of recording the frequencies at the high end still remains, this problem is not as formidable when the range of frequencies for each strip is reduced.

For the television broadcaster, video tape means cutting the present cost of recorded programs almost in half. There is nothing here to excite the interest of the record enthusiast, or even of the television fan. But a startling new potentiality has been created—pre-recorded video tape for the home. Although this potentiality is nowhere near practical realization—the recorder-playback unit will cost in the neighborhood of sixty thousand dollars—it seems at least likely that some day reasonably priced home players, made to plug into the back of a standard TV receiver, will appear on the market.

Just as the phonograph has made possible a tremendous increase in the role of music in the everyday lives of most of us, so TV recording may provide a vastly expanded audience for some of the visual arts. It could hold the same position relative to broadcast TV that the phonograph does to radio. Broadcasters cannot afford to cater to unpopular taste, but record manufacturers can, because issuing a quartet does not steal time from other types of entertainment. Similarly, pre-recorded audio-video tape could offer a wide variety of program material, from popular to esoteric.

—EDGAR M. VILLCHUR.

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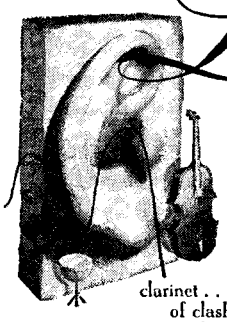

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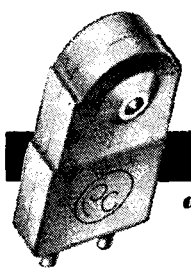

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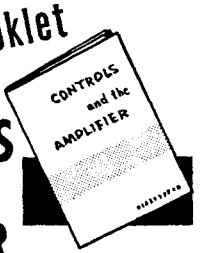


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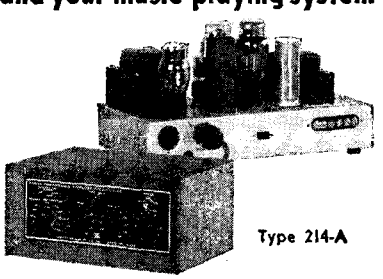

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## CHAMBER MUSIC

(Continued from page 60)

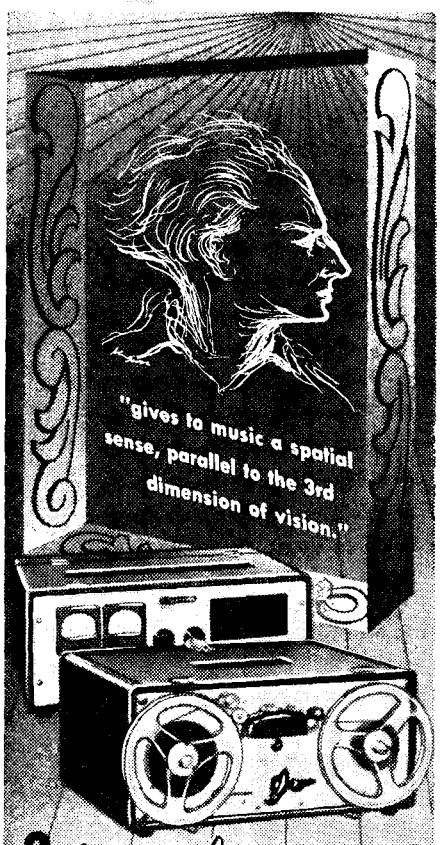
derful sense of linear flow and his remarkable control over the destiny of every note and harmony.

Ingolf Dahl's "Concerto a tre" for clarinet, violin, and cello (ML 4493), a work with apparent antecedents in Stravinsky's octet and French divertimento style in general, has much the same exuberance as the Piston and bears the stamp of a composer and musician of stature. It goes on a bit too long for music in the French divertimento tradition, but it is much the best of the works by the younger men. Surely that category of composers might easily have been represented in a more favorable light. There is tenderness, to be sure, in Lou Harrison's Suites (ML 4491), but his baroque evocations are a bit facile.

The Ellis Kohs Chamber Concerto (ML 4492) for viola and string nonet is a composite of showy effects picked haphazardly from a grab-bag of contemporary music—Bartók in particular. If it shows musicianship, it also shows inadequate judgment in exercising it. As to John Cage, it seems he has abandoned the prepared piano even before exploiting its possibilities and has written a string quartet (ML 4495), like a child who tires quickly of a toy and tosses it away for another. His readings in Oriental philosophy have led him to an interest in the concept of tranquillity, which manifests itself in his music, I am afraid, in the form of boredom. One unbearably long movement is superciliously marked, "nearly stationary." With the stuffiness of the academician but none of his craftsmanship, Cage places unbelievably leaden and static sounds in succession with an infallible capacity to achieve the ugliest timbres and the most neutral connections. It comes nearer than anything I know to the sort of parody of modern music that might be improvised as a parlor trick or vaudeville act, but the pretentious spirit in which it is carried off renders it far from amusing where Cage is concerned.

To give individual credits to the many fine performers would exhaust my store of superlatives, so I shall content myself with listing those not already mentioned: the Juilliard and New Music Quartets; Jennie Tourel, soprano; David Oppenheim and Mitchel Lurie, clarinet; William Masselos and Leonid Hambro, piano; Lucille Lawrence, harp; Ferenc Molnar, viola; and Seymour Barab and Victor Gottlieb, cello. —ARTHUR BERGER.

STOKOWSKI says...

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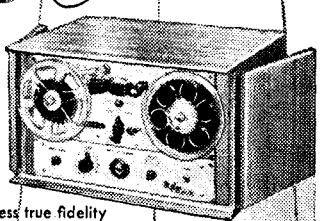

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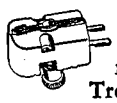

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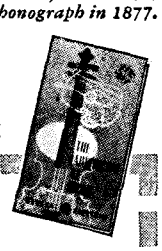

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# *Audio Fair, Western Style*

LOS ANGELES.

UNDETERRED by the hottest first week of February in the annals of Southern California, or the disadvantageous location of the Hotel Alexandria, residents of Los Angeles and neighboring communities made a resounding success of the first Audio Fair west of the Mississippi. There were some nervous moments among its sponsors as time came for the first visitor to appear, but the steady stream of successors through Thursday, Friday, and Saturday left nothing but satisfaction.

Needless to say, this was a different looking visitor than one customarily sees in the Hotel New Yorker, home base of the original audio exhibit. Summer garb was in order with the temperature in the 80's, which perhaps gave a more casual, relaxed aspect to the numerous comers and goers (upward of 10,000 in the three-day span); but they seemed, on the whole, a group better versed in technicalities than their New York counterparts, with fewer curiosity seekers, a larger percentage of what one exhibitor terms "audioflies."

Nothing revolutionary in equipment could be discovered in a diligent search of the premises, but the arrangements included a demonstration of stereophonic reproduction that was the most convincing of the kind I have ever experienced. This was set up in a moderate-sized ballroom with chairs for 300 people, and not one of the numerous daily demonstrations failed to win its quota of incredulous approval. A tape on which three channels had been recorded was played back through three speakers. The exhibit material included the arrival and departure of a multi-car train, conveyed with amazing vividness and directional detail, and the performance of several pop tunes by a dance band. To be sure, a three speaker set-up is far from practicable for home use, but the demonstration left no doubt that for commercial usage means exist to give a complete illusion of realistic sound and balance.

Among the exhibits to catch my attention was a new portable phono unit utilizing a Garrard changer, soon to be marketed by the Portable Gramophone Corporation. This comes in two types, one utilizing a GE pickup, the other a ceramic stylus, with a price spread of some $15 (the higher-priced GE-equipped model sells for about $115.) It is an unusually handsome object of its kind. finished in a plastic that looks for all the world like a veneer. An eight-inch speaker and a six-tube, AC-DC amplifier produce surprisingly listenable sound values.

If any one piece of equipment seemed to be more prominent than others—aside from Klipsch-type corner speakers, which were in evidence most places where exhibitors were seeking to favor sound components in the most flattering circumstances—it was the Fisher Master Audio Control. This glorified front end, with its numerous combinations of compensations and corrections, has already sprouted a number of offshoots which look well enough, though I didn't have the chance to sample their qualities. But it is the prototype which was to be encountered in half a dozen rooms, doing efficiently and easily its work of balance and correction. Also impressive was H. Herman Scott's demonstration of his improved noise suppressor as a means of filtering out turntable rumble and other unwanted noises (noticeable when the frequency response of speaker and amplifier are extended) without devitalizing musical response. The Maximilian Weil demonstration of the Audak pickup, with violinist David Sarser of the NBC Symphony serving as party of the first part in an A-B test of live vs. reproduced sound also gave newcomers to the miracle of present-day audio—and the initiate, too—an engrossing show. The Newcomb amplifier, with its smooth over-all performance, gave special pleasure to those for whom musical values are paramount.

If one variation of emphasis could be noted between this event and the typical one in New York, it was in the inversion of favor along geographical lines. The West Coast manufacturers who were grumbling in New York about the difficulty of gaining "acceptance" among the "cliff-dwellers" were here on home territory and virtually holding court; while some of those from the East were wondering what one had to do to get a foothold among the "sun-worshipers." It was evident, however, that quality is a by-word among the aurally alert no matter which ocean is close at hand. Departing, they left behind them not footprints on the sands of time; rather a firm determination to acquire the wherewithal to possess the source of these seductive sounds.

—THE EDITOR.

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# HITS AND MISSES

HISTORY may not exactly repeat itself, but it is full of uncanny echoes. In "Kiss Me Kate" that intrepid versifier, Cole Porter, rhymes "when I reached the charming age of puberty" with "like a show that's typically Schuberty." And in 1916 in Vienna there was a composer named Berté who worked a lot of Franz Schubert's melodies into an operetta and therefore became known as "Schuberté." This little exercise in *non sequitur* having been accomplished, I may proceed to the more practical information that the Schubert-Berté operetta is now issued on an LP (Vox PL 20800) and proves to be a very pleasant way to take many of Schubert's lighter inventions. The affair is called "Das Dreimäderlhaus" ("The Three Maiden House") and has to do with the composer himself and three ravishing daughters of the Court Glazier, the girls being named Hederl, Haiderl, and Hannerl. So much for the plot. The Austrian soloists are in good voice and are backed by the Akademie Kammerchor and the Vienna State Philharmonia under none other than Karl v. Pauspertl. That seems to be about all it is necessary to say, but I will add that I am on the side of the Berliners who enjoyed more than 500 performances when the operetta was first given in the German capital, and am against the critics who beefed about the use of Schubert's music in this kind of entertainment. Further, when it comes to comparing Schubert-Berté and Schubert-Romberg, it is my firm opinion that Romberg must doff his homburg.

Anyone interested in music which is seethingly chi-chi will do well to hustle out and get the second LP of "Songs by Mabel Mercer" (Atlantic LP 403). Miss Mercer is a colored contralto of the suavest vocal powers who sounds as though she were court singer to the Elsa Maxwell set and does, in fact, enjoy something like that status. In this record she is accompanied by the purplish piano duo, Stan Freeman and Cy Walter, and renders glossy ditties by Walter ("Some Fine Day"), Porter ("From This Moment On"), Howard ("Let Me Love You," "Would You Believe It?"), Weill and Anderson ("Trouble Man"), Dietz and Schwarz ("By Myself"), Brooks and McCarthy ("Over the Week-End") and Wilder ("Goodbye John," "Sneeden's Landing"). These numbers are full of swank and hyperbolic avowals such as Mr. Walter's line—"How we're wasting time instead of tasting the sublime we know is waiting." Mabel Mercer is just the lady to troll out sentiments like that.

If it all seems a little orchidaceous, quick relief may be obtained with Louis Armstrong's "I Laughed at Love" (Decca 28394). This is strictly wonderful. Armstrong, of course, could sing the Kansas Agricultural Reports for 1875, but in this case he has a grand piece of Benny Davis and Abner Silver schmalz which he transmutes in his epic style.

Out Los Angeles way the Gerry Mulligan Quartet are making a reputation in modern jazz, and an LP bearing their name clearly indicates their class (Pacific Jazz PJLP 1). The little chamber group is unusual in instrumentation, with Mulligan on the baritone saxophone, Chesney H. (Chet) Baker on the trumpet, Forestorn (Chico) Hamilton on the drums, and Von (Bob) Whitlock on the string bass. With this combination the boys make very lucid, buoyant music, "cool" as to harmony, and there is no feeling of thinness. Mr. Mulligan writes: "When a piano is used in a group it necessarily plays the dominant role; the horns and bass must tune to it as it cannot tune to them, making it the dominant tonality. . . . To have an instrument with the tremendous capabilities of the piano reduced to the role of crutch for the solo horn [is] unthinkable. . . . I consider the string bass to be the basis of the sound of the group; the foundation on which the solo builds his line, the main thread around which the two horns weave their contrapuntal interplay."

I am not very responsive to the extremely opulent school of tenor saxophone playing as pioneered by Coleman Hawkins and carried on by such artists as Don Byas, but it has its fascinations for many and has called forth a great deal of virtuosity. Byas is one of the best men, long a sojourner in Europe. He now returns to the wax with an LP containing some of the finest popular ballads: "Night and Day," "The Man I Love," "Georgia on My Mind," "Stardust," "Where or When," and "Easy to Love" (Atlantic LP 117). He gets around a great deal on the basis of these tunes, and they are heartily recommended to devotees of the School of Elaboration.

—WILDER HOBSON.


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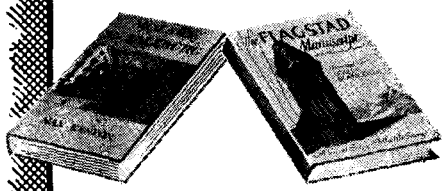

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# *Folk Music from Abroad*

THERE are many ways of presenting folk music on records. The simplest brings us the untutored voice usually accompanied only by the whir of a hand-cranked recording apparatus and the lowing of some local cattle. The recordings under review here are not the simple soloist type. It is true that the UNESCO recording of the *International Eisteddfod* features one solo performance, but for the most part it presents the singing of highly organized choral groups.

Now, there are some who maintain that the only authentic folk music is unskilled and unaccompanied—and, all too often, uninteresting. However, in examining these new releases, we ask but one question, "Is the style of presentation appropriate to the material?"

*MUSIC OF THE ARAB PEOPLE* (Morocco, Algiers, Tunisia). Sung by Anissa Toraia, and Zouina, accompanied by the Toraia Orchestra of Algiers. (Esoteric Records ES 2002, $4.85.)

After the death of Mohammed, the followers of Islam carried the music and the teachings of Moslem culture through much of Asia and Africa, and in Europe as far north as Paris. In the modern tango and samba, in the wild grace notes of the flamenco, we still hear the Arabian influence. And in these recorded songs of the Arab people we can hear traces of the European.

These are not raw records of unsophisticated Arabs singing their simple native songs. The highly skilled Toraia Orchestra and soloists have produced some stirring examples of passionate Arabian music using in some songs techniques common to the European musician. There is a heavy Western downbeat overlaid by staccato African "tam-tam" and the insinuating tones-between-tones of the Middle East.

*FOLKSONGS OF HUNGARY.* Arranged by Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály, with Leslie Chabay, tenor, and Tibor Kozma, pianist. (Bartók Records BRS 914, $5.95.)

It was Bartók's lifelong endeavor to prove to the world that the music of the gypsy was only a small part of the traditional expression of the Hungarian people. With the help of Kodály and Béla Vikár, he proved his point with a vengeance, collecting over 6,000 Magyar, Rumanian, Slovak, and Transylvanian folk songs.

In the introduction to the publication "Twenty Hungarian Folk Songs" Bartók and Kodály wrote: "The songs need new clothes once we bring them from the fields into the cities. Their apparel must be tailored as not to smother them. Whether the transcriptions be for chorus or piano, the accompaniment should attempt merely to make up for the lost fields and villages."

The arrangements for this album do not meet with the standards set by the arrangers. The "new clothes" seem too new for the old songs. Leslie Chabay applies his graceful tenor with a fine dramatic sense; Tibor Kozma once again shows his skilful understanding of his material. But the advanced harmonies of Bartók and Kodály are too urbane and pyrotechnic for these folk songs. However, as art songs the presentations are well worth the listening, interesting compositions dignified by praiseworthy performances and high-fidelity recording. For more simple singing, there is an earlier album of Hungarian folk songs as recorded in the field by Bartók himself (Folkways P-1000).

The pamphlet which accompanies the album supplies a complete translation of the lyrics, sometimes beautifully poetic, often brightly comic.

*INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL* (The Eisteddfod). Recorded under the auspices of UNESCO. (Westminster Records WAL 209, $11.90.)

In the twelfth century the "Eisteddfod" (sitting together) of the Welsh bards was responsible for the licensing of candidates to the highly esteemed bardic profession. Today we have an International Eisteddfod, which has met annually since 1947 at the tiny town of Llangollen in Wales.

This album is an accurate and profoundly satisfying recording of the last Annual Festival at Llangollen. Beginning with the convocating hymn, the recording reproduces the excitement and high musical quality of the week-long proceedings. Jack Bornoff of UNESCO introduces the songs, explains the dances and acts as general narrator in a scholarly, yet vibrant manner.

—OSCAR BRAND.

---

*Oscar Brand is a well-known collector and singer of folk songs.*

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# Pop Roundup

## FRED ASTAIRE—SLOW AND INTIMATE

FRED ASTAIRE is not a gent to dwell in his glittering past. *You* create your own nostalgia. *You* hold Ginger Rogers in *your* arms. He's having too much fun doin' what comes so naturally to him—dancing and singing!

Norman Granz, who is impresario of the Jazz at the Philharmonic series and one of the truly original producers in the pop-jazz field, has come through with what many, this reviewer included, would consider his finest achievement to date in the form of THE ASTAIRE STORY, a set of four twelve-inch long playing discs featuring our favorite song and dance man in most of the numbers he made famous. Those among Fred's fans who might have expected him to reconstruct the great sides he cut with Johnny Green in the Thirties are in for a shock and possibly disappointment, for he performs here with a handful of modern jazz players with whom he seems quite content to share the spotlight. Granz has perceived the timeless aspects of the Astaire manner and has ventured that Astaire might prefer not to be dated by 1935 backgrounds. Now, Astaire has this in common with Louis Armstrong: neither one is Caruso. More than that, Astaire, like Armstrong, "swings." Like a few truly great jazzmen, he generates rhythm naturally, instinctively. Impostors simply ride along with the beat and content themselves with embellishment. Astaire, with all his sophistication (or maybe the sophistication lies in his repertory), is basically a folk artist in the sense that Bing Crosby and Armstrong are.

If Granz had approached Astaire with the idea of remaking the old sides—those carefully arranged and rehearsed, crisp, formal (and delightful) period pieces—Fred implies in his commentary that this project never would have taken place. The thing that appealed to him was the idea of "no rehearsals, no written arrangements . . . a sort of spontaneous combustion job." In the studio the musicians improvised and Fred sang, and you can visualize him dancing as they play. Knowing the work of these musicians and the occasional lapses of taste to which a couple of them have been given, you can feel that Astaire, with all that grace and style, has commanded their spirit. The playing throughout has intimacy, invention, and taste. Many of you may be meeting Oscar Peterson, the wonderful Canadian pianist, for the first time. Others will learn that their favorite piano soloist is also a sensitive and resourceful accompanist.

If, in several instances, Fred has set his tempos too slow, it's his own fault. That's the way he wanted it. After all, he could have done any of them over. Perhaps he felt it was more intimate this way. In one notable instance, "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" I find the pace excruciating, but there are about forty selections in all, and perfection is too much to

Astaire at a recording session—"he generates rhythm naturally."


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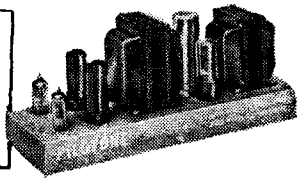

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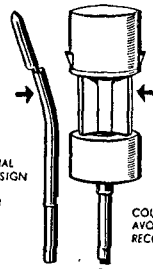

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expect, even of Astaire. He dances audibly in five numbers, including the very typical "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails"—one of ten tunes included that were written for him by Irving Berlin. The pick-up isn't exactly entirely satisfactory, and there's a shattering quality to the taps, but slight technical deficiencies shouldn't be dwelled upon when the spirit is so correct and it is projected so vividly.

In addition to the Berlin tunes, the set includes eight by Gershwin, four by Kern, four by Porter, three by Schwartz, etc. Astaire, the composer, is represented by "I'm Building up to an Awful Let-Down" and a real oldie entitled "Not My Girl," on which Fred plays an ebullient ragtime piano. Astaire, the dancer, improvises with the musicians on a series of slow, medium, and fast blues, and there's a "Jam Session" for the musicians only.

Granz, who releases his productions through Mercury Records, has prepared two editions of these LP's. One is the "de luxe" autographed edition, selling for $50, tax included. The "popular" edition permits one to buy any of the four discs individually at the conventional price of $4.95 per.

TWO of the songs with which Astaire is commonly associated, Arthur Schwartz's "Dancing in the Dark" and Cole Porter's "Night and Day" (Fred actually had nothing to do with the former; it belonged to Tillie Losch in "Bandwagon") appear also in a collection of BROADWAY'S BEST, featuring Jo Stafford with Paul Weston's Orchestra (Columbia CL 6238). One number each has been selected by Schwartz, Porter, Harold Arlen ("Come Rain or Come Shine"), Richard Rodgers ("My Romance"), Ira Gershwin ("Embraceable You"), Mrs. Kurt Weill for her late husband ("September Song"), and by Oscar Hammerstein II for Jerome Kern ("All the Things You Are"). The treatment is in the everyday "pop" vein favored by the major companies whenever they venture this type of project, which is fairly often. That means strict tempo and main choruses only. Inclusion of the verse and extra choruses is left to generally inferior singers on the small specialty labels. Although we have had these songs in many similar collections, Miss Stafford is herself distinctive and, to these ears, most satisfying. To the uttter simplicity and sincerity of her style she has added a lusty, vibrant element, mostly acquired since her switch last year to the Columbia label. This should be one of the more successful albums of 1953.

—BILL SIMON.


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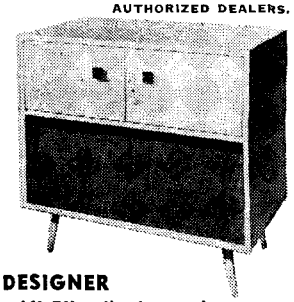

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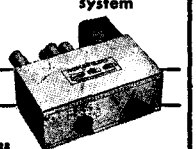

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# *Passion & Pastiche*

THE Roman recording of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" issued some years ago by RCA Victor has now been reissued as part of The Treasury of Immortal Performances series. Listening to these records (LCT 6007, $11.44), I am forced to say that I disagree with Paul Hume's unfavorable comparison of them with the Renaissance issue he reviewed in these pages [*SR* Jan. 31]. I agree that the Renaissance version, conducted by René Liebowitz with a cast largely of French performers, offers higher fidelity and a greater sensation of flourish and speed. But, having listened again to Tullio Serafin's version, with the chorus and orchestra of the Rome Opera, Maria Caniglia, Fedora Barbieri, Beniamino Gigli, Gino Bechi, and Tancredi Pasero, I want to ask: "Higher fidelity to what? Greater swiftness toward what ends?"

The over-all sound of the Renaissance recording is shallow, brilliant, and lifelike; that of the RCA Victor recording is very slightly faded, but has sufficient depth and brilliance—plus the conviction that emanates from performers handling music that is native to their blood. Gigli's Riccardo is in every detail better than that of Joachim Kerol. Bechi's Renato lacks the virtuosity of Jean Borthayre's, but Bechi is a more human, in-the-frame Renato. On the other side, Ethel Semser's Amelia is both more beautiful to hear and more dramatic than Caniglia's, but the Ulrica of Barbieri makes Marie-Therese Cahn's performance seem almost like a caricature. In the Paris recording Loly Valdarini is embarrassingly inadequate as Oscar, whereas Elda Ribetti spins out the coloratura with relaxed ease.

The fundamental superiority of the older recording lies, I think, in Serafin's relaxed, assured, but passionate conducting. This produces an opera in the happiest contrast to Liebowitz's urgency, which forces the singers as though they were instruments that should respond to the baton like violins or trumpets. If fidelity be the only criterion, then I agree with Mr. Hume: get "Un Ballo in Maschera" in the Renaissance pressing. But if you want a persuasive performance of Verdi, by all means choose the RCA Victor version—which, by contrast, does seem "immortal." (Amusingly, the Paris recording retains Riccardo's last words as "Addio, dilletta America," while Gigli sings "Addio, dilletta patria.")

The Vanguard issue of Rimsky-Korsakov's "May Night" (VRS 6006/8, $18.50) is intensely interesting. Technically far and away the best operatic recording from Russia I have ever heard, it also displays to advantage some remarkable voices, notably those of the tenor Serge Lemeshev, the mezzo-soprano Valentina Borisenko, and the soprano Irina Maslennikova. It displays too Rimsky at his most dispassionate and artificial. I can only repeat in agreement what Carl Van Vechten wrote of "May Night" as he had heard it in the Diaghilev London performance of 1914: "Although the opera has lovely lyric moments and some effective comic scenes, on the whole it sounds old-fashioned . . ." First sung in 1880, "May Night" deals in part with spirit-maidens (mermaids in this case) of the sort who sing, swim, or pirouette their way through Dargomizhsky's "Rusalka" (and Dvorak's), Adam's "Giselle," and Puccini's "Le Villi." The libretto, based on a Little Russian tale by Gogol, exploits folk customs, broad comedy, and sentimental lyricism. All of these elements are mixed into Rimsky's score. But it is impossible to listen to "May Night" for very long without gradually becoming certain that Rimsky neither believed in any of this nor saw his characters as anything more than puppets providing him with excuses for cleverness and for his orchestral prestidigitation. The result, after half an hour, is boredom, for monotony underlines the absence of passion. It is all pastiche, and few listeners will enjoy these splashy illustrations for as long as Rimsky takes to satisfy the meandering plot with unintegrated set numbers and his own unchanging, doggedly exotic melody and harmony.

What this recording lacks is not high fidelity or careful performance or good singers—it lacks a composer with Giuseppe Verdi's passion and overarching sense of the musical theatre.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.


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# Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

## *Double-Barrelled "Dichterliebe"*

▶ SINCE SOME of the finest issues in the RCA Victor Treasury series have been realized due to your good offices, I wonder whether you would consider two suggestions from me, to wit:

Schumann's "Dichterliebe" in *both* the Schiøtz and Panzera interpretations, back to back on a twelve-inch LP.

Stainer's "Crucifixion" in the 1928 recording with Richard Crooks, Lawrence Tibbett, *et al.* The two principal singers, in my opinion, did their finest work in this performance, and I find the entire production highly enjoyable after living with it for a quarter century.

EDWARD HILL.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The twin "Dichterliebe" proposal has not only been passed on to RCA Victor but has been approved in principle by that company. Stainer's "Crucifixion" is also under consideration for LP reissue; in this case it's a question of how much sound can be coaxed from the old masters.*

## *Battery-Operated Equipment*

▶ THE PROBLEM of the electricity-less music lover who wants to play LP's [LETTERS, *SR* RECORDINGS, Jan. 31] is a very real one. It is true that no equipment is specifically designed for such a situation, but it is possible that in some cases the matter may be satisfactorily worked out.

It is not hard to have an amplifier built which will operate on dry batteries, like a portable radio, and with not too great a drain on the batteries, but the turntable motor is another matter. The Garrard record changer is available with a motor for six volts direct current on special order, but this motor takes about four to six amperes, if I remember correctly, a drain which would exhaust any dry battery in a matter of a few hours. The only practical way to operate this motor is with an automobile-type storage battery. In this case the amplifier could be designed to run off the same battery, like an auto radio. The problem here is recharging the battery. If a garage is reasonably handy, the battery might be taken in once a week to be recharged, a fairly tedious task. Another way might be to rig up a little gasoline engine to run an auto generator. In any case, a little knowledge of the ways and foibles of storage batteries is necessary, for if such a battery gets completely run down it is ruined for good.

I have eliminated the possibility of spring-operated motors, for I do not think any will run long enough to play even a short ten-inch LP. A little searching around in junk shops for old gramophone motors plus a good bit of experimentation might prove worthwhile, however.

There is one other possibility for those who hope for a packaged unit. The Amplifier Corporation of America has recently come out with a dry-battery-operated tape recorder which claims a battery life of 100 hours. It has a spring motor and will operate for fifteen minutes per winding. The catch here is that it is designed to play back only through headphones. One would have to have another battery-operated amplifier to get enough volume to operate a loudspeaker. In addition, the owner would be dependent on the meager number of pre-recorded tapes now available.

As an audio experimenter and professional electronics man, I regard the storage-battery angle as the most practical solution, and am willing to engage in a little research and development for persons who, though "latter-day pioneers," are eager to hear the latest greatly improved efforts of the recording companies.

ALAN L. MCPHERRON.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. McPherron, who describes himself as "an audio experimenter and professional electronics man," offers to help electricity-less readers solve their LP problems. Address: 1419 East 58th Street, Chicago 37, Ill.*


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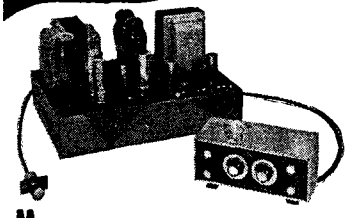

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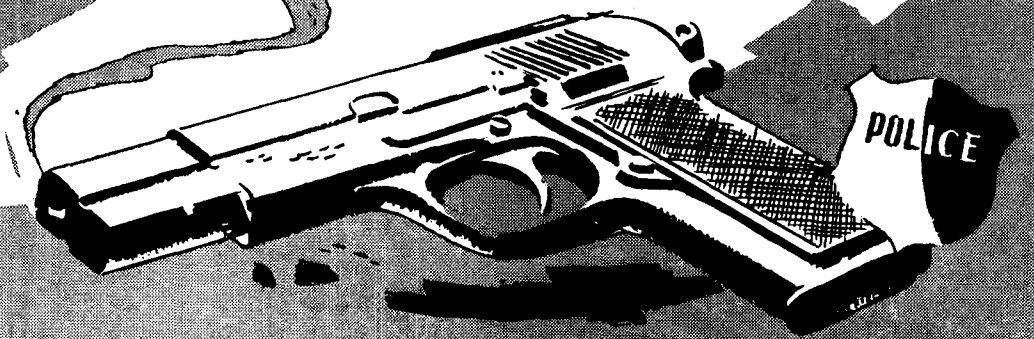


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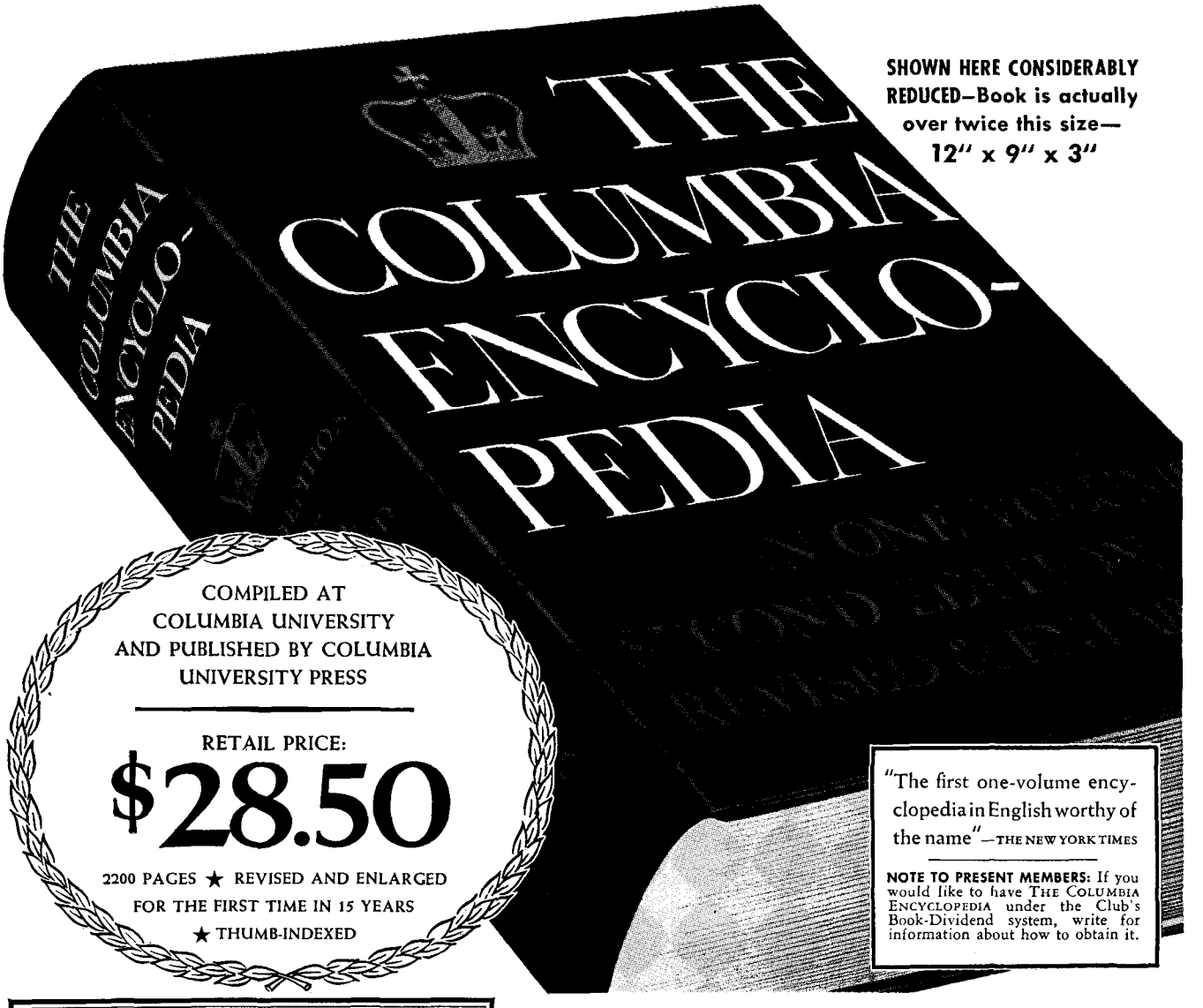


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